

THE
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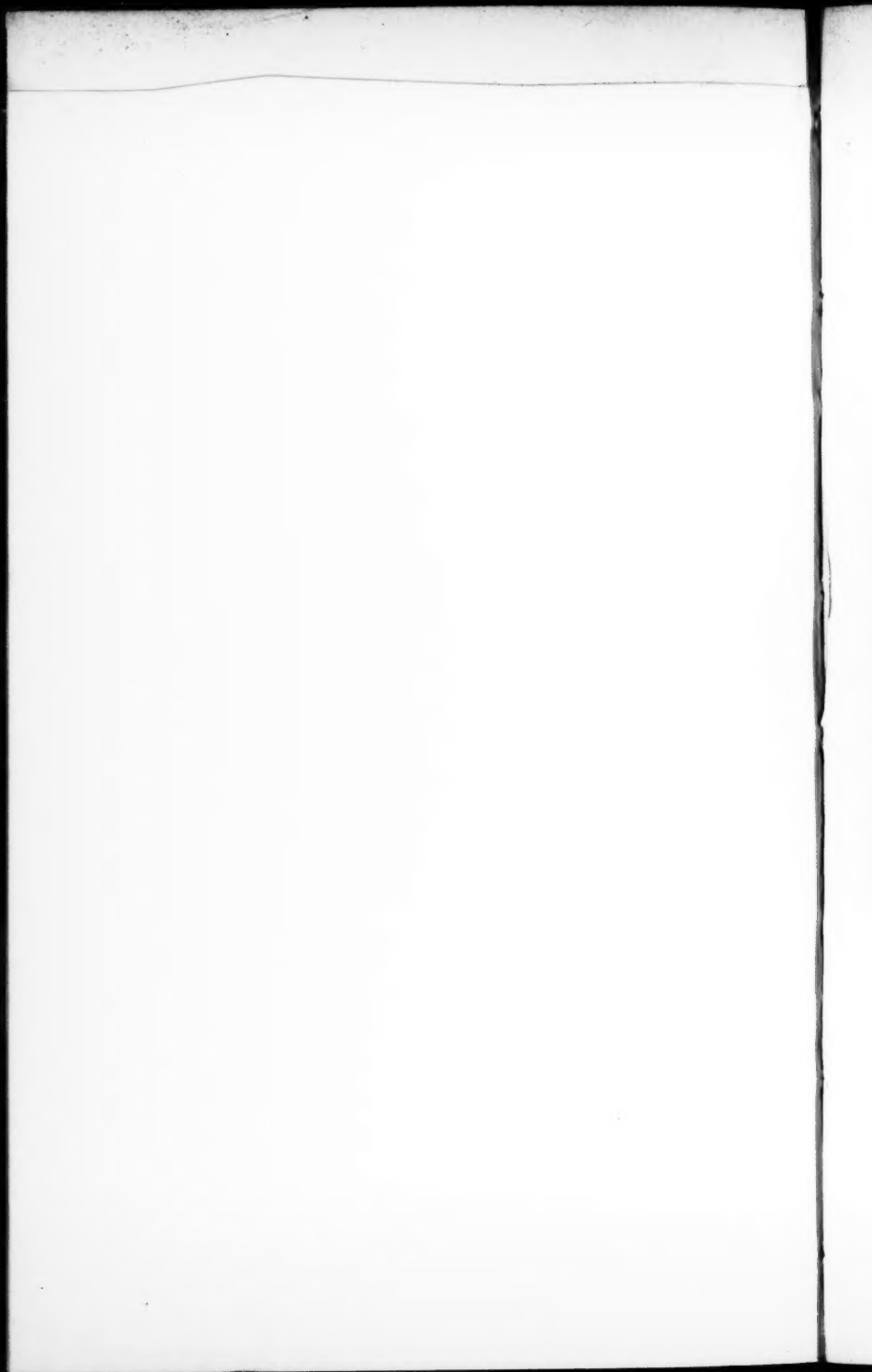
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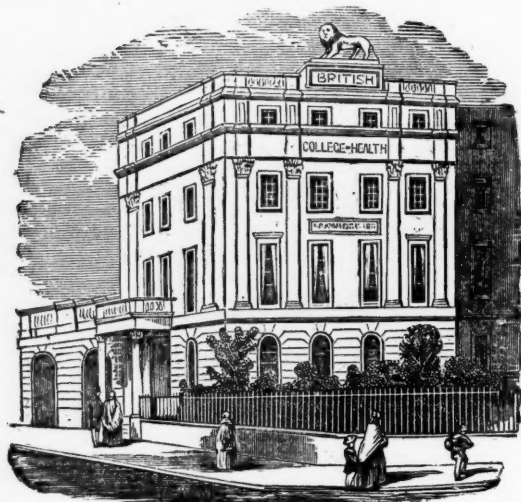
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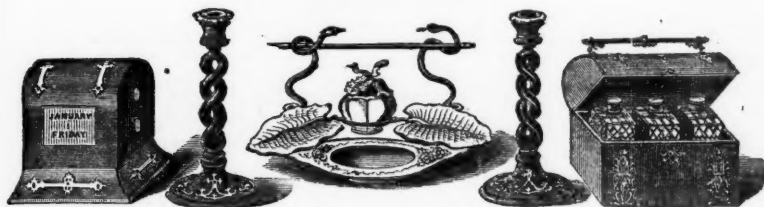
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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY 1858.

ART. I.—PRINCIPLES OF INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

An Address to Parliament on the Duties of Great Britain to India.
By Charles Hay Cameron. London, 1853.

Letters of Indophilus to the "Times." London, 1857.

Despatch to the Governor of India on the subject of General Education in India. Parliamentary Paper, 393. 1854.

Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official. By Lieut.-Colonel Sleeman. London, 1844.

A Selection of Articles and Letters on various Indian Questions, including Remarks on European Parties in Bengal, Social Policy and Missions in India, and the Use of the Bible in Government Schools. Contributed to the English Press by Hodgson Pratt, Bengal Civil Service; late Inspector-General of Schools in South Bengal. London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.

Les Anglais et l'Inde. Par E. de Valbezen. Paris, 1857.

NOTHING can be graver or more startling than the crisis through which our Indian Empire has just passed. Nothing can be more horrible than the details of the several catastrophes at Delhi, Jhansi, and Cawnpore. Imagination probably never pictured—history certainly never recorded—tragedies more frightful or revolting. It may be doubted whether the annals of the human race, even in the rudest times, and among the most savage tribes, could afford a parallel to the hideous barbarities which have just been practised by a people whose civilisation is the oldest in the world on a people whose civilisation is the highest in the world. A few thousand Europeans, scattered among a hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics, have been roughly roused from a noon-day dream of easy and confident security, and compelled to fight against overwhelming odds for existence and for empire; and have had to defend their conquests against the very men through whose instrumentality they had won them. "A man's foes have been those of his own household." In the dead of night we have been treacherously assailed, in the crisis of battle we have been basely deserted, by the very servants who had eaten our salt, by the very soldiers whom we had led to victory. And gentlemen

bred in the lap of luxury, and ladies tenderly and delicately nurtured, and infants of helpless age,—our own wives and sisters and brethren and children, with whom we have lived and toiled and danced and sung—accustomed only to the quiet refinements and gentle manners and courteous amenities of the most polished and facile existence upon earth,—have had to endure brutalities and tortures at the very thought of which the soul sickens and the brain reels: ingenious, elaborate, nameless cruelties, such as no European ferocity, even when inspired and goaded by a persecuting superstition, ever yet dreamed of inflicting on its victims.

Yet even amid horrors and calamities like these, we may discern gleams of consolation and may extract seeds of good. They are something more than “adversities;” yet have their “sweet uses,” and their “precious jewel” also. There is scarcely any root so bitter or so poisonous that, when subjected to the right alembic, it will not yield medicines both anodyne and curative. Thus even the Indian revolt has its bright and its serviceable sides; and on these only we design to dwell. To the details of the mutiny we shall refer no further than as they illustrate the native character, or are suggestive of the course which in future it may be incumbent on us to pursue. And foremost among the bright features of the stormy picture is, unquestionably, the display it has afforded of the grand qualities of Englishmen. We will affect no false modesty in speaking of matters of which every Briton has reason to be proud, and which no other race, we believe in our hearts, could have rivalled. Taken by surprise, caught at disadvantage, over-matched a hundredfold in numbers, called upon suddenly to assume new duties and grave responsibilities,—sometimes to wield the sword where they were trained only to the pen, sometimes to strike for life and honour where they had been accustomed only to be obeyed servilely by word or sign,—in every case, and under every emergency, they have nobly vindicated the national character and fame.

“The deacon of the mariners said well,
‘We Arteveldes are of the canvas which men use
To make storm-staysails.’”

Civilians, writers, planters, have shown themselves as equal to the occasion as soldiers practised in the field. If we except one or two old valetudinarians, not a single man in either service has shown the least deficiency in either physical or moral courage. Neither man nor woman has shown the white feather, either as regards action or endurance. Few have begged their life; none have purchased it by base compliances. They have disdained to bargain or to barter. They have stood to their arms and defended their posts, not simply with the indomitable English pluck which every where shines forth, not with the mere courage of despair, but with the buoyant spirits of conscious and indefeasible superiority.

Feeling this, they have made their enemies feel it too. A few thousand men, dispersed in handfuls over a vast district, have conquered and put down the most formidable mutiny recorded in history, before a single reinforcement from the mother country could reach them. Numbers of idle, wild, or reckless youths have come out and acquitted themselves in the trial as noble and Christian warriors. But for this fiery trial we should never have learned how much dauntless heroism and true nobility of soul lay hid in men of whom we had thought but slightly, and in women of whom we had thought only tenderly. Our countrymen in India, both official and non-official, no doubt committed many oversights and blunders, and perhaps even some injustice and some wrong; but they have amply atoned for and redeemed them all. They have been tried in the furnace, and have proved pure. They have been weighed in the balance, and have not been found wanting.

ταύτης τῆς γενέης καὶ αἵματος εὐχομαι εἶναι.

The second cheering feature of the catastrophe is the purely military character of the revolt. Every fresh piece of authentic information we receive elucidates this point more clearly. From first to last, it has been a mutiny, not an insurrection. In no case have the peasantry or the civil inhabitants given any active participation. In a few villages they have shown animosity against the fugitives; in several they have been deterred by craven terror of the mutineers from harbouring or aiding Europeans; but in many others they have concealed them, and shown them much kindness. On this occasion, indeed, as nearly always is the case, the mass of the population has been singularly passive and apathetic; but as far as the Hindoos are concerned, they have shown themselves antagonistic to the revolt rather than otherwise. And this is no more than we expected, and had a right to expect. For while, among a people composed of such a variety of distinct, and even hostile tribes, unity of *national* feeling against intruders scarcely could exist; and while it would be unreasonable to look among races who for centuries have been subject to the rule of one foreign conqueror after another for the animosity against their European governors which it is natural for Italians and Hungarians to feel towards their Austrian oppressors,—the respectable natives dread the success of the sepoys as much as we can do, for they are well aware that it would be to them a sentence of spoliation and ruin: the peasants and cultivators of the soil know that it would issue in a restless anarchy, which would make security and tillage impossible, and would spread desolation and famine over the land. Both shrink from the possibility of finding themselves and their harvests at the mercy of a triumphant and ungoverned

soldiery. We do not mean to imply that either Hindoos or Mahometans love us or sympathise with us, or look upon us otherwise than as an alien, uncongenial, and objectionable race;—it is notorious that they do not, it is impossible that they should;—but all can compare our rule with that of the native princes who surround us, and of the foreign conquerors who preceded us; and all confess and feel that, whereas formerly and elsewhere they were the victims of any faithlessness, any tyranny, and any caprice,—under our sway, however stern and rigid it may seem, justice is done between man and man, promises are kept, property is secure, rights are respected, and brigandage is put down with a relentless hand. We firmly believe that, if we make abstraction of individual instances where thwarted ambition or disappointed cupidity pervert the judgment, there is scarcely a native from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin capable of forming an opinion who would not regard the success of the mutiny, and the abolition of the English supremacy, as the fiercest calamity which could visit the land.

With all its horrors, too, the revolt has its profitable as well as its glorious and consoling features. Used aright, it may prove, like many other of the heavier dispensations of Providence, to be a blessing in disguise—a blessing terribly and gloomily disguised indeed, but still a blessing. The very atrocities that have been committed, too, have in one sense been of signal service to our cause. Not only have they, by intensifying the feelings, quadrupled the energies and capabilities of our scanty forces (for even Englishmen would scarcely have marched and fought as they have done under an Indian July sun, had they been roused only by the excitements of ordinary war), but they have secured to us the sympathies of all Europe and of all humanity. A common mutiny, a revolt against our rule, our expulsion from India—nay, perhaps even a general massacre of the British population—would have been hailed by our many rivals and ill-wishers throughout the world with malignant, if with secret, joy. The competitors who envy us would have triumphed in our discomfiture; the enemies who hate and fear us would have rejoiced in our impoverishment and loss; and thousands, at home as well as abroad, would have been ready to proclaim that the catastrophe was a fitting retribution for our ancient sins, and a righteous overthrow of a violent and foreign domination. But the awful and horrible details of the insurrection have silenced all language, and, we believe, precluded all feelings of the sort. It has been too clearly shown that the question and the conflict are not between native and foreigner, between English and Hindoo; but between civilisation and barbarism, between the highest progress and the deepest retrogression, in a word, between the very principles and foundations of good and evil;—and there-

fore all that is decent, all that is humane, all that is generous and hopeful in Europe and America have gone with us in the strife.

It may be questioned whether any catastrophe less fearful would have roused the English nation from its apathy respecting every thing Indian. Our strange indifference as a people to our Eastern Empire, our ignorance of the history and peculiarities of that magnificent dependency, have long been our reproach, and have excited the amazement of all intelligent foreigners. Indians and Indian subjects have been habitually voted bores. Indian statesmen and Indian generals have been despised. It has always been a matter of difficulty to "make a House" on the occasion of an Indian debate. It is not too much to say, that for three-quarters of a century—from the day when the daring and profitable crimes of Warren Hastings and the gorgeous and fiery eloquence of Burke for a brief period concentrated public interest on our Oriental possessions, down to the arrival of the tidings of the massacre of Delhi—the smallest of our distant colonies, and the paltriest of our party squabbles at home, have more vividly riveted the attention and more thoroughly excited the interest of the great body of the nation than all the grand achievements and all the momentous concerns of the most magnificent of our dependencies. The press, the parliament, and the people have been alike uninterested, because alike ignorant. This can never be again. Our lethargy has been rudely but completely shaken off. Every one now is thinking, writing, learning, talking, about India, and about nothing else; and by dint of discussion and study we shall in time come to understand it thoroughly. But probably nothing short of what has actually occurred would have sufficed to effect this transformation. If only a few regiments had mutinied, and a few officers been shot, we should have applied some partial remedy, made some trivial change, and gone to sleep again. Faction would have seized the occasion to throw stones and mud, ignorance would have been ready with its clamour, presumption would have been ready with its nostrums, and statesmanship—or what passes for such—would have been ready with its patches and its salves, its nibbling empiricism, and its lazy and cowardly and perilous postponements. We should have had no *searching* investigations, and no *thorough* reforms. But now we have been shocked into seriousness, startled into depth, frightened into something like purity of patriotic sentiment. Faction, though not silent, is almost unheard; ignorance and vanity have assumed for once almost a listening and learning attitude; and the petty and malignant passions that usually run rampant through our politics seem for the moment abashed and overawed. The gravity of the crisis, and the magnitude of the suffering, while they have swept away much of our prejudice and

many of our vicious national propensities like cobwebs, have cleared our vision, and intensified our intelligence, and strung our nerves to a tone of unwonted resolution; and we are in a mood to go to the bottom of the question, and to compel our rulers to a corresponding thoroughness of action.

But this is not the only advantage of the position which the mutiny has forced upon us. The very extent of the catastrophe has made our path clear, and our task comparatively easy. As far as military reorganisation is concerned, our statesmen in India have—what so rarely falls to the lot of statesmen—*carte blanche*, an unencumbered field. The Bengal army is gone—passed away into history, with all its defects, all its obligations, all its claims. It might have been very difficult to reform it; it will be comparatively easy to reconstruct it. The moment the principle on which its reconstruction is to proceed has been determined, the moment we have satisfied ourselves as to those errors in its former constitution which rendered possible its late crimes and dissolution, we are as free to act as on the first day of our imperial existence; there are no ruins to interfere with the new edifice we choose to build, no embarrassing legacies of the past to hamper or control our action. If we are not successful now, if we do not create a new army perfect at all points, adequate to our necessities, and specially adapted to our circumstances, we can plead no want of means or experience or golden opportunity in extenuation of our failure. Never did rulers set to work with more unfettered hands.

Again; this revolt, with its attendant circumstances, has added prodigiously to our knowledge of the conditions of the problem with which we have to deal. Even to those best and longest acquainted with India, it has come like a perfect apocalypse of the native character. It has poured a flood of unexpected light into all the dark and loathsome recesses of that strange inscrutable compound of human elements. The peculiarities and inconsistent attributes it has brought to the surface have astonished those most who had lived most familiarly with the Hindoos and Mahometans of Bengal and Central India. If we had philosophised or legislated before, we should have philosophised and legislated in the dark. Now, surely, we are ripe for approaching the whole of this great question. And what has passed will surely compel us—we shall be very senseless and very guilty if it do not compel us—to study thoroughly and to determine distinctly and deliberately the principles on which our entire government of Hindostan shall henceforth be conducted; so that all our measures shall be consistent with each other, and convergent to one point; and so that for once, and in one quarter of the globe, British policy shall be systematic, uniform, and persistent. We can no longer, without wilful folly, act a little on

one plan and a little on another; hesitate between two opposing theories, and end by borrowing something from both, or trying timidly and inefficiently each of them in turn; allow one governor-general to upset or neutralise the proceedings of a predecessor, perhaps his antipodes in opinion and temperament; in a word, leave one of the grandest empires ever intrusted to a nation at the mercy of that vacillating policy which is the invariable result of *half* knowledge and *half* convictions. The most grave and anxious questions are before us; and we can neither evade them, nor nibble at them, nor put them aside till a more convenient season. We must now decide—and decide after searching inquiry and patient thought; decide upon that thorough comprehension and consideration of the matter which allow of no retraced conclusions or repented steps—*whether in future India is to be governed as a colony or as a conquest*; whether native agency is to be welcomed or to be excluded; whether we are to rule our Asiatic subjects with strict and generous justice, wisely and beneficently, as their natural and indefeasible superiors, by virtue of our higher civilisation, our purer religion, our sterner energies, our subtler intellect, our more creative faculties, our more commanding and indomitable will; or whether, as some counsel, we are to regard the Hindoos and Mahometans as our equal fellow-citizens, fit to be intrusted with the functions of self-government, ripe (or to be ripened) for British institutions, likely to appreciate the blessings of our rule, and therefore to aid us in perpetuating it; and, in a word, to be gradually prepared, as our own working-classes are preparing, for a full participation in the privileges of representative assemblies, trial by jury, and all the other palladia of British liberty. We have to decide, moreover, what is perhaps the most difficult problem ever submitted to statesmen for practical solution, viz. how to secure to the government of India that immunity from the direct influence of parliamentary caprice and party conflicts without which our noble empire would be jeopardised every hour, and yet to retain to Parliament that *substantial* control in ultimate resort which we may be sure the English people will never consent to surrender.

In discussing these grave questions—which we shall do as concisely and compendiously as the subject will permit—we purpose to eschew all clouding and embarrassing details, and to deal only with the *principles*, political and religious, by which our future government of India should, in our judgment, be guided. We shall speak little of the history of the revolt; indeed we shall dwell but little on any portion of the past; and, if we can help it, we shall not preach or moralise at all. We shall not attempt, as some have done, to connect our late calamities with our ancestral sins, to make out the pedigree of God's judgments, to

trace out each hideous torture inflicted by savage animals on guiltless victims to its seminal unrighteousness in bygone days. To our minds there is scarcely more insane and insolent presumption in handling the Divine thunderbolts as pious men are wont to do, than in thus dogmatically pronouncing on their meaning and their cause. That God does visit guilty nations, as guilty individuals, with heavy and appropriate retribution, neither religion nor history will allow us to doubt. But we know also that He "seeth not as man seeth;" and that in judging of the actions of men and states He employs weights and measures far other than those in use among the angry controversialists of our political arena. We know, too, that if there is one feature clearly deducible from His dealings with mankind, whether individually or collectively, it is that His punishments are never *arbitrary*: they are *consequences*, legitimate, logical, inevitable results, flowing from crime in natural course,—not unconnected and artificially annexed inflictions; effects ordained by nature, not sentences pronounced by a judge. But no such links can be made out in the present case. No man can accuse us of having brought this revolt and these massacres upon ourselves by cruelty or oppression. All charges of the kind are simply and notoriously false. We may have sinned, but not against the sepoys. They at least had no wrongs to avenge. We may have been foolishly indulgent; we assuredly were never criminally harsh. We may have brought the catastrophe on ourselves by want of judgment; certainly not by want of kindness or of justice. God's dispensations, however grievous, are not always penal. Does the soldier who falls in the breach necessarily deserve to die? Is the martyr who perishes at the stake suffering for his sins? No; both are agencies in God's hands in the cause of victory and progress. They by passion, as others by action, carry forward the great aims of Providence. Away, then, with all cant about God's judgments on our Indian oppressions. Even if we admitted the fact, we should deny its relevancy. In old times, we have no doubt committed many injustices, and been guilty of unwarrantable spoliations; for which Heaven might righteously have chastised us, and for which man might fairly enough have taken vengeance. But those who have turned against us have been precisely those whom we had never injured. And for long years our sincere desire has been to govern justly and beneficently. We have not done all we might; but we have done much, and have been honestly labouring to do more. The police is bad; but it is better than it was under the native princes, and we are amending it by slow degrees. Torture and oppression exist under our rule, it cannot be denied; but it is only because we have not yet been able entirely to eradicate these ingrained native propensities. The evils and abuses that are

still rampant are those we have not yet succeeded in suppressing. Our sins are those of omission and of oversight alone.

We shall be reminded of our policy of annexation. We believe our *acts* of annexation to have been sometimes hasty, sometimes injudicious, sometimes, in earlier days, iniquitous. But the *policy* as a whole we conceive to be righteous and inevitable,—righteous because, while usually most reluctant, still inevitable. From the day when the Great Mogul conferred upon us the first gift of territory and of government, the whole of our subsequent progress was a settled and irrevocable destiny. We could no more help absorbing the native dynasties and states than the Americans can help eating out the Red Indians. We might have done it more slowly, more tenderly, more righteously; but no reluctance on our part, and no resistance on theirs, could have precluded, nor perhaps very long retarded, the certain and necessary issue. The Company have obstinately, almost fiercely, and for generations almost steadily, set their face against all extension of territory in Hindostan. Governor-general after governor-general has gone out resolved to have no more war, and to abstain from annexation. Statesmen after statesmen have deplored the growing evil, and put forth solemn warnings of resulting danger. But the force of circumstances, the clearest obligations of rulers, have been too strong for any opposition. Prohibiting directors, coy and pacific governors-general, Cassandra statesmen, have all found themselves carried away by the current, and compelled to follow the same river to the same ocean.

A few moments' reflection will explain this uniform result. Many causes contribute to it, and it is brought about in a variety of ways. Energetic settlers in a country rich in resources and full of promise naturally desire a small *pied-à-terre* whereon to erect factories, and forts to protect those factories against the attacks of hostile and capricious neighbours. They purchase some such small territory; no one can blame them for so doing. They are surrounded by tribes and princes whose normal condition is that of warfare and reciprocal encroachment. The strangers have skill and science which render their assistance invaluable to any party whose cause they may espouse. One of the belligerents offers as the price of their aid some commercial advantages which it is very important for them to attain; the other perhaps has shown them an unfriendly spirit, or done them some actual wrong. They give their assistance, and receive the promised price. In course of time, as they become more and more wealthy and influential, the native chiefs whom they have succoured grow jealous and uneasy, treacherously endeavour to resume what they have granted, or commit some act of atrocious and unpardonable barbarism on the persons or property of the settlers. Of course this must be resisted and punished; of course

it is resisted successfully; punishment is enforced, and the indemnity demanded often takes the form of a further grant of land. Necessitous princes borrow, and are unable to pay: they give a mortgage on their lands; as defalcations accumulate, the mortgage is foreclosed. Native sovereigns promise, and do not perform; when performance is exacted, a slice of territory is offered, and accepted, as a quittance. As soon as the intruders have become a Power, jealousies and enmities rise up on every side. Time after time they are treacherously assailed by suspicious or avaricious neighbours: at length, weary of chastising them, they have no alternative but to disarm and weaken them by the confiscation of half their domains. In justice to themselves, these naturalised foreigners form alliances: allies soon become dependents. Feeble states crave protection against powerful and aggressive rivals: protection is granted, in exchange for a consideration; and this consideration is often paid in land. Sometimes the consideration is the inheritance itself in failure of direct issue: after a long term of years the territory lapses. The more powerful we become, the more are we regarded with an evil eye; we are liable to unprovoked assaults on all sides. We fight, we conquer, we make treaties: the treaties are broken; we are again assailed; as a measure of obvious and necessary security we seize a portion of the offender's dominions. He repeats the offence; and we have no alternative but to absorb him altogether. We see preparations making for a formidable league against us: in self-defence we anticipate the blow, and break the league in pieces by the annihilation or impoverishment of its most dangerous members. By this time we find ourselves the paramount race in the country. Our well-governed territories are surrounded by a set of the most villanous and restless governments the world ever saw, which keep us in perpetual disturbance. We exhort them to amend their practices; some promise, and are paid for promising: they break their promise; we insist on its performance; and failing that, endeavour to perform it for them. Many princes, sunk in effeminacy and profligate indulgence, hating trouble, and caring only for sensuality and show, are glad enough to let us govern for them, securing to them a sufficient stipend for their pleasures. And no one who knows the contrast between British and native rule will say that we ought not to accept the bargain, and assume the task. Other states, again, fall into such a condition of anarchy and desolation as to be a curse and a peril to all around them. After long forbearance and remonstrances, in justice to our own subjects we can tolerate the scene no longer: we pension the princes, and we save the people. This is a fair picture of our Indian progress for the last seventy years. We have obeyed an irresistible influence, as relentless as a law of nature. From the

moment we set foot on Indian soil, we had no alternative but either to be ignominiously expelled, or to become lords paramount of the peninsula.

Some writers have been bold enough to ascribe the mutiny to the annexation of Oude. We offer no opinion as to the closeness of the connection between the supposed cause and the alleged effect; some connection no doubt there was. Considering the peculiar constitution of the Bengal army, and the large portion of it recruited from the Oude population, the *mode* in which the annexation was carried out may have been incautious and unwise; but that the annexation itself was a righteous, a necessary, and a beneficent measure, we cannot question for a moment. We do not believe there can be two opinions on the matter among men who know what the government of Oude was, and what the government of the Company's territories is. The persistent violation of a solemn contract gave us a right; the persistent violation of all laws human and divine made it our duty. If our calamities are really traceable to this annexation, we have been punished for our virtues, not for our sins. We are martyrs, not criminals.

It will be seen from what we have written, that we have a clear and strong opinion as to the title by which we hold India. Some pages of that title-deed are soiled by fraud, some pages of it are stained by blood; but with all its faults and flaws, no other power can show one equal to it. In the earlier times of our residence, we were often selfish, grasping, and unscrupulous. Unhappily we hastened the possession of that which *must* have become ours in time by many questionable acts and by some unquestionable crimes. But after the period of Warren Hastings a better spirit prevailed, and for more than half a century there have been few blots on our escutcheon, though many errors in our policy. We now hold India by virtue of our greater strength, our nobler capacities, and our deeper sense of duty and responsibility. We hold it in trust for one hundred and fifty millions of subjects, whose happiness we are bound to seek, whose enlightenment we are bound to foster, whose feelings we are bound to respect, whose prejudices even we are bound to outrage as little as we can consistently with the aims of good government and moral progress. So grand an empire and so grave a trust has seldom been committed to a free people—never, probably, since the Roman Republic reigned over half a world. It now remains to consider the principles on which, and the machinery by which, we are to govern India so as worthily to fulfil our high calling.

In the first place, then, India is a **DEPENDENCY**, and not a **COLONY**. It has nothing in common with the other portions

of our colonial empire,—with those vast islands and continents abounding in primeval forests and interminable prairies, full of unoccupied lands and nearly empty of inhabitants, scantily peopled, and peopled only by savages of small capacities and feeble frames, subsisting on the precarious produce of the chase, and incapable alike of resisting the progress or adopting the habits of civilisation. In these territories Englishmen have made their homes; they have gone out to reside as well as to subdue; they have conquered the land rather than the inhabitants; their wars have been with rude nature even more than with wild men. In process of time they have so multiplied, and been so replenished by fresh immigration from the mother country, as to constitute nations and societies actually composed of Englishmen, among whom the aboriginal inhabitants form a fraction insignificant in numbers as well as in importance. One after another, as this time arrived, these communities have claimed, and have had conceded to them as a right, all the powers and privileges of self-government: for the new colony had been created by them and peopled by them, had become their possession and their home, to whose fortunes they had linked their own hopes and affections for all coming time.

But our settlement and position in Hindostan differs from this picture in every one of its features. India, so far from being scantily peopled, is densely peopled, and the inhabitants outnumber those of Britain in a five-fold ratio. It contains no waste land: every field has its owner and its occupier, in whose hands it has remained for generations and for centuries; every acre is cultivated, or has gone out of cultivation solely from bad government or bad agriculture. The natives of India, so far from being savages, or belonging to feeble tribes who can be trodden out or absorbed by the intruding race, are the subjects of a civilisation far older and more complicated than our own,—a civilisation which, though vicious and corrupt, is in the highest degree ingenious and elaborate, dates back before the birth of authentic history, and is deeply rooted in the habits and ideas of its victims. Some of their races are powerful and warlike, and have more than once made us buy our victories dear, and even jeopardised our conquests. Many among them are wealthy, polished, intelligent, and even learned after the fashion of their tribe. In fact, our position in regard to them is rather that of the Romans towards the degenerate Greeks, or the Spaniards towards the primitive and noble civilisation of Mexico and Peru, than that of Britons towards the Red Indians, the Hottentots, or the Papuan aborigines. Finally, no Englishman, whether merchant, planter, or official, ever dreams of *settling* in India: he could not do so; his children cannot thrive there; he himself cannot live there in comfort: he merely goes to reside there

for a time, to make his fortune or discharge his duties, and retire home after twenty years of labour with an income or a pension. It is, and must always be, to him a place of exile, not a home either for the present or the future.

It is obvious, therefore, at a glance, that the principles which now govern the colonial policy of Great Britain are wholly inapplicable here. We admit—and most wisely and righteously admit—the colonists to govern themselves and the country which they have turned from a desert into a garden, and in which they and their children look for an abiding inheritance, according to their own notions, and through the instrumentality of citizens chosen by themselves. But to transfer these British privileges and institutions to Hindostan,—to govern India by a governor and a legislative council elected by the scanty and scattered European residents, who should introduce their own language, their own laws, their own fancies and political desires, into the administration which controls one hundred and fifty millions of an alien race,—would be to hand over that magnificent empire to an oligarchy almost without a parallel in history. Yet this is pretty much the demand of those chance residents in India who, in the late “Calcutta Petition,” have shown so much modesty in their requirements, and such a rare sense of propriety in the time selected for urging them. It is difficult to conceive what possible claim ten thousand European merchants and indigo-planters and journalists can have to govern, or to choose those who govern, a mighty and populous dependency, merely on the ground that they have gone thither for a time to buy silk, to plant indigo, or to edit newspapers, though they may know nothing of the complicated character and wants, and may care nothing about the enduring welfare, of the people whose management they would thus presumptuously assume. And assuredly it would not be easy to name a political crime or blunder equal in enormity to that of granting their preposterous demand.

It is clear, then, that India cannot be left, as, a colony of Englishmen, to govern itself. It is equally clear that we cannot—at present at least, nor for an indefinite period to come—govern it as a dependency through the medium of our dependents. It seems almost superfluous to add a word of elucidation on this head. India is to us a conquered country. The completion of our conquest dates only from yesterday. We are still surrounded by all the rankling hatreds of defeated cupidity and mortified ambition. In every quarter of the land swarm foes whose plans of aggrandisement we have thwarted, whose crimes we have punished, whose oppressions we have prevented, whose marauding propensities we have put down. We are surrounded too by a vast and ignorant population, who cannot understand many of our excellences, and who mistrust and misinterpret many of our

most beneficent and wisest schemes. We shock their prejudices and alarm their faith by every action of our lives. The Mahometans are scandalised because we eat the unclean swine. The Hindoos are outraged because we eat the sacred cow. In the eyes of both we are infidels and pagans,—gifted with marvellous powers, but guilty of ineffable abominations. The mass of the people, it is true,—the merchants and the cultivators of the soil,—appreciate our rigid and certain and even-handed justice, and bless the security with which they can trade and sow and reap under our sway; and numbers of those who come in contact with us regard us with sincere affection. But unfortunately those who love and value us,—those whom we have served and protected and rescued from oppression,—though the millions, are the ignorant, the apathetic, and the powerless. Those whom we have controlled, those whom we have cast down from the thrones and ministerial musnuds they had disgraced, those whose victims we have rescued, those whose career we have spoiled, those whom we have reduced to impotence and harmlessness,—though the hundreds only, are the able, the energetic, the wealthy, and the *fearful*. It is these through whom we must govern, if we govern through native agency.

But, in truth, committing the government of India to the natives of India, even under our superintendence, is at present a chimera. It may come some day; we hope it will. But it must come when Hindoos have learned to know us better than they do at present, and have become something very different from their present selves,—when those competent and honest natives whom we now point to as wonderful exceptions shall have become numerous and common. What native rule is, every state in India has had bitter experience; some are experiencing it still. And no one who knows what it is will hesitate to affirm that, for mingled incapacity and iniquity, the worst times in the worst governments of Italy and Spain can afford not only no parallel, but no conception. Few crimes could equal that of replacing any portion of a country committed to our keeping under the infliction of such an intolerable scourge.

There remains, then, only the third alternative. India must be governed, as hitherto, as a dependency of our empire, by the instrumentality of a body of trained and permanent officials subject only to metropolitan control,—by a despotic bureaucracy, in fact, responsible to the free country whose ministers and delegates they are. This system ought to supply one of the best governments conceivable. And here we are glad to be able to fortify our views by those of one of the most thoughtful, competent, and sagacious of the writers whose works we have placed at the head of this article. Mr. Cameron, long resident in India, and holding there a high official position, says :

"This famous constitution [that of Great Britain] is wholly unfit for the Indian nations, and I acknowledge that I should think it unnecessary for their welfare if it were much less unfit for them than it is. My own opinion is, that the best government for India, at least in her present condition, is a despotic government; and that the inhabitants of that country, European as well as Asiatic, should derive the assurance which they ought to possess against the abuse of power, not from any political privileges exercised by themselves, but first from the fact that none are admitted to the highest offices in the country but those who (whatever may be their origin) have received the moral and intellectual training of British functionaries: secondly, from the fact that all the proceedings of the Indian governments are submitted in detail to the criticism and correction of authorities in England: and lastly, from the fact that those authorities are responsible to the British Parliament. In this way, as it seems to me, the advantages of despotic and of constitutional government are united, while the disadvantages of both are avoided in a remarkable degree. For an Anglo-Saxon population such a scheme would not perhaps be successful, however good the government resulting from it; for that race seems to affect self-government even more than good government. But for the indigenous races of India, the few Anglo-Saxons who go there to employ capital and to return, and the small colonies of Anglo-Saxons which will perhaps settle in the temperate climates of the hill-countries, I believe that such a scheme of administration is at the present time much the best that could be devised. I incline to think that such a scheme will always be the best: for it is no stationary system; on the contrary, it is one which will go on continually reflecting all the successive improvements of the constitutional and progressive system, from which its principles of administration are derived, and to which they must conform.

The government of India is a government of British statesmen, who have the same education as other British statesmen in political economy, jurisprudence, and the other sciences which minister to the art of government; who are not habitually deflected from their proper course by any party considerations, nor hindered in their attempts at doing justice to all classes; and who are in a position not only to feel with perfect impartiality, but to act with perfect impartiality, towards all the various interests for which they legislate" (*Address to Parliament*, p. 41).

The people of India are a *special* race, and require to be dealt with on a special system and by specially trained rulers. The ordinary principles and plans on which we may safely and judiciously act in the management of Europeans will admit of only a very partial, limited, and modified application in Hindostan. An Englishman of average capacity may be sent out to govern a colony of Englishmen with little risk, because he has to deal with characters and institutions with which he is familiar, and with which his sympathies are in unison. Common sense, proper feeling, conscientious diligence, and ordinary knowledge, will

enable him to discharge his functions in a fair and creditable manner. But common sense and the ordinary education of an Englishman would be as inadequate in the bureau of an Indian ruler as in the operating-room of a hospital or the laboratory of a chemist. It is eminently characteristic of our countrymen to wish to introduce England every where—to see every where an embryo or a possible England—to believe that English motives will influence every people, that English institutions can be engrafted in every land, that English ideas have, or can be made to have, currency in every quarter of the globe. Now in no country are these characteristic notions and tendencies so completely at fault, or so imminently dangerous, as in Hindostan. Europeans and Asiatics are full of moral and mental diversities—diversities which we believe to be indigenous, but which, whether indigenous or not, have in the course of centuries, and by the operation of religion, climate, education, and hereditary habits, become now a second nature. The lion and the tiger scarcely—the sheep-dog and the spaniel certainly—do not differ more widely than the Oriental and the Occidental types of humanity. And of these discrepant races, the Englishman stands at one extreme of the European, and the Hindoo at the other extreme of the Asiatic. Greater contrasts—more deeply-ingrained contrasts—it would be difficult to conceive. They mutually represent all the most opposite, irreconcilable, hostile elements in human nature. The one an hereditary bondsman; the other, beyond all things, free. The one the very embodiment and symbol of stagnation; the other the incarnation of indefatigable energy and restless progress. The life and civilisation of the Hindoo moulded in the relentless tyranny of immutable caste; that of the Englishman breathing the very idolatry of change. The one contented even in wretchedness; the other dissatisfied and impatient in the midst of luxury and joy. The one hemmed-in with ceremonies and prejudices, the victim and the slave of the most senseless fanaticism upon earth; the other hating ceremony, despising all prejudices but his own, and too prone, in the pride of a pure religion and a splendid science, to trample on the fanaticism of all around him. Finally, the flagrant faults and offensive peculiarities of the Briton redeemed by an imperious sense of duty; the many amiable and engaging qualities of the Hindoo neutralised by a destitution of all notion of public morality, which to us seems absolutely appalling and inconceivable.

In truth, the character of our Indian subjects is a nice problem to deal with, and a difficult matter to understand. At our peril we are bound to study and to fathom it. That the knowledge of it possessed by the most experienced European residents has hitherto been imperfect, the late occurrences have painfully

shown. But we do not infer from these sad events that our countrymen were deceived in their estimate of the native character; but simply that one element of it, hitherto latent, had escaped their penetration. We do not believe that the attachment and fidelity of the sepoys, in which all their officers without exception placed such confidence, was unreal or simulated; but that qualities and passions co-existed with these feelings which had hitherto lain dormant, but which, when once excited, were powerful enough to override all others. We believe all that we have heard of their devotion to their officers, their respect for European ladies, their fondness for their masters' children. Till now, there had been ample justification for the confidence felt by English officers in the trustworthiness and bravery of their troops. Till now, there can be no doubt that unguarded ladies could and did travel throughout the length and breadth of India, attended or not by sepoys, without the fear or the risk of insult or neglect. Till now, the servants and the soldiers of our countrymen displayed and felt a tender attachment for the little white infants who played among them nearly equal to that of their own parents, and yet more demonstrative. All this was not put on: it was the genuine product of their ordinary nature; and we were amply warranted in counting on it under all ordinary circumstances. But two peculiarities in the native character seem to have escaped our observation: and it is no wonder that they did so. The first is their *impressibility*, the second their *animal ferocity*—both partaking of the features and reaching the excess of actual insanity. The CHILD and the SAVAGE lie very deep at the foundations of their being. The varnish of civilisation is very thin, and is put off as promptly as a garment. Their utter ignorance prepared them to believe any absurdities; their brutal superstition rendered them capable of enacting any horrors. Their religion and their caste form the assailable and excitable side of the Hindoo mind. There is nothing remarkable in this. People so incapable of reasoning, and so accessible to stimulus, could be easily persuaded, where appearances chanced to confirm the poisonous suggestions poured into their minds by emissaries from without, that we had hostile designs against their religion and their caste. This, too, was natural enough. But the point to which we desire to draw special attention, is the degree to which the spread of the mutiny and its more atrocious features partook of the character of an epidemic or contagious nervous disorder—a species of physical cerebral excitement. Viewed in any other light—or rather viewed apart from this peculiarity—the whole movement seems unaccountably insane. It broke out at first not in undefended places, but where there were strong detachments of European troops. The excitement gained some regiments, and was on the point of exploding, when

allayed by a few sagacious words or courageous acts by influential comrades or resolute European officers. Others marched out against the mutineers as sincerely as Ney against Napoleon, but were as powerless to resist the mysterious and morbid sympathy. Others manfully resisted the contagion when their defection would have been safe to themselves and most formidable to us, but succumbed to the increasing excitement when fortune had changed to our side, when there was every thing to discourage a mutiny, when failure was certain, and terrible retribution obviously and immediately at hand. Others, again, when our case seemed desperate, stood faithfully by our side, fought gallantly against their rebellious comrades, destroyed their own chances of successful mutiny, and then, with incomprehensible folly, turned against us just as our victory was complete. They seem to have "lost their heads" (to use a colloquial but expressive phrase) with the continuance of the excitement, as children and highly nervous people do at an orgie, or an execution, or a battle, or a scene of violence and peril of almost any kind. In future, then, we must take into our estimate of the Hindoo character, and our calculation of probable contingencies, this liability to insane panics and unaccountable outbreaks of irrational excitement,—propagated like fire across a prairie. It will seldom arise without cause; but the causes may often be trivial, untraceable, and apparently wholly inadequate to the result. We must govern the Hindoos as a race which, in addition to its normal characteristics, has this very unpleasant one of being subject to accesses of epidemic mania, which may perhaps be guarded against or rendered harmless by judicious arrangements and unsleeping vigilance, but which, when they occur, set reason, habitual feeling, and the strongest and plainest self-interest, altogether at defiance.

The second thing which we have learned is the tiger-like ferocity which lies dormant in the Hindoo character, and which the periods of excitement of which we have just spoken will almost certainly develop into life. The hideous love of cruelty, of inflicting pain for the pleasure of beholding agony, of spending actual intellectual effort in contriving unheard-of tortures, is a passion more than any other incomprehensible and abhorrent to our minds. We have heard of something like it in the middle ages: individuals in history have at times appeared affected with similar morbid propensities to evil; superstition, mingled with malignant passion and fostered by absolute power, has brought some Europeans in former days to the very verge of this fiendish degradation. But all such cases have been regarded as monstrous—the nightmare freaks of nature. Above all, we have been accustomed to consider them as altogether belonging to the past,—dreadful and loathsome excrescences of times and stages of humanity long since and for ever passed

away. We have been rudely awakened from this delusion;—and perhaps it is one which we ought not so tranquilly to have indulged. The taste for prolonged and gratuitous torture has in many ages and countries been distinctive of Oriental peoples. In India we have many traces of it. Religion there contributes to it. Human sacrifices prevailed there down to a very recent date. The annals of native reigns abound in specimens of elaborate and ingenious inflictions. Torture of many kinds prevails there in certain districts habitually even now. The atrocities of Delhi, Jhansi, and Cawnpore, though they alternately make our blood boil with fury and run cold with horror, were not foreign to the character of their perpetrators. The people of India we believe to be, not savage, but mild in their normal moods. But the bestial and ferocious element, which in all likelihood entered originally into all human constitutions, has not been with them *eradicated* by long centuries of civilisation, but only covered over and put to sleep; and excitement brings it forth, as intoxication does that of the Malay. We believe, too, that this passion for shedding blood and inflicting agony is, like the excitement we have spoken of, in a great measure physical and morbid: the first sight or gratification of it arouses a frenzied thirst for more, which is propagated like an epidemic madness. Self-control is, as we all know, the special virtue of culture and training; and the civilisation of the Hindoo, elaborate as it is, is not only essentially vicious, but is only skin-deep. In dealing with him, therefore, it is necessary to bear in mind that he is not altogether a rational being, governed by motives, and amenable to interest and reason,—but a creature of impulse, and still half a savage and more than half a child. Now untutored Englishmen can least of all men comprehend and manage characters of this sort.

A third peculiarity of our Asiatic subjects, which especially perplexes and disgusts the average Englishman, is their profound capacity for dissimulation. They have an absolute genius for falsehood. No oaths secure their truth. Not only does their tongue utter the most flagrant and elaborate lie, but they know how to surround it with every colour of probability and confirmation; and the imperturbable countenance, the ready smile, the regulated act, all are called in to aid in the deception. The most cautious and practised diplomatist, the most skilful and experienced judge, are often at fault; and nothing but long experience and special training can fit men to deal with such a vice at all.

There is still another anomaly in the Indian national character, to which Englishmen, fresh from the mother country and accustomed only to strong rude sense which they respect, and to prejudices and tastes which they understand even where they do not share them, find particular difficulty in accommodating them—

selves: we refer to the singular admixture of subtlety and folly which pervades both the conversation and the conduct of the cultivated Hindoo. In no work on India that we have seen does this peculiarity come out so clearly as in Colonel Sleeman's amusing *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*. The accounts of his discussions and consultations with ministers, princes, and pundits, are, in this point of view, exceedingly instructive. Few people display so much ingenuity and skill in argument; but the premises on which they argue indicate an ignorance and a credulity almost approaching to idiocy. The things they believe, and the things they assume, would disgrace the darkest and nakedest savages of Africa; but the dialectic shrewdness with which they will often handle these materials in controversy would challenge the admiration of the most finished intellect of Europe. Then, too, their beliefs, and what we may call their ecclesiastical ordinances, pervade and regulate every hour and every action of their daily life to a degree not paralleled by any other people; so that these consummately nonsensical premises on which they reason so acutely are always and every where in operation. Thus the Englishman who goes out to perform his part in the government of Hindostan finds himself at every step in collision with prejudices which he *must* despise, and yet is compelled to respect;—which he is obliged to treat with deference and forbearance, because they are the inveterate prejudices of millions, to whom they are real as the air they breathe, and as sacred as the life they cherish; and yet which in his heart he must regard with a sort of abhorrent contempt, as the very incarnation and extreme of ludicrous and sometimes loathsome nonsense. Now here is a discipline which all who know the naturally narrow and intolerant character of the British mind, will admit requires a very special preparation to attain. We are not originally or habitually, to say the least, tender or respectful to alien follies and to superstitions and fancies which are not our own; yet in India we are compelled to be so under peril of our empire. A body of competent and respectable Englishmen, such as shine in vestries and town-councils, and prose and vote with no contemptible success in Parliament, would set India in a blaze before they had administered its affairs for six weeks.

Finally, India, both Hindoo and Mahometan, has its own peculiar codes, civil and criminal, by which it has governed for centuries; which are comprehended by its people, and blended and intertwined with all the concerns of life; which it would be the height of tyranny to supersede by our own unsuitable and complicated forms; and which require long and careful study to understand and to administer. If there were no other reason why India must be governed by a specially selected and elaborately trained body of officials, this alone would suffice.

In no portion of our empire has British policy been remarkable for a *uniform and consistent character*. Our national peculiarities and our national institutions have both contributed to this negative result. In every thing—in politics more even than in most things—we are empiric, tentative, and unscientific. Our want of science and of system sends us too far into one extreme; our practical good sense shows us our error, and drives us back in the opposite direction. As a nation, too, we are remarkable for a perilous mental defect:—we take up ideas in *turn*, and not in *combination*; so that at one epoch we are governed by one set of notions and intent upon one set of objects, and at another we are on a wholly different tack. Neither have we, like some despotic nations, the advantage of being governed by statesmen of commanding minds, who arise from one class and bequeath their science to successors,—by Richelieus, Sullys, and Ximenes. Our statesmen are the growth or the accident of Parliament, as Parliament is the varying product of a growing and oscillating popular opinion. A steady and unswerving policy,—a policy at once clear in its principles, unchanging in its ultimate purposes, and persistent in the means by which those purposes are worked out,—has ever been a desideratum to Great Britain, both at home and abroad. *Yet a policy of this character is absolutely essential to us in dealing with India.* Without it we shall throw away our great advantages; without it that anomalous empire will be perpetually jeopardised; without it we shall lose the respect of that astute and observant people; without it there will occur interregna of vacillation which ambitious native princes may turn to terrible account.

With such a policy—with ordinary skill superadded to our extraordinary energies—with average administrative sagacity, aided by the ample experience we have now acquired,—there is no reason, moral or material, why we should not retain our Indian empire for all time. We believe that we are under a solemn obligation to retain it. No one can doubt that our sway, with all its acknowledged defects and all its unfinished excellences, is a blessing to the Hindostanees. It is not positively good perhaps, but it is the best they ever had. By activity in developing it, and wisdom in adapting it, it is in our power to render it better than the best they ever dreamed of. The future of hundreds of millions—their material welfare, their moral progress—depend upon the continuance of our power, and upon the principles which shall henceforth govern our administration. No native princes ever did or ever can, in comparison with ourselves, either protect them from robbers, abstain from oppression, develop the resources of the soil, exonerate them from the nightmare of a filthy superstition, prepare them for a purer morality, or guide

them in a better way. On every principle of justice and philanthropy we are bound to stay where we are.

Nor is there any real difficulty in doing so, now that we are warned, now that we are compelled thoroughly to understand our position and deliberately to settle our proceedings. The reasons are well explained by Mr. Cameron :

"I believe that no people ever existed on the face of the earth to whom the imperial rule of a foreign nation has been, as such, so little distasteful as it is to the inhabitants of India. Among the Hindoos, and the aboriginal races who have imbibed Hindoo principles, the system of caste must have prevented the growth of that predilection which elsewhere commonly arises in men's minds in favour of a national government. That singular system was calculated to engender a complete indifference in the subject multitude as to who might be exercising over them the powers of government ; provided only that the persons placed in that position confined themselves within those limits which are recognised in the system itself. Every one intrusted the care of public affairs to the hereditary Chetrya, just as he intrusted the care of his beard to the hereditary barber.

Probably when foreign conquest came, the subject castes, brought up in those principles, would not feel that any injury had been done to themselves ; though they might have admitted that the ruling caste had been injuriously thrust out, and had consequently just ground of complaint against the foreign conqueror. There is evidence as old as Strabo, and as recent as Colonel Sleeman, to prove that the cultivators of the soil, that is, the great mass of the Hindoo people, are, to say the least, more indifferent than the inhabitants of any other region, not as to the manner in which, but as to the hands by which, the powers of government are exercised over them. According to Strabo, it frequently happened that the hereditary soldiers were drawn up in battle-array, and engaged in actual conflict with the enemy, while the hereditary husbandmen, whom the system confined entirely to their own agricultural function, were securely ploughing and digging in the same place and at the same time. It was no affair of theirs which body of Chetryas might gain the victory, and afterwards exercise the powers of government. Their business was to till the earth, and to pay the government share of the produce to those who might happen to be conquerors.

Colonel Sleeman, whose abilities, and whose opportunities of studying the native character, are well known to every one interested in the welfare of India, has the following passage : ' It is a singular fact, that the peasantry, and I may say the landed interest of the country generally, have never been the friends of any existing government, have never considered their interests and that of their government the same, and consequently have never felt any desire for its success or its duration.'

The truth evidently is, that the governing caste, though born in the same country as the men engaged in tilling the soil, have always been aliens in relation to them. I do not mean that the governing caste

have always oppressed their subjects. I mean only that, as regards sympathy and the charities of life, they have been foreigners to the great mass of the people. A true imperial government, though foreign in blood, cannot be considered so foreign in feeling and interest to the races over whom its sway may extend as the ruling caste of Hindoos was to the castes excluded from participation in the government. . . .

The men to whom British dominion is really an object of dislike are the great men, who, supported by many followers, might have hoped, in the scramble for power which was going on when we established our rule, and which would probably still be going on if we had not intervened, to have retained or acquired sovereignties of greater or less extent. But these are men who have not any common purpose. They may all wish to overthrow us, but for different and inconsistent objects. And even if they had a common purpose, their education and habits disable them from combining together for the accomplishment of it. No one of them desires to be the vassal of any other of them. I believe that if every native of India who could dream of aspiring to the sceptre of an Indian empire were asked who, next to himself, he would consider most fit to exercise imperial power over the natives of the peninsula, he would answer, 'Queen Victoria,' if he knows there is a Queen Victoria; if not, 'The East India Company.'

It must not be forgotten either, that in India we govern, not one homogeneous nation, but a large assemblage of different [and hostile] nations. The Bengali race might, even in the highest stage of civilisation, desire to be governed by a Bengali rather than by a British prince. The same may be said of the Tamil, of the Mahratta, of the Hindi, of the Mogul, and of the Sikh races. But there is not the shadow of a reason for supposing that the Bengalis would wish to take the chance of an imperial Sikh or Mogul government proving more disinterested and philanthropic than an imperial British government."

It is probable too that, as regards the safe and efficient composition of our native army, India affords us facilities such as no other country ever offered to its foreign conquerors; facilities of which the warnings and experience we have had will enable us to take full advantage. We have to deal, not with one united people, but with many uncongenial ones; with nations among which no combination can be more than temporary and superficial; with tribes, a large proportion of which are warlike, amenable to discipline, trained to military fidelity; and, above all, with a variety of races differing from each other in religion, in caste, in origin, in habits, full of mutually inimical traditions, and for generations accustomed to make war upon each other, to burn each other's villages, to ravage each other's fields. We have high-caste men, low-caste men, and men of no caste at all; Mahometans and Hindoos; Sikhs, Ghorkas, and Mahrattas; in a word, we have such a vast range of excellent and safe materials to choose among, that it seems a strange fatality indeed that has hitherto induced us to compose

the chief portion of our Bengal army of men of one locality, of one clan, and of one caste,—and that caste too the most troublesome and dangerous of all. We think there can be no doubt that by a judicious selection from the rich materials ready to our hand, by never recruiting largely or exclusively from one district, by never permitting pleas of caste to interfere with obedience or military discipline, by declining the service of all high-caste men who will not submit to this condition, by retaining the artillery and the fortified places entirely in European hands, and by a variety of arrangements which practical sagacity will dictate, but on which we cannot venture to pronounce dogmatically,—such, probably, as reducing the amount of the regular force, and replacing it by an efficiently organised police, and modifying the system of promotion both among native and European officers,—we may succeed in reconstituting an Indian army which shall at once yield us better service, cause us less anxiety, and involve us in less expense, than that which has just broken to pieces in our hands. Of one thing we feel quite convinced,—and the terrible catastrophe we have witnessed has in no degree shaken our conviction,—*a native army we must have.* We shall need it as a measure of security, as well as for the sake of economy. Not only are native troops better adapted to the climate, and able to move more rapidly than Europeans; not only are they far cheaper; not only does their employment enable us to flaunt less offensively and incessantly in the faces of the Hindoos the fact of their subjection to a foreign conqueror; but their enrolment is simply necessary in order to absorb those turbulent and adventurous spirits which abound in every land, but which absolutely swarm in a country like India, where for centuries predatory warfare has been the life-long occupation of all the more energetic races.*

Our position in Hindostan, then, we consider to be one full of ample means, and golden opportunities, and rare facilities; but in order to develop all these advantages as they deserve, that uniformity and *persistence* of political action of which we have just spoken is especially indispensable. It will not do to proceed now upon the principle of maintaining, and now upon the principle of absorbing, the native states; now of encouraging, and now of eschewing, native agency; now of humouring, and now of disregarding, the native prejudices. We must govern India by means of men who are not only trained to the art of government, but who are guided by fixed principles, and devoted to steady aims. Now hitherto, although from time to time our policy even in India has wavered and undergone many modi-

* In Colonel Sleeman's work (ii. p. 83) will be found a striking exemplification and confirmation of these remarks.

fications, yet it has been more uniform and scientific there than in any other part of our empire. And that it has been so is owing to the fact that the government of India has been committed to a body, a sort of self-elected, continuous, and very *clannish* corporation, wholly aloof from, and unaffected by, the politics of party and the British passions of the day. Till 1833, the East India Company had a direct pecuniary interest in the good management of the vast dependency committed to their charge; and though since that date this motive for care and skill has been withdrawn, yet the old traditions have survived, and the same system has in the main been pursued. It is true, indeed, that the Board of Control has all along been the paramount power, and has been able to force its own views and orders upon Leadenhall Street whenever a difference of opinion occurred. Yet two circumstances coalesced to centre the real administration in the hands of the directors. Practically the initiative of all measures rested with them, while the Board of Control in nineteen cases out of twenty merely exercised a supervision and a veto; and again, the one board was to a great extent a continuous, homogeneous, and united body, while the heads at least of the other were perpetually changing with the party defeats or victories of the day, and were never the leading politicians on either side. But much inconvenience has resulted from this double government; many mistakes have been committed; much responsibility has been unrighteously and mischievously evaded; and now that India has become the prominent question of the day, it is certain that the old arrangement will no longer be suffered to continue. India must henceforth be governed by a ministerial department, like our other dependencies, and be brought under the more direct control of Parliament; and it cannot be denied that much uneasiness is felt at the prospect, and that this uneasiness is not without foundation.*

It is unquestionably true that the constituencies of England, however competent to deal with English questions and to legislate for English people, are at present deplorably disqualified for directing or inspiring the management of affairs in a peculiar

* It would be unjust and ungracious to omit this opportunity of recording our conviction that the Company's government of India has not only been far superior to that of the mother country over any of her other dependencies, but that for a long period, and as a whole, it has been wise, righteous, and beneficent in a rare degree. Mr. Mill, one of the severest critics of that body, bears in his history the following striking testimony to its merits: "I believe it will be found that the Company, during the period of their sovereignty, have done more in behalf of their subjects, have shown more good-will towards them, have shown less of a selfish attachment to mischievous powers lodged in their own hands, have displayed a more generous welcome to schemes of improvement, and are more willing to adopt improvements, not only than any other sovereign existing in the same period, but than all other sovereigns taken together on the face of the globe."

dependency like Hindostan. They are doubly disqualified : by temperament and by ignorance ; and again, by unconsciousness of the perils of that temperament and the depth and range of that ignorance. It is true, likewise, that the narrow and pig-headed fanaticism of our middle classes would be fraught with terrible danger if brought to bear directly upon Indian politics. We may well tremble at the idea of an inflammable Hindoo and Mussulman population of a hundred and fifty millions governed from the hustings and from Exeter Hall,—of the lives of our handful of countrymen, and the interests and feelings of our myriads of Oriental subjects, at the mercy of the varying caprices of the ten-pounders, or the obstinate and impatient bigotry of the saints. In imagination, no doubt, the prospect seems full enough of possible dangers : in practical result, however, we may feel confident that most of these dangers will be wholly averted, or vastly mitigated, by the inconsistent and illogical good sense which rescues our nation from the consequences of so many blunders. In the *first* place, India will now become a topic of national and parliamentary interest, which it has never been before. Indian debates will fill the House instead of emptying it. Every point connected with that wonderful peninsula will be discussed, studied, investigated, controverted. Election speeches will be full of nothing else. The press will teem with articles, often brimming with ignorance and folly ; often also, however, rich with thorough knowledge and matured experience. A whole session, in both Houses, will be devoted to this absorbing question. Men's ideas will be gradually cleared ; public opinion will become rapidly enlightened ; and in the course of a year or two a distinct national policy will have been formed on all the main principles at issue. India will become, perhaps, to a certain extent a party subject ; but the party differences will turn only on minor points. In the *second* place, the importance which Indian questions will henceforth assume will insure that the President of the Board of Control—the MINISTER FOR INDIA,* that is, whatever may be his future title—shall be selected from among the most able and eminent statesmen of his party ; not, as hitherto, from the most unmarked ones. This of itself will afford a vast security. *Thirdly*, the government of India having become both a cabinet and a parliamentary question, all important measures, especially if in the slightest degree involving a change of policy, will not be decided nearly as much as heretofore by the individual

* We have carefully avoided throughout this article entering into any detailed plans or suggestions ; but it will deserve consideration whether this minister should not be assisted by a council of competent advisers of actual Indian experience, and whether the new ministerial department should not be so organised as to include some of the ablest officials of the existing directorial board at Leadenhall Street.

minister at the head of that department, but will have to undergo the ordeal of much previous discussion ; so that even wilful and self-confident men like Lord Ellenborough will scarcely venture to indulge their idiosyncrasies of fancy or of temper as they might have done of yore. Moments of special peril, no doubt, may still arise when a change of ministry at home happens to synchronise with a critical position of diplomacy or war in India ; but similar conjunctures occur in the case of our foreign relations ; and we must hope that the same respect for an *inaugurated* policy which withholds contradictory despatches in the one case, may preclude them also in the other. But, *fourthly*, one of our greatest securities will arise from the circumstance that, practically, henceforth as hitherto, nearly all measures of actual administration, and most legislative measures also, will originate with the Executive Government at Calcutta. Hasty proceedings, and more particularly hasty *changes*, will by this means be avoided. Principles will be decided at home ; suggestions even may go out from home ; but nearly every thing done or proposed will be initiated in India, will undergo full consideration by experienced politicians there, and will be referred home for approval and confirmation, accompanied by all the arguments, for or against, which have been brought forward at the local seat of government. *Finally*,—and on this safeguard we place great reliance,—there is an extraordinary *reserve*-fund of good sense both in the constituencies and in Parliament, which comes into operation on all occasions of serious danger, and restrains even the most vehement politicians from persisting in extreme views. Few Englishmen, however positive, will push forward their plans or notions in the face of alarming warnings and national possibilities of evil. We are ready enough at times to play with a barrel of powder—scarcely with a magazine.

We must now turn from questions of political administration to consider the principles which should guide our management of India in matters connected with religion and morality : and there can be no subject of graver or more critical importance. We, a handful of enlightened Europeans, live among, and are called to govern, millions of subjects whose religion is not only utterly at variance with our own, but is at the same time mixed up with their daily life to a degree recorded of no other people. Under these circumstances, toleration—always a dictate of justice and wisdom—becomes a dictate of prudence and necessity likewise. But toleration, as it has its foundation in sound sense and sound morality, has its limits marked out by them also. We must in all things so act as neither to insult the faith of our subjects nor to dishonour our own. We must interfere with it only where it

cloaks or commands crime, or outrages fundamental morality, or offers an insuperable obstacle to the progress of necessary civilisation. We cannot suffer infanticide to be practised, or human sacrifices to be offered, or electric telegraphs to be forbidden or destroyed, in the name of any god, or in deference to the prejudices of any sect; but apart from such matters, we are bound to let every religion have perfect freedom of worship and of action. As to questions of decency, we must bear in mind that these are to a great extent conventional; and that the ideas of purity and impurity are very different in the European and the Asiatic mind. As to questions of proselytism, our course seems very clear. We should allow full liberty of *preaching* to Brahmin, Mussulman, or Christian missionary; but sternly refuse to employ or to permit the slightest exercise of *influence*, whether by favour or disfavour.

And first, let us do full justice to the tenacious grasp which religious feelings, such as they are, hold over the native mind. Their *faith* shames ours. The creed of the Hindoos is a filthy and degrading superstition, indicating a low intelligence, breathing a low morality; but such as it is, they believe it, cling to it, and obey its ordinances, with an undoubting conviction and a simple devotion, which we, the pupils of a better teaching and the votaries of a nobler creed, may indeed envy, and should do well to imitate. If there had been any reason for questioning this, the whole details of the mutiny would suffice to prove it. Of all the thousands of natives who have been shot, hung, or blown from guns, for their share in the revolt and its attendant crimes, not one has entertained the faintest shadow of a doubt that he was dying for (*deen*) his religion, and would go straight to paradise: scarcely one has flinched, or prayed for mercy; all have believed that they were martyrs and certain of the martyr's crown. For fanaticism so genuine and so deep as theirs death has no terrors. Such fanaticism it is at once unsafe and foolish to provoke. It can be conquered by no violence, and can be undermined only by the slow process of indirect enlightenment. People in England find it hard to believe that the greased cartridge was really the immediate cause of the revolt. People in India know better. They are well aware that while ambition and intrigue are ever at work to arouse and turn to use the religious excitability of the Hindoo, that excitability is a permanent and a most formidable reality. How such a wide-spread and sudden panic should have arisen from so slight a cause, the following remarks by "Indophilus" may serve to explain:

"Hindooism and Mahometanism, especially the former, are religions not of rational conviction, but of meats and drinks and outward observances. The religion of a Hindoo may therefore 'be taken away'

from him by force or craft, without any voluntary action on his part. There are large communities of Mahometans in India whose ancestors were Hindoos ; and if you inquire into their religious history, they tell you that Aurungzebe, or some other potentate, 'made them' Mahometans. The process was a very simple one. Their Hindooism was put off by Mahometans eating with them ; their Mahometanism was put on by the symbol of admission to the faith which the Mahometans have in common with the Jews. Pouring cow's blood down the throat was reserved for special cases of recusancy. On the other hand, the unclean beast is the abomination of the Mahometans as of the Jews ; and the feeling is heightened by the associations of caste which the Mahometan minority in India have contracted from the Hindoo majority. To bite a cartridge greased with cow's or pig's fat was, therefore, more to Hindoos and Mahometans than eating pork to a Jew, spitting on the Host to a Roman Catholic, or trampling on the Cross to a Protestant."

In saying that we must scrupulously abstain from outraging the religious or caste notions of the natives, when not compelled to do so by paramount considerations of public morality or public safety, we by no means wish to insinuate that we have been in the habit of offending in this manner. On the contrary, in former times we have erred in the opposite extreme. We have deferred too much and too degradingly to native superstitions. We have done dishonour to our own faith ; and, as might be anticipated, have gained no credit by so doing. Europeans very generally give to Asiatics the impression that they are an irreligious race ; and, compared with themselves, there is some truth in the belief. It is true that our religion, like our nature, is less demonstrative and more retiring—more sacred, and therefore more hidden—than that of Orientals, and that we have a great deal more faith and feeling on these subjects than we care to show ; but it must be admitted that, as a rule, our religion is both less pervading, less intense, less firmly held, less proudly and openly avowed, than that of Eastern nations. Now to an ordinary Asiatic, the apparent want of religion in his European masters excites both amazement and disgust. Of real liberality in such matters they have little comprehension ; and the deference which of yore we paid to their idolatry they interpreted into indifference to our own creed. It is important that in future our conduct should be such as systematically to correct this delusion. All unworthy compliances, all countenance to idolatrous ceremonies, should be (as, indeed, we believe they are) consistently avoided and forbidden. We should act as men who, while willing to respect and tolerate the religious convictions of a "weaker brother" and a fellow-citizen of equal rights, yet feel the immeasurable superiority of our own assured belief. Thus only shall

we secure their respect to our character and our faith:—grave deference to their childish etiquettes, offerings and concessions to their nasty shrines, excite only contempt; they see through the hollow sham, and despise the unmanly nonsense.

Then as to missionary efforts: it is a great mistake to fancy that the natives of Hindostan, especially the more intelligent among them, look with any dread or dislike upon our well-meant attempts at their *conversion*—using that word, in its proper and European sense, to signify change of conviction by argument and persuasion. What they fear is, not preaching, but government influence and force. Religious controversy they rather enjoy; they have a decided pleasure in gravelling the holy men who come out to instruct and convince them; they are amused at their impotent benevolence, and feel, or fancy, that they are more than a match for nine-tenths of the missionary body. If there were any doubt on this head, it would be removed by a very remarkable speech delivered by a cultivated Hindoo at a meeting of a native association at Calcutta, who, in commenting on Lord Ellenborough's attack upon the governor-general for having subscribed to missionary efforts, declared that, while they respected the missionaries much, they had not the slightest fear of them, nor objection to the utmost latitude of speech which could be given them, so long as Lord Canning in *his official capacity* lent them no sinister aid. It would be monstrous indeed, if, while we allowed the Mussulman and the Hindoo priest to preach, and convert, and proselytise at pleasure, we were to deny a similar right to the priest of our own religion. It could not be done; it ought not to be done; it need not be done. We have no idea that missionaries will do any harm in India; neither have we any idea that they will do much good. By exhibiting examples of a pure life, and by disseminating useful information around them, they may, indeed, be indirectly serviceable to the cause of morality and truth. But in the matter of conversion—*i. e.* of inducing the natives to abandon Hindooism and embrace Christianity—we do not anticipate, nor, to say the truth, do we much desire, any very rapid result from their exertions. It is time to speak plainly on this subject. Nations may be spiritually and intellectually elevated out of heathenism and savage ignorant atheism; but in general only by the slowest and most circuitous process can one elaborate form of religion be substituted for another long established and rooted in all the popular feelings and traditions. Among a civilised people, those who are willing to exchange the faith of their forefathers for that of strangers are usually the very dregs of the population. This is notoriously the case in Hindostan. Those who by moral or intellectual reasoning and research become convinced of the error

of their old religion, and the intrinsic truth of that which is offered them instead, are at all times incalculably rare and few. Every thinker whose mind has sufficient philosophy in its composition to understand how much of *assumption* and hereditary innate prejudice lies at the root of all creeds, will be conscious that this must be so. Then, again,—and this it is peculiarly important to bear in mind,—every religion partakes to some extent of the character of the soil in which it is sown. It is pure or impure, noble or degrading, an elevated faith or an abject superstition, just according to the nature of the men who adopt or profess it. If by some strong act of force, or by some command from authority, or some external contrivance, the whole of Hindostan could be brought to declare itself Christian, and to be baptised, what would have been gained by the nominal change? Would the native mind have been metamorphosed by the tergiversation? Wherein would the new superstition differ from the old? The old ignorance, the old impurities, the old senseless fanaticism, the old low morality, would still exist in the artificial convert; and would be simply imported by him into his new creed, instead of being eradicated by it. Let those who doubt this look at Europe and look at history. Christianity, we all feel, is a pure, a noble, a mild, a rational, an elevating faith, acceptable to the finest minds, fitted to raise man to the grandest heights. Is it such among all nations? Has it been such at all times? In what nation and in what age do we find it such? All Europe is Christian: all Europe was Christian in the middle ages. Compare, then, the Christianity of England with the Christianity of Russia or of Spain. Compare the Christianity of Fenelon and Hooker with the Christianity of Cortez or of Bonner, of Philip or of Alva. Compare the Christianity of Wesley with the Christianity which expressed itself in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. No, it is useless to pour new wine into old bottles; the bottles will burst, and the wine be spilled. If you wish to plant in Hindostan any genuine Christianity, you must be content to prepare the soil by the painful and judicious husbandry of generations. It is only men of much egotism, or of little faith, who are in a mischievous and ineffective hurry to propagate the Word. God has an eternity before Him for the accomplishment of His purposes; they never fail, and are never imperfectly performed. We are hasty and impetuous, because we have only “this narrow sand and shoal of Time” whereon to work—because we want to see the harvest as well as to sow the seed—because too often, also, we are anxious to inscribe our names upon the mite which we cast into the treasury of the Most High. “La Providence (says Guizot) a ses aises dans le temps: elle ne s’inquiète pas de tirer aujourd’hui

la conséquence du principe qu'elle a posé hier ; elle la tirera dans des siècles, quand l'heure sera venue ; mais pour raisonner lentement selon nous, sa logique n'est pas moins sûre."

In this case, as in most others, the fairest and most righteous mode of attaining our end is also the speediest, the surest, and the safest. We are bound to give to the inhabitants of India the best education, direct and indirect, that circumstances permit, and that their nature will enable them to receive. We are bound, so far as may be, to make them participators in our knowledge, to open to them the sciences and discoveries of Europe, and, in the way of ascertained facts, to teach them no error, and as much truth as we can. In a word, we are bound to extend and improve the *secular* instruction of all classes among them. We have accepted this responsibility, and prepared to act upon it. We have established universities at the three presidencies, where the English language and English sciences are taught; and we have established schools and inspectors of schools all over our dominions. The system as yet is new, and of course partial and imperfect; but its operation is steadily extending, and will soon bear fruit. The Hindoo systems of religion and of caste are so blended with error and ignorance on physical matters, that a purely scientific and secular education is the most formidable enemy we can send into the field against them. In Lower Bengal it has already proved so. By the time we have fairly imbued two generations of Hindoos with sound notions of geography, astronomy, and chemistry; when for a few years we have explained to them the operation of the electric telegraph; when for half a century we have rattled them across the country on the railway at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and shaken Brahmin and Pariah together in the same car,—we shall have effectually undermined the foundations of their own creed, and produced that intermediate period of scepticism which is often, though not always, the necessary step towards the introduction of a purer faith. Throughout a considerable portion of Lower Bengal, by the instrumentality of our schools and intercourse with us, this stage has been produced already. All that is ambitious and sacerdotal among the higher class of natives sees this menacing result, and will move heaven and earth to hinder it. But if we simply persevere, abstain from the slightest attack on, or disrespect towards, their beliefs, but continue quietly to teach those dry scientific facts with which their beliefs cannot co-exist, we shall have secured at no distant day an object really worth a struggle—the formation, that is, of a national intellect, in which a pure and not a superstitious, a genuine and not a nominal, a deep and not a superficial, Christianity can more easily take root and flourish.

Two questions of considerable difficulty remain, on neither of which do we feel disposed to dogmatise,—the question of native and European equality before the law; and the question of the employment of native agency in the more important functions of administration.

On the first of these topics there is a good deal to be said on both sides. As long as no Englishman appeared or resided in India, except the civil and military *employés* of the Company, it was possible and reasonable enough to treat them all as belonging to the dominant race, and entitled to special privileges and exemptions. They were all in fact rulers; and as such, could with no propriety be subjected to the jurisdiction of, or even placed on a mere level with, the ruled. In the circumstance too, that they were all the agents and servants of the sovereign authority, could be found a certain security against the abuse of this peculiar and privileged position. They were at any time liable to dismissal and punishment for any misconduct or oppression. But when the exclusive rights of the East India Company were broken down; when thousands of Europeans flocked to India for the sole purpose of making money by industry or commerce; when many of these were adventurers of low habits and violent tempers and scandalous pretensions, over whom the authorities retained no summary or despotic power,—it is evident that to exempt such men from the jurisdiction of the native courts, or from enforced compliance with native rights and customs (where British courts of justice are so few and far between), would have been to issue to them a letter of license for unlimited iniquity and oppression. They were voluntary visitors or settlers, and as such, could not complain of being subject to the conditions of the community to which they went. Moreover, their numbers have been always small. The entire number of planters, merchants, settlers, and unofficial Europeans of all classes, does not exceed ten thousand in the whole of India. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that in a country where our safety depends so entirely on our moral influence—on the impression fixed in the native mind of the inherent superiority of the European race—it would have been most desirable, had it been possible, to uphold this superiority, and rivet this impression, by abstaining from ever placing an Englishman in any circumstance or manner *under* a Hindoo. But we apprehend that the practicability of maintaining this rule with any decency or justice was destroyed when free emigration to Hindostan was first permitted. The mistake, if it be one, was made in 1833. It is natural also, though perhaps not very reasonable, that the independent European residents in the interior should be angry at the privileges conceded, in deference to their religion, caste

notions, and hereditary rank, to certain native families and classes,*—privileges which, as Englishmen, they do not share simply because they have not the smallest traditional claim to them. Finally, we can largely sympathise with the indignation of English residents and merchants at finding themselves compelled to plead in civil matters before native judges, who often really do hate them and wish to drive them out of the country, and who are always supposed to do so; and in courts where it is notorious (and must be avowed with grief) that no justice can be obtained except by the most extensive and systematic bribery, applied to judges, officers, and witnesses alike. And we can well understand that the tendency of this system will be to discourage the better and more high-minded class of men from establishing themselves in India, and to confine the residents and planters to a more reckless and unscrupulous set, who will combat the natives with native weapons, and do much to degrade and dishonour the English character in native estimation. Still, we confess, we do not at present see our way out of the dilemma.

The other question,—as to the employment of native agency in influential and responsible departments,—seems to be very much one of degree, experience, and time. It is one in which the actual administration of the hour must feel its way. Few thoughtful or competent men will be inclined to lay down any fixed or general rules upon the subject. The Hindoo character, with some excellent qualities and capabilities, possesses also many deplorable and deeply-rooted defects. A better or more careful estimate of both cannot be found any where than that given by Elphinstone in the eleventh chapter of his *History*; and his description applies, though not in an equal degree, to those natives who retain their old faith and caste, as well as to those who have been converted to the purer creed of Mahomet. They are usually amiable when their fierce or fanatical passions are not aroused; they have strong and tenacious family affections, are capable of much tenderness, and are susceptible to kindness; and though indolent and timid, prefer death to what they deem dishonour; and, when inevitable, will encounter it with a calm and unostentatious stoicism worthy of all admiration. These are noble qualities, of which it would seem much might be made. But a vicious religion and a wretched education have perverted and nearly neutralised them all. Their notions of dishonour are strangely puerile and conventional; their entire morality is low and worldly; they have little regard for justice, and no regard for truth; in all judicial matters they are

* Some native families of rank are exempted from appearing *personally* in court, because such appearance, according to their caste notions, would be flagrantly dishonouring.

false, rapacious, and corrupt, to an almost incredible degree; and they seem utterly devoid of consideration for the rights of inferiors and of a sense of public duty. Even Mr. Cameron, who goes further than any other writer in his estimate of what the people *may become*, and ought to be made, says :

“The judges of all grades should be indiscriminately European and native ; but this is a state of things which can only be approached by degrees, and by means of the highest education. I am not at all sure that we have not gone too far in the official employment of natives without preparing them by European training. . . . My anxiety for the improvement of the natives of India does not blind me to the marked distinctions which exist between them *in their present moral condition* and their European governors ; and I think it highly important that such distinctions should not be neglected in constructing institutions for our Eastern possessions. I would not, for example, trust a native with power over his countrymen in any case in which pecuniary considerations do not prevent the employment of a European. Their general contempt for the rights of inferiors, and the abominable spirit of caste, render them very unsafe depositaries of such a trust.”

We have, we confess, a very strong conviction of the utter unfitness of the native Hindoos *at present* for any of the higher functions of administration ; and we wish it were possible to supersede them more completely than we have done. That in the course of time, and by sedulous care in their education, they may become fit to assist us in governing their country, we hope and believe ; but such is their actual inferiority (moral rather than intellectual) that we can only retain this hope and faith by constant comparison of Englishmen now with their ancestors in the dark ages. That our most energetic exertions should be directed towards preparing the natives for higher and more responsible positions than they can at present occupy with safety, does not, we think, admit of a doubt. Nor do we fear that the permanence of our Indian empire will be endangered thereby. Long before native agency can be so widely employed as to be dangerous, the native character must have been so far modified as to render it secure. By that time the blessings of our rule will have become so widely seen and so fully established, that no native intelligent enough to be employed by us will wish to overthrow us. But we think it should be our rule, only to advance to places of authority and influence such of the Hindoos as have received a European education, have imbibed European notions of morality, have lived enough among Europeans to have become impregnated with that sense of public duty without which no man can be fit to govern others,—such, in a word, as without having been thrown altogether out of harmony with their countrymen, shall have become qualified to guide and to control them. Even now

the ablest, purest, wealthiest, and most sagacious of the Hindoos are conscious that the overthrow of our rule would not only be their ruin, but would be the greatest conceivable misfortune that could befall their country. It rests with ourselves so to act, that all whom we *in time* have trained to aid us,—all, in a word, whose character, under any *régime*, would mark them out for influence and sway,—shall entertain the same conviction. By “time,” however, we mean not a few years only, but more probably a few generations. National peculiarities are not speedily effaced; nor are national vices to be eradicated by any summary process. Meanwhile we recommend to our readers the following wise suggestions:

“It is no wish of mine to direct the ambition of the natives solely to official distinction; but you cannot exclude men from administering the affairs of their own country without stigmatising and discouraging them. In addressing the students of these universities eight years ago, I said to them, ‘Do not imagine that the sole or the main use of a liberal education is to fit yourselves for the public service; or rather, do not imagine that the public can only be served by the performance of duties in the offices of government.’ I am quite ready to repeat that admonition. I strongly desire to see the native youth distinguish themselves in all honourable ways; but I more strongly desire that our colleges should send forth zemindars capable of improving their own estates and the condition of their ryots; natural philosophers capable of collecting and utilising the vast store of undiscovered facts contained in the soil, climate, and productions of their country; moral philosophers capable of studying the peculiarities of the Indian races, and of directing them, by eloquent exhortation, to virtue and happiness, than that these colleges should be nurseries of eminent judges and collectors” (*Cameron’s Address*, p. 153).

We have left ourselves no space for lengthened comment on any of the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. Nor is it, perhaps, necessary. We may say, however, that no one can carefully study all those works without attaining a very fair acquaintance with Indian interests and the Indian character. The able and judicious pamphlet of Mr. Cameron we have referred to more than once in the course of our remarks. The *Letters of Indophilus* are believed to proceed from a gentleman who once held a responsible position in India, and now fills one still more important in this country, and they display an unusual intimacy with the whole subject. The Despatch on Education gives a full account of the new plans pursued in India, and inaugurated, we believe, by Sir Charles Wood while at the Board of Control. Col. Sleeman’s book is full of entertainment, and throws a flood of light on Indian character and manners. He was political resident at Lucknow before Sir Henry Lawrence. Mr. Pratt’s papers are sagacious and valuable; they convey the

deliberate conclusions of a man whose acquaintance with India is not only thorough, but of recent date, and will serve to disperse many errors and illusions. The book of M. de Valbezen is written in an excellent spirit, and abounds in succinct information; and is particularly valuable as containing the estimates and views of an intelligent and competent foreigner.

ART. II.—GEORGE SAND.

Histoire de ma Vie. Par George Sand. Paris, 1855.

Œuvres de George Sand. Paris, 1857.

FEW travellers can have crossed the Channel on a fine day, and have reached the point where the coasts of both countries are visible at once, without reflecting how wide and vast are the moral and intellectual differences which separate lands divided by a material barrier so narrow. It is not only that race, religion, language, history, are all different,—for this we should, of course, be prepared; but the whole tone and turn of thought is dissimilar; and whatever efforts are made to attain a superficial harmony, however familiar we become with the languages and literatures of the Continent, we are always separated from the continental nations. Englishmen take much greater pains to understand the manners, traditions, language, and writings of the leading nations beyond the Channel than are expended by the inhabitants of those countries in gaining an acquaintance with us, or with each other. And yet we never cease to seem to them insular. We cannot judge by their standard, or feel with their feelings. There are whole portions of thought in which our minds run in an entirely distinct channel. More especially with regard to those two cardinal points of human society, religion and the relations of the sexes, we seem to think with an irreconcilable difference—our right is not their right, nor their wrong our wrong. They reproach us as much as we reproach them. We talk as if the whole of French fiction was a vast mass of corruption; they shrink from the iron conventionalism of English society, and the coarseness of our public immorality. What we call license, they think the honest obedience to a divine passion. What we consider delicacy of language, they consider the affectation of prudery.

Such a difference pervades national life far too deeply and widely to be referred to any one cause, or reduced under any one head; but we seem, at any rate, to present it to ourselves in a distinct shape when we observe how much greater the influence of society is in England than in France or Germany.

An Englishman has his place in family life, in a locality, in a political system. When he speculates, he never suffers himself to leave the limits of the social sphere. He is content to accept the results of experience, by the acceptance of which practical statesmanship is made possible in a free country. He refers all propositions to the standard of what English institutions will admit. His notions of love and marriage are subordinated to his conception of the exigencies of family life. He wants a religion that will practically work, which real bishops can expound to real public meetings, which will suit the man who desires to be left alone in the bosom of his family, and yet join with his neighbours in occasions of sacred solemnity. But on the Continent there is a large number of persons, especially among those eminent in literature, of whom we may say that each individual seems left to himself. The first principles of every thing are debatable ground to him. He receives aid neither from State nor Church. All that he has to do is to shape his own particular career by reason, by sympathies, by submitting to the teaching of events, by trusting to the protection of that vaguest of deities, *le bon Dieu*. We cannot abandon our own position, or admit for an instant that things which we fully believe are morally wrong in themselves cease to be wrong because foreigners choose to make light of them. But if we wish to comprehend rather than to condemn, our best road is, by the exercise of what imagination we possess, to throw ourselves into the position assumed by those whom we are criticising, and divesting ourselves of every thing in society and established institutions which shackles or assists us, look on human life with the eyes of a man who has nothing to trust to but the play of his own feelings, the whispers of his own conscience, and the dictates of his own reason.

It is not easy to do this ; and after our most honest efforts to understand them, French novels, the most characteristic expression of what we refer to, will remain very different compositions from any that we can fancy ourselves or any of our countrymen to have written. And no writer is at once more typical and more incomprehensible than George Sand. To all the difficulties implied in the fact that she is a French writer of the nineteenth century, we must add those implied in the fact that she is a woman, and what is more, a woman with a philosophical turn of mind. We have no English writer at all resembling her; but we know enough of philosophical ladies generally, to be aware that it requires considerable nicety of perception to distinguish the exact point on which they are speaking, and the precise object which they have in view. Sometimes, in reading George Sand, we might fancy that she had shaped

out a definite system of life and morals for herself, sufficiently ascertained to command her own belief and to become the topic of persuasion to others. Sometimes it seems as if she must be writing for mere writing's sake, meaning nothing, believing nothing, wishing nothing. As a general result, we see that she is possessed with one or two leading ideas. She thinks the world of modern society decidedly wrong on at least two distinct points. Her opinion is clear against the conventional system of marriages, and the established relations of the rich and poor. But when we ask with what she wishes to replace them, we are at sea; we are lost in the beautiful but obscure language of feminine philosophy.

But a person may be vague in thought and language, and yet have a great deal to say, and exercise a great influence by saying it. Every century has stirring within its breast a number of feelings dimly felt, of aspirations imperfectly understood, of desires faintly expressed. It is possible that a writer may acquire a great power by giving utterance to these first flutterings of thought and hope, and may be all the more successful because the utterance has an appropriate feebleness and indistinctness. There is a wide and very vague feeling afloat in the present day that some classes, though it is not known exactly which, have not the fair chance in the world that they ought to have. There is a sort of readiness to take up the cause of sinners, a distrust of respectability, a recoil from the worship of success. Something large and noble seems within the grasp of mortals, if their fellow-men did not step in the way. It is difficult to say that either women or the poor find this the best of all possible worlds. In England, when such a thought arises, we test it by the standard of social institutions. We think whether society does not demand a subordination of sex and rank, and strive to hit on the principles by which this subordination should be regulated and modified. But in a country where problems of thought and morals exist for the individual rather than for society, it is natural to give vent to the sense of injustice without any calculations of expediency, and to believe that there is in man at large that power of quick and radical change which the individual fancies he can recognise in himself. George Sand is one of the prophets who take up this parable, and she has a large number of votaries to sympathise with her.

To this, her primary attraction, she adds others of a secondary but powerful nature. She has a true and a wide appreciation of beauty, a constant command of rich and glowing language, and a considerable faculty of self-analysis and self-reflection. And no one could possess more completely the charm of unreserve. What she thinks she says, without

hesitation or subterfuge. She is undeterred by any regard for the proprieties of her station or her sex. She thus creates an impression of truthfulness which makes us ready to defend her against the numberless attacks of criticism to which she exposes herself. In spite of all her defects, she awakens an admiration which cannot be reasoned away. Her novels are often unmeaning, false to the realities of life, weak in plot, deficient in artistic arrangement, dismally long, tedious, and wearisome to get through; but still they are never poor. They suggest many new thoughts. They are lit up with the glow of genuine feeling. They are stamped with the impress of an indisputable honesty. Such a woman is worth studying, even at the risk of some shock to our moral feeling and our insular prejudices, and under the penalty of some weary hours spent in wading through her rhapsodies.

She has written her life in twenty volumes, and the mere fact that she has done so is characteristic. What has a woman who has done little more than live in a country-house in Berry, write novels, and quarrel with her husband, to say, that she must take twenty octavo volumes to express it? The volumes are made up of comments, paradoxes, long evolutions of feeling, digressions religious, philosophical, and historical, criticisms of men and books, and descriptions of scenery. She goes off for twenty pages on the most insignificant and irrelevant subject, and then informs us that it is her way. And yet if we wish to know what George Sand is like, what she thinks, and what she means, we cannot refuse to read so instructive a guide as her autobiography. There is a very visible connection between her writings and her personal history, and we will therefore attempt a sketch of what she tells us of herself in this formidable memoir. We must, however, confine ourselves to noticing those portions of the work which throw most light on the novels which have made her name so widely known. She insists so strongly on the influence which the history of her parents and paternal grandmother had on her, that we will briefly trace its outline; but otherwise we cannot enter on the innumerable details of her childhood and youth which she has thought it expedient to reveal to the public and to sell to her publisher.

Madame Dudevant traces her parentage by the father's side up to royalty. The famous Marshal de Saxe was her great-grandfather; and he was the offspring of Frederic Augustus king of Poland, by the Countess of Koenigsmark. It is not, as Madame Dudevant modestly acknowledges, any very distinguished honour to be numbered among the descendants of this sovereign; for he had several hundred ille-

gitimate children. None, however, of his bastards was so famous as the Marshal de Saxe; and Madame Dudevant displays some pride in claiming that coarse but able general as her forefather. The marshal had an intrigue with a lady of the opera, Mademoiselle Verrières; and a daughter was the result of the union. When Aurore de Saxe, as the daughter was called, came to years of discretion, she was married to the Count of Horn. But her husband was soon killed in a duel; and some years afterwards she was again married to M. Dupin de Francueil. This lady, having been twice legally and honourably married, forms a marked exception to the general standard of Madame Dudevant's ancestors, who were mostly accustomed to illicit connections. By M. Dupin she had a son, Maurice Dupin; and Maurice was the father of George Sand.

M. Dupin de Francueil was an elderly man when he married, and for nine years he had no child; at last, when he was upwards of seventy, he was presented by his wife with a son. But he did not do much more than welcome his son into the world; for he died a year after Maurice was born. His widow found herself in circumstances of comparative poverty; for although she had a handsome maintenance, yet she was obliged greatly to retrench the extravagant establishment of her husband. She lived quietly for many years, partly at Paris, and partly in the country, devoting herself to the maternal duties of spoiling her boy and superintending his education. He was placed under the tutelage of a M. François Deschartres; an amiable scientific pedant, who occupies henceforth a very prominent place for many years in the family history. The quiet of the little party was at last rudely shaken by the Revolution of 1789. Madame Dupin, however, who was a warm admirer of Voltaire, looked with as much pleasure as surprise on the first outbreak of popular fury, and delighted in the security of which she herself, as a friend to progress and liberty, was assured. But the hour of misfortune and danger was at hand. The proprietor of the house in which she resided informed her that there were secret hiding-places in the walls, where papers and valuables could be stowed away. She availed herself of the information; but, unfortunately, at the commencement of the Reign of Terror suspicion was excited, and an order was given to search the house. A guard was placed over the apartments occupied by her; but Deschartres and her son Maurice, then a lad of fifteen, contrived by night to obtain access to the room, and removed all the papers likely to compromise her very seriously. She was, however, sent as a prisoner to the Couvent des Anglaises, and her son was debarred from communicating with her and forced to reside

outside the limits of Paris. In August 1794 she was released, and retired to Nohant, a country-seat in Berry which she had purchased a short time before she was imprisoned.

Her son had from boyhood a strong desire for a military life; but Madame Dupin felt a natural reluctance to her only child embracing a career so full of danger. When, however, he was twenty years of age, the Directory, having decided on an energetic prosecution of the war with Austria and her allies, called out a levy of 200,000 men; and Maurice thus found an opportunity of serving without his mother being able to object. He joined the army on the Rhine; and in the next year passed into Switzerland, and crossed the St. Bernard under Napoleon. He was present at the battle of Marengo, and saw a great portion of the famous Italian campaign, acting as aide-de-camp to General Dupont. When peace was declared, he returned to Paris, and remained there until 1804, when he was summoned to Boulogne to join the expeditionary force intended for the invasion of England. During his long absences from home he wrote frequently to his mother; and his letters, being preserved with maternal fondness, have come into the possession of Madame Dudevant, who has thought proper to give them to the world. They are printed in full, and make up nearly four volumes of the work. "Character," says Madame Dudevant, "is in a great measure hereditary; if, therefore, my readers wish to know what my character is, they should first study my father's character; and they cannot do this properly unless they peruse several hundred of his letters." If biographers generally adopt this theory of their art, and consider themselves bound or entitled to collect together all the writings and traditions of the ancestors of the person whose life they are narrating, a hundred volumes would soon be considered a very moderate size for this kind of book. Fortunately, the maternal ancestors of Madame Dudevant did not know how to write, and we are therefore saved the psychological study of reading their letters; and her paternal line is so soon lost in a chaos of illegitimacy, that family records connected with its history were not very likely to have been preserved. Otherwise, there is no saying how far this great triumph of book-making might not have extended.

When Maurice was in Italy, he fell in with a lady who made a great impression on his heart. She was at that time living under the protection of a general; but the young aide-de-camp ventured to fall in love with her, and she very disinterestedly returned his passion. He wrote frankly to his mother, and gave her a full account of the progress of the intrigue. Perhaps nothing in the whole of this biography seems more strange to

English readers than that a man should select his mother as a *confidante* to share his delight at persuading the mistress of another man to come under his care. Madame Dupin, however, responded to the appeal, and, treating it as a passing affair, was very pleasant and good-humoured about it. She was, however, destined to find the great unhappiness of her life in the sequel of this amour. When Maurice returned to Paris, the lady went there too, and even followed him when he went to see his mother at Nohant. She took up her abode in a neighbouring town; and Maurice's visits to her naturally excited much scandal, and caused his mother serious annoyance. Deschartres, who continued to reside at Nohant, tried to effect a *coup-de-main*, and induced the *maire* of the place to pay her a visit and threaten to expel her from the town. But the issue was very unfortunate; for as she refused to go, Maurice had no choice but openly to defend her, proclaim himself her protector, and thus appear in direct opposition to his mother. Henceforth there was a quarrel between the mother and son, which was never really healed. Maurice lived with his mistress at Paris; and at length, after having had one or two children, who died in infancy, he came to the determination to marry a woman from whom he could not bear to part. One month after their union, on the 5th of July 1804, Aurore Dupin, since so well known by the name of George Sand, came into the world; and therefore, more fortunate than most of her family, Madame Dudevant can just boast of being legitimate. Nothing can be more frank or candid than the manner in which she lays the whole story before the world; and we must confess, that if the elucidation of a female novelist's character is a sufficient excuse for publishing the shame of deceased persons, the point at which she aims is certainly achieved, and we do find that the history of the stock, from which George Sand sprang, may easily be supposed to have had something to do with the startling license of many of her romances.

The family party was curiously constituted; for Aurore's mother had had a daughter by an earlier lover, and her father had had a son by another mistress. Aurore formed the uniting link—Caroline was her sister, Hippolyte was her brother. Thus from her cradle she was surrounded with associations adverse to any high-strained notion of the sanctity and necessity of marriage. Her grandmother was almost her only relation whose character was unimpeached; and her grandmother had striven most earnestly to prevent her father from marrying her mother. When she became old enough to reflect on her position, she must have been influenced by finding herself in daily contact with the illegitimate son of her father. Probably from an early age this arrangement presented itself to her not as a sacrifice

of purity and an infraction of decorum, but as a triumph of nature and natural affections over the conventional prejudices of society. We cannot discover that at any period of her life she thought that there was any shame attaching to illegitimacy, or to the connections to which it owes its origin; and it is not difficult to see that, as all the recollections of her early life, the memory of her mother, and the history of her ancestry, were on the side of natural passion as against the artificial restraints of legalised unions, she would be very much predisposed to make the heroes and heroines of her romances take their stand under the same banners.

Her father was killed by a fall from his horse when she was quite a little girl, and she was at first educated under the joint management of her mother and her grandmother. But these ladies soon quarrelled, as it was only natural they should do. The grandmother was a lady of the style of the eighteenth century—philosophical, Voltairian, shrewd, fond of gaiety, fond of her grandchild, fond of ruling all about her. The mother was the daughter of a bird-seller; she was utterly uneducated, was devout in her own way, and was as much like a spoilt child as a grown-up woman can be. As women in every way so dissimilar were also divided by the recollection that the younger had triumphed over the elder, it is not to be supposed that there was much love lost between them. At last the end came; Aurore was left to the charge of her grandmother, and her mother went off to Paris. The elder Madame Dupin was possessed of a competence, and divided her time between her country-seat at Nohant in Berry and Paris; and Aurore had thus considerable advantages in education and in social position as compared with what she could have had if she had lived with her mother.

But her education was very irregular. She was taught Latin by the old instructor of her father, Deschartres, and received some instruction in history and music. Her grandmother's notion of training a girl was to make her read enough to take a part in the conversation of educated society, to make her go through a very few of the outward observances of religion, to let her understand thoroughly how little sensible people believe in their value, and in other matters to bid her follow the bent of her own inclination. But Aurore was a child of lively feelings, and a strong turn for all that was romantic and fanciful. She went through the course prescribed her; but her heart was elsewhere. She made romances out of her histories; she invented fantasies on the piano; she composed at a wonderfully early age a long fiction, of which a semi-divine being called Corambé was the hero; and she was so delighted with her crea-

tion, that Corambé almost became a real object of devotion to herself. Above all, she found in her separation from her mother abundant food for feeling. She worked herself up into a belief that her mother was inexpressibly dear to her, and she to her mother. She appointed herself her mother's avenger and patron against the cruel neglect of her grandmother. When in Paris, she was permitted to pay her mother occasional visits; and she then gave vent to the outpourings of her enthusiasm. Her mother was a weak but affectionate woman, and her very childishness made her more attractive to her little daughter. She was, too, of a religious turn of mind, and her religion assumed a form so common in France, but so rare in England. She was supporting herself in the way in which a pretty woman without a farthing was too apt to support herself; but she used to remain on her knees absorbed in the emotion of passionate prayer, and seldom failed to attend Sunday mass; combining, however, with this private piety a great distrust and horror of priests and of the respectably good. Thus, by the circumstances of her childhood, George Sand was forced in the direction in which she afterwards made herself conspicuous; and was taught to seek a refuge from the dullness of ordinary life, and the straitness of ordinary propriety, in the half-prohibited society of a woman of untutored affection, of tainted character, and of a vague sentimental piety.

She was also subjected during her childhood to another influence, the fruits of which may be traced throughout her writings. Her country life at Nohant fostered and elicited her naturally strong taste for the beauties of nature, the delights of rural happiness, and the society of the agricultural poor. She describes in one of the prettiest passages of her memoirs, many parts of which are written with much grace and force, the keen pleasure she took, when quite a little child, in building a tiny grotto under the superintendence of her mother; and how she collected for its decoration the tenderest grass, the softest moss, and the most brightly-coloured stones. She had also a great fondness for animals, especially for birds,—a liking she conceives herself to have derived from her maternal grandfather; and she tells us that birds will obey her and will confide in her to a degree which astonishes ordinary observers. She had also abundance of playmates, for she mixed freely with the children of the neighbouring poor; and she describes her delight in going in winter-time with twenty or thirty young villagers to catch larks in the snow. She also frequented the homes of the peasants when, in the long winter evenings, they told their marvellous stories, and kept alive the romantic traditions which have existed from time immemorial in the centre of France.

When she was about twelve years of age, she was sent to the Couvent des Anglaises, in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor. The account of the time she passed there is the most interesting part of her memoirs. The young ladies received by the nuns as pupils were divided into a senior and a junior class; and the junior class was said to be composed of three divisions, known familiarly as *les diables*, *les bêtes*, and *les sages*, according as the girls were frisky, stupid, or pious. Aurore Dupin, though forward in learning, belonged by her years to the junior class; and being placed in it, she soon took rank as a leading "devil." She tells us that she was grave, silent, and demure; but could always make others laugh, and was fertile in inventing every kind of mischief. The convent was a large rambling building, and she and her companions persuaded themselves that there were unhappy victims concealed in secret chambers whom it was their duty to release. They scratched the plaster off the walls in order to find the springs and hinges of hidden doors; and they even scrambled on to the roof, and ran about the leads, with a vague wish to drop down somewhere and effect an heroic deliverance of a prisoner. Perhaps it is not fanciful to trace in the perilous frolics of the little girl the signs of that union of boldness and imagination which she afterwards displayed as a writer. At length her mistresses became alive to the fact, that she was the prime cause of all the "devilry" of the younger class; and she was removed to the older one. Thenceforward her conduct became much more steady. The narrative of the years she spent among the elder girls is very readable, and is interspersed with many excellent remarks on conventual education; but we can only find room to refer to what she says on two subjects—her school-friendships, and her first impressions of religion.

No one can read the narrative of George Sand's school-days, or the sketches which she draws of her companions, without being struck by the union which they indicate of sensibility and sense. There is a great deal of romance; but there is also a great deal of calm judgment and sober appreciation of character. The school-friendships of young ladies have become proverbial for the exaggeration and want of reserve which they so often betray. The girl first has her doll, and plays at being a mother; and then finds a school-friend, and plays at being a lover. In the conventual system the possibility of this parody of love-making is keenly appreciated, and regulations of the most suggestive nature are enforced in a spirit of prurient purity. It is possible that such a system may be harmless for the ordinary run of young women; but it is obvious that girls of a passionate nature must experience, when the crisis of passion comes, a great heightening of emotion from the power of detecting and the

habit of magnifying each tiny step in the path of intimacy which they have acquired in their school-days. There was nothing, however, in the discipline enforced at the *Couvent des Anglaises* to prevent the formation of very romantic friendships; and these friendships were organised on an established plan, the mystery, and the very trammels of which, probably, added a zest to the delights of this feminine pastime. Not only were the young ladies bound to arrange their friends in an order of preference publicly announced, but they were bound to adhere to the order when once made; so that George Sand was obliged on one occasion to explain to her third friend, whom she was really fond of, that she much regretted being obliged to love best her first and second friends, for whom she did not particularly care. Her list included four in all; and combining their initials in a word, she scribbled the word wherever she could find room to write it. There was therefore no lack of warmth in her sensibility; but she never speaks of her friends or her friendship with any foolish raptures; and she shows that she understood them and valued them on sober grounds. The description of Fannelly, the best loved of her four friends, given at the end of the fourteenth volume of the autobiography, is as charming as any thing which George Sand ever wrote. No one can mistake the pure and lively affection with which she cherishes the memory of the "bright-haired girl, so gay, and so heedless, that you would suppose she never thought of any thing, whereas she was always thinking how she could please you." And yet no one can fail to observe that the traits of Fannelly's character are sketched in by a pencil, which is not that of a heated fancy, but of a calm and delicate analysis. The name of George Sand is so associated with the expression of feeling and passion, that, unless we take every opportunity to mark the strong under-current of sense and the justness of observation, which also form a part of her character, we shall fail to do her justice, and shall miss a very important cause of the influence she has exerted.

The history of her religious struggles at the convent also exhibits the same combination of qualities. At fifteen she experienced, shortly before receiving her first communion, an access of devotional ardour, the protracted effects of which make it indisputable that, in the religious rhapsodies of her novels, she is not talking vain words, but is portraying what she has herself felt, or what she feels herself capable of feeling. Looking back, she calls her state of devotional excitement a "sacred malady;" but at the time it was sufficiently real. Untroubled by doubts, she accepted the mysteries of Catholicism with ecstasy, and fed on the thought that she had eaten the flesh

and drunk the blood of her God. Months passed away, and she still remained absorbed in the reveries of religious fancy—outwardly performing all her duties well, but holding herself aloof from her companions. The first shock came not from any diminution of her faith, but from an appeal being made to a wholly different side of her character. She thought that a companion, whom she dearly loved and highly respected, was unjustly treated by the Superior; and this suggested the doubt whether all was so perfect in the religious world as it seemed. She also used to unite with a devout friend in religious exercises, and assist her in decking with flowers the altar where they used to pray. But she began to observe the excessive importance which her companion attached to these decorations; and recoiling from this occupation as petty and as materialising religion, she said to herself that mental union with God was every thing, and the form nothing. While she was in this frame of mind, her bodily strength gave way. She found to her sorrow that she had no longer her old fervour—her old power of enduring austerities—her old habitual state of rapture. She tormented herself with scruples; she accused herself of constant sin; she despaired of her salvation. Fortunately she was not under the care of mystics. The nuns of the English convent were by no means anxious to foster the spirit of ecstatical piety; and her confessor, a Jesuit, gave her sound practical advice. It has been the great work of the Jesuits that, in the bosom of Catholicism, they have asserted for this life its due, perhaps even more than its due, importance; and refused to remit every hope and interest of man to the world beyond the grave. When George Sand told her scruples to her confessor, he at first cheered her and listened patiently; but, after a time, ordered her to change her way of life altogether—to rejoin the society of her old friends, to take plenty of exercise, and enjoy all the amusements of the convent. She obeyed, and became again the centre of life and gaiety. The consequences were most beneficial; she recovered her health and spirits, and took a much more composed view of her religious state. The crisis of enthusiasm was over. She still purposed becoming a nun, and retained this intention some time after she left the convent; but she was happy, tranquil, and moderate in her zeal. She was certainly aided, in this instance, by the good sense of others more than her own; but in a mental cure, good sense must always be shown as well by the patient as by the physician. The heartiness of her obedience to her director's injunction, and the rapidity of its success, both testify to the original strength of her mind and the even balance of her natural character.

She left the convent to reside with her grandmother at Nohant. The old lady was shortly afterwards seized with a paralytic attack, and lay for a year between life and death. This year decided the future career of George Sand. She was left almost entirely her own mistress, without any guide or control, and without any duty except that of rendering the few attentions required by her grandmother's state of health. She took violent exercise, and her spirits rose and her bodily strength grew greater. She began to read, and the first book which her confessor advised her to study was the *Génie du Christianisme*. It was exactly the book to awaken thought in her mind; it showed her that Catholicism had taken a new direction—that its adherents were not satisfied with the religion of which she had looked on a conventual life as the ideal, and which she had found embodied in the familiar *De Imitatione Christi*. The author of that work saw all wisdom in shunning the world, all love in divine love, all duty in isolation from the sphere of duties. Chateaubriand held up a very different picture. Christianity was with him the most humane, the most genial, the most sociable of religions—the truest friend of learning and knowledge. She put away the old teacher for the new. She determined to devote herself to her family duties, and to seek for wisdom in the study of all the famous books to which she could get access. She gives a list of the philosophers whom she attacked, including Locke, Leibnitz, and Aristotle; and as she was seventeen, and about as uninformed as most French girls of that age, it is not to be wondered at that she got no great profit out of the works of those eminent writers, except the knowledge, so instructive to the young who can think and feel, that great men do not all think alike. Profitless as such vague study must otherwise be, it may convey to a mind that needs it a notion of the greatness and diversity of human thought. At last she came to Rousseau; and here was a philosopher exactly suited to her. She was, as she tells us, “a creature of sentiment;” and Rousseau was the apostle of sentimental philosophy. She had been brought up in the democratic traditions which, after the Restoration, ranged themselves around the memory of Buonaparte. Rousseau was the herald of the great doctrines of equality and fraternity. She was at once attached to and dissatisfied with Catholicism, and Rousseau preached to her the gospel of natural love and liberty. Rousseau was easy to understand; his passion overpowered her, his language fascinated her. She soon also began to read the “literature of despair;” she pored over *Réné* and Byron. The melancholy so delicious to youth fastened on her. She had at once the satis-

faction of thinking the world out of joint, and of hating her own existence; she mourned over the condition of the poor and the oppressed, and she had serious thoughts of drowning herself. In time, the first flush of these feelings passed away; she got over the childish stage of big thoughts; but the influences of that year never ceased to act on her. The singular tenacity of her character had been made to cling to a few leading ideas, which she never afterwards abandoned. Rousseau and Chateaubriand have been the stars of her destiny. She is, indeed, the Rousseau of modern France; like him in her passion, in her sympathies, in her detestation of established society; but unlike him, because a poetical, vague, and essentially mundane Christianity has worked itself deeply into all her feelings, through the interpretation which Chateaubriand taught her to put upon the lessons of the old mystical Catholicism.

On her grandmother's death, she became proprietress of Nohant, and shortly afterwards was married to M. Dudevant, a lieutenant in the army. Gossip has been so busy with her name, that few readers require to be told that her married life was not a happy one. She does not, however, permit herself to speak ill of the man whose name she bears; and she narrates the incidents of their courtship with an animation and tenderness which show that she married by her own free choice: she acknowledges that her husband's tastes did not harmonise with hers, and that she neither liked the society he cared for nor succeeded in the management of her household. For many years they lived at Nohant; and they had two children. At length, in 1831, she asked to be allowed to live separately, and earn her own livelihood in a way congenial to her; her husband assented, and she went to Paris and began novel-writing, an occupation she has now followed almost without cessation for a quarter of a century. She gives no clue as to the sources on which her novels are founded,—if it is true that they are in a way based on her personal history,—and expressly assures us that she did not sketch any circumstances in her own experience when she wrote *Indiana*, which, being her first novel, has naturally been considered most likely to contain autobiographical reminiscences. The latter part of her memoirs contains few facts relating to herself, and consists principally of criticisms on French literature, accounts of literary contemporaries, and expositions of her leading opinions on religion, morals, and art. So far as their contents demand notice in a sketch like the present, they may therefore be most conveniently noticed when we speak of her novels themselves.

She tells us that when *Lélia* appeared, an intimate friend wrote to express his extreme surprise that a book so wild, so

extraordinary, and so evidently the fruit of deep personal feeling, should have been written by a lady whom he had only known as a very quiet person, fond of sewing, and a good hand at making preserves. She lived completely in an inner world of her own, fostering her fancies, brooding over her griefs, surveying as in a vision the men and things of the actual world. Hence, perhaps, arose much of the singular fearlessness with which she wrote, much of the intensity with which she expressed her feelings, and much of the very unpractical character which her theories assumed. She was also acted on very powerfully by the general influences of the time in which her mind was matured, both by the tone of the current literature, and by the sentiments which pervaded the political world of France. She found that the literature of despair was echoed in the profound disappointment caused by the failure of the Revolution of July. Nothing can be more gloomy than the picture she draws of the state of Parisian society and Parisian feeling, when she came to take a part in it as a writer and thinker. The republic dreamt of in July had ended in the massacre of Warsaw and the bloody sacrifice offered to the dynasty of Louis Philippe. The cholera had just decimated the world. St. Simonism had failed. Art had disgraced by its deplorable errors the cradle of its romantic reform. The time was out of joint; and the men and women in it were either given up to the depression of disbelief, or to the search after material prosperity.

It was when subjected to the first great pressure of such influences as these that George Sand wrote *Lélia*, the most famous and the most typical of her novels. It is to an English reader, and judged of from the point of view of common sense, one of the most incoherent, foolish, morbid, blasphemous, and useless books that have been sent across the Channel during the present century; and yet no one can deny that it discloses much power of writing, and some of thinking. Viewed historically, and judged of by the circumstances under which it was written, it undoubtedly gives a very bold and forcible expression to thoughts then widely current in France. There is, too, a kind of directness and sincerity in it, which gives it, even in the wildness of its ravings, the charm of honesty. But whatever are its merits or faults, at any rate it contains the doctrines of George Sand—the innermost thoughts of her heart, the ideas of her life—in their most salient and repulsive form. The characters are removed into an arena entirely apart from the possibilities of real life. Each represents a phase of the society she saw around her; and as there is no plot nor any dramatic interest, the only aim is to work out this representation to its fullest and last consequences. In *Lélia* society is entirely dis-

solved ; the family is not described even as a feature of human life ; God is alternately pronounced not to exist, and permitted to enjoy the prerogative of blessing the most vicious and weak fools who will shed a few tears over the cessation of their power to sin. Catholicism is a pageant into which poetical minds in vain endeavour to infuse a new life. Women are either prostitutes, or only refuse to be so because any surrender to the other sex brands them with inequality. Coarseness of thought is equalled by a curious frankness of expression. *Lélia*, the heroine, cannot make out whether she ought to hate herself as "the most cunning and revolting combination of an infernal will," or whether she ought to despise herself as "an inert production, engendered by chance and matter." Her lover asks what he can do for her. She sends in return the following modest list of her requirements: "Will you blaspheme for me? That may perhaps console me. Will you cast stones at heaven, outrage God, curse eternity, invoke annihilation, adore evil, call down destruction on the works of Providence, and contempt on its worship? Are you capable of killing Abel to avenge me on God, my tyrant? Will you bite the dust and eat the sand, like Nebuchadnezzar? Will you, like Job, exhale your anger and mine in vehement imprecations? Will you, pure and pious young man, plunge up to your neck in scepticism, and roll in the abyss where I expire?" And so it goes on; and this is the way in which *Lélia* and her friends rave through page after page. The impression which *Lélia* leaves on us cannot be shaken off. George Sand has long left the stage in which it was written, and, in her memoirs, speaks of it as very crude work. But the mental history of men hangs together; and even in her best and purest and soberest works there is a touch of *Lélia* to be found.

Love forms the staple of George Sand's novels, as of most of the works of other novelists. But with her neither the analysis nor the description of passion, subtle as she often is in the former, and rich and delicate as she often is in the latter, is the most prominent feature of what she has to say about love. She has a persuasion, we may almost say a creed, to enforce and advocate as to the relation of the sexes. It is high-flown, unpractical, and impossible, of a tendency, perhaps, more than doubtful; but it is sincerely felt, powerfully upheld, and in itself appeals to the loftier side of human nature. It is not a doctrine wholly bad to preach, that persons should give play to their genuine feelings and despise concessions to a mercenary world. We are, of course, tempted immediately to ask whether the feelings gratified are pure as well as sincere, and fostered not only to the gain of the indi-

vidual entertaining them but without harm to others. It is almost impossible to avoid confounding a free expression of feelings with a blind obedience to animal instincts, unless we are allowed to test the worth of these feelings by looking at their quality and their consequences; and it must be as true in France as every where else, that love is sensual and degrading unless it raises the moral character, and is fulfilled or repressed according to the dictates of unselfishness. George Sand states her theory to be, that love is a solemn sacrifice to be offered in the presence of God, and necessary for the perfection of individuals. At first this seems a mere commonplace; but George Sand draws two conclusions, which society—English society, at any rate—rejects. The first is, that love is its own justification. The lovers meet; they are fitted for each other, they are framed to go together through a process necessary to complete the growth of their religious nature. Society must not interpose any arrangements which will prevent the happiness of the lovers. The barriers of class, the ties of a union that is conventional, not real, must be swept away. The second consequence is, that when the religious feeling, the highest exaltation of passion, ceases, the tie ceases also. There is nothing binding in love excepting the completeness of its existence. Common sense will immediately tell us that this will never do. Society cannot go on, if adultery is not so much justified as abrogated by the assumption that lovers have a right to love. Right feeling warns us that we are here brought to the verge of impurity. Family life, we perceive, could not continue, if the calm and moderated flow of matured affection, although fallen to a lower level of excitement than the first transports of passion, were not sufficient to make the continuance of the most intimate relation of the sexes permissible. But setting aside the ultimate result to which such considerations will bring us, we may easily acknowledge that the arrangements of modern society, or rather of society in every age and place, sacrifice many individuals to the interests of the community; and also that there is much in the tone of society which brutalises and materialises feelings, to invest which with a poetical and spiritual halo is one of the highest achievements of man. George Sand seizes on this truth; and, regardless of the limitations which common sense imposes and morality enjoins, gives the rein to her fancy, her sensibility, and her enthusiasm.

In judging George Sand, we cannot too often call to mind that she is French, and that in many of the things which seem strange to us she is but describing the habits, or following the fashion, of her countrymen. It is not only that

she looks on life generally from the foreign point of view, and, more especially, treats marriage as the necessary preliminary, not the end, of love-making; but there are a thousand minor touches which separate her widely from English readers, and which belong more to the country than to the individual writer. Not a little of what seems her sentimentalism is really the reflection of actual life. We presume, for example, that we may take as founded on an adequate induction the curious fact that French lovers cry. This alone places the love-stories of France in quite a different sphere from those of England. George Sand's young men think nothing of having a good gush of tears, real running tears, because their mistress pleases them or offends them, or smiles or frowns, or keeps or misses an appointment. An Englishman crying and weeping because a young woman whom he is fond of does not come as soon as he expects, is an impossibility. And if men can cry for such things, how can we, who have no similar feelings whatever, say but that at a stage of excitement a little higher, Frenchmen might feel it not much out of the way if a young lady, when she did come, were to ask them to curse eternity and eat grass? Then, again, George Sand is most wonderfully coarse. Her language would be considered rather plain in England for men to use in conversation with each other; it appears doubly strange from the pen of a female writer. But the French are habitually what we should call coarse, and they call plain-spoken. They call a spade a spade. They do not distinguish between the passions, and speak of the physical symptoms and issues of love as they would of those of fear. We may say of them what Dr. Livingstone says of some of the African tribes, that "they seem to have lost all tradition of the fig-leaf." When, therefore, a Frenchwoman speaks a little more openly than we should, we must not look on her as we should on a woman who violated decorum in a country where vestiges of the tradition still remain.

Nor ought we to call George Sand's novels in a very high degree immoral, if we judge them by the standard of French fiction. No test of immorality can be more crucial than the mode in which female chastity is regarded. Now, although female frailty is the topic on which George Sand writes most largely, it cannot be said that she takes pleasure in the overthrow of chastity, or even that she regards it as a matter of indifference. In most French novels that can fairly be called immoral, the author looks on chastity as a thing which it is a triumph and a glory to surmount. But George Sand feels truly and deeply the mournfulness and the pity of the termination of purity. But then she goes into a field which modern

English writers wholly avoid, not because it does not exist, but because they do not like to enter on it. They never let their female characters wander beyond the influence of those safeguards which the fabric of family life plants round English-women of the upper classes. But in George Sand, as in almost all foreign writers, these external safeguards are never allowed to interfere with the great problem to answer which is the main object of interest with her. She only asks herself what will be the conduct of lovers under given circumstances. In *Consuelo* the heroine is thrown into every temptation which can endanger virtue,—ardent passion, dangerous proximity, and isolation from the world. But she has a simplicity which guards her, and she remains pure because she had promised her mother that she would be so. The whole object of *Consuelo* is to show that by the possession of this simplicity, and its consequent purity, she was raised above the women around her. In *Valentine*, the most touching and beautiful of George Sand's earlier tales, the heroine is overcome; but it would be absurd to say that a person who conceived and worked out the character of Valentine thought lightly of chastity. Valentine struggles hard, she watches herself, she has little sentimentalism, she honestly and truly desires not to deceive her husband and lose her self-respect. The authoress undoubtedly impels Valentine to her sorrowful end in order to illustrate her main theme, that society has no right to interpose barriers in the way of true affection, and thus create scruples which must finally give way. But the tone which pervades the tale is not at all that of a woman, who could believe that the delights of sensuous passions are any compensation for the loss of purity. To an English reader accustomed to the safeguards of English society, a novel portraying the guilty love of a married woman must seem in some degree immoral; for the whole range of thought is one which it is the object of English society to eliminate from at least the surface of family life. But to a person within this range of thought, and accustomed to look on such temptations as very possible and real, we can conceive the best of George Sand's tales might prove a source of strength quite as much as of weakness. We cannot deny that their warmth of language, their fatalism, and their tendency to shift the blame from the individual on to society, are sources of weakness. But the high value set on purity, and the general elevation of the standard by which the worth of love is tried, might, on the other hand, prove sources of strength.

If we want to see George Sand on her best side, we must observe her estimate of men. The great source of that superiority

of moral tone which, amidst all the immoralities of her novels, makes itself felt when we contrast her writings with those of the ordinary loose novelists of modern France, is the hearty contempt which she entertains for the kind of lovers who form the heroes of worse novelists. The *blasé*, captivating, polished Parisians to whom the heroines of her contemporaries are wont to sacrifice their easy virtue, are invariably represented by George Sand as the banes of women, as the characters in the tale least to be sympathised with, as the foils of the men who can feel true love. M. de Ramière, in *Indiana*, is exactly the lover of the common French novel. He wins Indiana's heart; but the whole point of the book is to show his immeasurable inferiority to her, and the pettiness of his timid selfishness. Indiana has that degree of purity and sincerity which makes her loathe the thought of deceiving her husband, and prompts her to throw herself entirely on her lover, if she throws herself on him at all. He is busy with a thousand other thoughts—politics, success in society, advancement in the world. She has no thought but for him. She makes a great effort; she determines to brave every thing, to suffer every thing, and to give herself wholly to her lover. She leaves her husband's house, and in the middle of the night flies to Raymon. He receives her with earnest entreaties to be allowed to get her a cab, and to send her back before any of the servants can have noticed her absence. With him is contrasted Sir Ralph; an impassible unimpressive character, but possessing such tenacity of affection, and a love so complete, so regardless of consequences, that he loves her equally whether she is chaste or unchaste, kind to him or unkind, and is as ready to die with her in the joint suicide which they take four months to carry out, as to live with her in the glorified hut at the top of an inaccessible mountain, which is their ultimate destination. So too in *Valentine*, M. de Lansac, the lover whom society forces on Valentine, is contrasted with Bénédicte, the lover against whom society warns her, not because she belongs to another man, but because he is poor and ignoble. According to the standard of society, M. de Lansac behaves admirably to Valentine. He is too much a man of the world either to notice or to interfere with her love for Bénédicte further than to put on a little stronger screw when he is negotiating money-matters with her and her friends. He lets her know, but with the most cutting politeness, and the most aggravating considerateness, that he is perfectly aware of her secret; but when she implores him to protect her against herself, he tells her that she had better enjoy her first love as much as she can, for she will find that, as she begins to change her lovers, second and third

passions are less and less delightful. In Bénédict there may perhaps be something overstrained, but at any rate he is so drawn that he gives the impression of a simple earnestness of affection. It would be, of course, absurd to say that such contrasts prove any thing as to Parisian society. George Sand, like every other novelist, arranges her puppets as she pleases; and it is as easy to make all dandy lovers heartless as to make all humbler lovers boors. But the puppets indicate the direction in which their mistress moves them. She handles them so as to show her ideal of affection; and putting aside all collateral questions as to the manner in which it is worked out, we must admit that, as compared with the ideal of most French novelists, hers is a very good ideal.

"I think," she says in one of her tales, "that a noble passion ought to be defined as that which elevates us and strengthens us in beauty of sentiment and grandeur of ideas: a bad passion as that which leads us to egotism, to fear, to all the pettinesses of a blind instinct. Every passion, therefore, is lawful or criminal according as it produces the one or the other result; although society, which is not the true expression of the wishes of man, often sanctifies the bad passion, and proscribes the good." This passage, which may be taken as a formula of her whole creed on the subject of love, occurs in *Horace*, a very singular and not very pleasing tale, the drift of which is to exhibit another kind of man's love falling short of the ideal. The whole story is an exemplification of the utter abandonment of the conventionalities of society in which George Sand places herself when striking the balance of virtues and vices; for the good character of the book is a grisette who acts throughout with the greatest nobleness, discretion, and self-respect, and the two lovers are a barmaid and a student. Surveying the world to find the desired kind of love, George Sand noted a counterfeit which evidently filled her with a mixture of pity and indignation. This was the love of a man whose fancy only is touched, whose vanity is pleased, who feels it due to himself to have a mistress, and a proper result of his cultivated taste and varied education that he should look on her in a great many lights, all highly poetical. For the moment he is sincere; but there is no depth in a feeling at the bottom of which lies a shallow egotism. When Horace read *Alfred de Musset*, he insisted on picturing Marthe—a simple, good-looking, tender-hearted, stupid country girl—as one of the dangerous *filles d'Eve* of that writer. The next day, after perusing a *feuilleton* of Jules Janin, she had to become in his eyes an elegant and coquettish woman of fashion. Then, after he had perused the romances of Dumas, she was a tigress, whom he must be a

tiger himself to manage. And, after he had finished Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, she was a mysterious beauty, whose every look and every word had a profound meaning. The issue of this versatile passion is, that Horace gets tired of his mistress, and behaves so cruelly to her that she leaves him, and he thinks she has committed suicide. The flutterings of temporary remorse, which this event produces in his mind, are stilled by the advances of a patrician coquette and the advice of a patrician debauchee, who explains to him that the suicide of his mistress will be the greatest of advantages to him, and make him irresistible with the fair sex. In the background of the story there is the dim figure of a heavenly-minded waiter, who has nourished a deep love for Marthe through all the vicissitudes of her unchastity, and who, if he is not allowed to adorn the tale by very frequent intervention, points the moral by the superiority which his steady flame evinces over the evanescent scintillations of the student's love.

In *Lucrezia Floriani*, the imperfect lover is viewed from a very different side. Prince Karol loves well enough, but not wisely enough. We know from the autobiography what was the character attempted to be drawn under this name. "I have traced," says the authoress, "in Prince Karol the character of a man limited in his nature, exclusive in his feelings, exclusive in his requirements." He represents the affections of a man without manliness. The leading thought of the writer seems to have been, the impossibility of a woman being happy with a love which is in its essential qualities feminine. She finds no strength to support, no calmness to tranquillise her. Karol's love is intense, constant, unselfish. A good-hearted cheerful man of the world is introduced as a rival, in order to exhibit a contrast. Salvator, we read, sought for happiness in love; and when he could not find it, his love vanished gently away. But Karol loved for the sake of loving; no suffering could repel him. And yet he killed his mistress, a woman of large overflowing heart. His eagerness to absorb the whole of her being in return for the surrender of his own, cut her off from every enjoyment, and at length from the possibility of living. He was jealous of her performing the simplest action for another. "If she smelt a flower, if she picked up a stone, if she caught a butterfly to add to her child's collection, if she caressed her dog, he would murmur to himself, 'Every thing pleases and amuses her; she admires and loves every thing; she cannot, then, love me,—me, who do not see or admire, or cherish, or understand aught in the world but her. We are separated by an abyss.'" His love is aptly compared to a process of killing by sticking innumerable pins into the flesh;

and his mistress sinks under the agony of an endless series of trifling irritations.

It is much easier to paint the wrong love than the right ; but in one tale George Sand has attempted to sketch an affection which is equally profound and durable. *Mauprat* is one of the best of her novels, and Edmée is perhaps the best of her heroines. The circumstances of the story are so exceptional, that the difficulties of portraying a worthy love in man are hardly met. It is true that Bernard tells the tale when he is eighty, and can say that from his boyhood to his old age he never loved any one else, nor ever for a moment ceased to love Edmée ; but the plot, which turns on the moral education of a fierce undisciplined boy, under the guidance of a refined high-spirited girl, enables the writer to avoid drawing the perfection of love by drawing the imperfection of an unformed character. What Bernard was after his training was finished and he had won his wife, we are not told ; we are only asked to watch how his passion, at first brutal and instinctive, becomes gradually heightened and purified. But we must not examine such points too narrowly. It is seldom that a novelist keeps any purpose in view throughout, and we look for something else in a story than philosophical completeness. And certainly the picture of the two cousins Edmée and Bernard is exquisitely drawn, and the gradual progress of the education conceived with great nicety of thought and worked out with admirable skill. Edmée, caught in the robbers' stronghold of Roche-Mauprat, in order to save her honour purchases her deliverance from disgraceful violence by a vow never to belong to any one but Bernard, then a hot-headed young savage. His first step in education is the victory over himself which lets his cousin go free ; and the nature of the victory shows the extremely low moral point at which he begins. His next stage is the determining to obey her wishes—not to get drunk, and not to contradict her father. Then he discovers that she recoils from the childish savage to whom she has bound herself, although she secretly loves him ; and he comprehends that she will kill herself rather than give herself to him before he has learnt the lesson of which he stands in such pressing need. The comprehension of this, the realisation to himself of the fact that a woman would rather die than allow herself to be brutalised to his level, is the great awakening force which stimulates him to a new life. It is impossible to describe the beauty with which the action of Edmée's influence is conveyed. *Mauprat* is not written according to an English model. The handling is broad. George Sand tries to imagine clearly, and she certainly expresses openly, what would be the real feelings of a hot-blooded boy.

She neither shrinks from the subject of physical sensations, nor veils it in the obscurity of penny-a-lining euphemisms. But if she is so far truer to nature than would here be thought decorous, she is also true to nature in a manner that is really admirable. She is true to the power of purity, to the sustaining force of generous thoughts, and to the docility of a passion great enough to be humble.

When, in a love-story, one of the lovers is a married woman, there is undoubtedly a disagreeable aspect in which the progress of a wife's passion may be viewed. The husband is very much in the way; what is to become of him? Novelists have very often solved the problem by making the husband ridiculous, or stupid, or worthless. But this is a very shallow contrivance. Suppose the husband is a worthy, honest, tender-hearted, generous man, is any regard to be shown to his feelings? And if he perceives what is going on, what is he to do? George Sand, who likes difficulties of this sort, and never recoils from any task simply because it is arduous, faces the question boldly, and in two of her novels has given us her opinions, or rather sentiments, on the subject.

In *Jacques*, the husband, who is in middle life, marries a young wife to whom he is passionately attached, and then sees her fascinated by the attractions of a young man of her own age. Fernande, the heroine, is a very good girl, and tries hard to please and love her husband; but she is only at ease when she is with Octave. The young pair discuss the character and conduct of the husband in a very impartial and ingenuous manner, and are most hearty in pronouncing that he is the object of their deepest respect and admiration. Still love will have its way, and the inexorable affinities impel them to combine. Jacques sees as clearly as possible what is happening. He understands that he is not wanted. He complains that society will not let him act as he would wish; it will not permit him to stand by and calmly bless the union of his wife with her paramour. So he considers that no choice is left him, and he prepares to comfort her by his suicide. But so great is his generosity, that he fears lest he should make the lovers miserable if he leaves them with the sting of thinking they have driven him to death. So, by adopting a few clever precautions, he succeeds in making them suppose that he has accidentally fallen from the cliff at the foot of which his corpse is found. This is one way of getting over the difficulty. The husband behaves most handsomely, and withdraws.

But the husband in the other novel to which we refer, *Le Pêché de M. Antoine*, behaves better, or rather, the circumstances of the plot permit him to take the step which George

Sand would have society make open to every husband. The offspring of the adultery is the heroine of the story, and she brings about a happy reconciliation between her father and the husband of her mother. An unphilosophical irritation has kept them asunder for years; but Gilberte, the heroine, when driven by a storm to seek for shelter, happens to see a portrait of her mother in the house of what, speaking conventionally, we may call the injured husband, and she is struck by its likeness to a miniature which she has often seen in the hands of her father, who, contrary to the usual practice in such cases, has brought her up. "Her modest imagination refusing to comprehend the possibility of an adultery," she is naturally puzzled; but she takes advantage of the occasion to make friends with the first possessor of the original, and at length gets him to pardon the second possessor. Friendship survives the conflict and consequences of youthful passion, and they are all happy at the end of the book. This, then, is the moral: forgive and forget if you can; or if not, shoot yourself, so as not to annoy any one. If we compare this with the standard of ordinary society, it seems absurd; if with a high standard, it seems lamentably false; and the whole doctrine of elective affinities on which it rests is worse than ridiculous, but it bears a sort of relationship to many thoughts and feelings which we cannot call absolutely untrue or wholly depraved. It belongs to that flux of opinion which is the great characteristic of modern society, when men are striving to gain a substitute for the construction which a past age put on Christianity, and to incorporate their religious traditions and feelings with a mass of thoughts at present utterly confused—partly derived from the notions of antiquity, partly the growth of political changes, and partly the fruit of a real progress in a scientific knowledge both of the moral and the physical world.

It is because there is something elevated in her tone, and because she encounters great and embarrassing problems, that George Sand has made herself a name. But the minor charms, and the minor merits of her writings, ought never to be forgotten. And while we are speaking of her as a portrayer of passion, we cannot omit to notice the many subordinate ways in which she shows her knowledge, her power of reflection, and her sense of beauty with regard to love. Even the physical minutiae, the magnetism of attraction, the nervous crises, the effect of dress, carriage, and posture, which she notes so carefully, and introduces so effectively, although they belong to the sensual side of love, indicate great power of observation. She constantly makes general remarks on the situation of lovers in the different stages of passion which betray accurate knowledge

and a faculty of sympathetic penetration. *Lucrezia Floriani* abounds in such remarks. When, for instance, Karol knows that his love is returned, he begins to tremble at his own success, and think his victory had been too easy. "Karol feared to see Lucrezia's love cease as quickly as it had been kindled; and like all men in such circumstances, he got alarmed at the impulsive haste which he had so much admired and blessed." Sometimes a little touch of sentimentalism is thrown in so as to double and complicate the feelings. When Mauprat receives his first kiss from Edmeé: "This kiss, the first a woman had given me since my infancy, recalled to me, I know not how or why, the last kiss of my mother; and instead of pleasure, it produced in me a profound sadness." But the power of George Sand goes much further. She has shown that she can do what so few have ever really done; she can describe young, fresh, pure love so as to make it seem something new, true to life, and yet her own. There is perhaps no passage in her works which, taken by itself, can rival the beautiful account of Bénédict's feelings for Valentine, as he sat with her and her friend on a summer day by a sheet of water, and watched her image alternately formed and broken on the rippling surface. No one without a real gift of native poetry could have conceived or written it.

Next to her treatment of the passion of love, her socialism is the most salient feature in George Sand's writings. She repeatedly proclaims herself a socialist; and in *Le Pêche de M. Antoine* she has given the world a novel in which her doctrines on this head are supposed to be embodied. But frequently as she recurs to the topic in her writings, we must not ask too narrowly what her creed is, or what she means by socialism. In the first place, she uses the privilege of female philosophers to avoid bringing any point to a direct and definite issue. But she is also checked in her communistic aspirations by her common sense; and in no direction is her combination of sentimentalism with a sound appreciation of actual life so visible as in that of her socialism. She is alternately very untrue and very true, very blind and very clear-sighted. In her great socialist novel, she lays down two propositions, which, if taken out of the haze of fine writing, are simply absurd. The first is, that a capitalist, by setting up manufactures in a poor neighbourhood, and employing work-people, ruins every body about him. The second is, that a proprietor who never interferes with, or is on his guard against the poor, is never robbed. If any one has lived in the country for a fortnight and believes either of these two statements, all reasoning would be powerless to convince him of his error. No wonder that George Sand, who owns she could never manage her own property, and tells us that she never exactly

ascertained which were her fields and which were not, and whose notions of the position of a rich man in the country are of a corresponding dimness, should let her pen loose in dressing up the fancies of a socialist paradise. But, on the other hand, she never loses her common sense altogether. There is a remarkable passage in *Mauprat* in which she expresses her recognition of the solidity of society. It is, she says, a strange building; but it all coheres, and none but a great genius must think of stirring a stone in it. In her autobiography, again, she tells us that she meditated over her own practical duties on the subject of giving her goods to the poor; and she came to the conclusion, that charity did as much harm as good. The upshot of all this is, that the socialism which she recommends is remanded to a future far enough off to be comfortably safe. No model socialist in the novels sets about doing any thing at once. In *Consuelo*, the mad count and his bride decide that after a long interval of time Consuelo shall be the instrument of bestowing unascertained blessings on some unknown persons; and *Le Péché de M. Antoine* ends by the socialist marquis informing the hero and heroine that he is going to bequeath them a property on which he has already laid out a garden, where the peasants of the vicinity, when they have all become good, pious, and wise, are to walk gratis. This may be nonsensical and visionary, but its harmlessness is extreme. There can be nothing dangerous in socialism like this.

For the purpose of studying George Sand as an author, it is much more important to look at the sources than the results of her socialism. The opinions are of little value; but it is instructive to see how she came to hold them. The situation of France during the last twenty years has certainly had something to do with the formation of her creed. Not only is the contrast between luxury and poverty, palaces and hovels, as marked in Paris as in any spot of civilised Europe; but in France, as Bénédict complains in *Valentine*, the notion of citizenship has been lost. If an Englishman feels a desire to remove social evils, he has at least got the advantage of a definite starting-point in society. But in France this is far less the case; and although there is undoubtedly something morbid in such moanings against the existing state of things as are put into the mouth of Bénédict, yet an Englishman may be apt to forget how much he is supported by the consciousness that he forms part of a system of government which he is proud of, and how powerfully the alienation of honest minds from a régime like that of Louis Philippe must have tended to produce inaction and apathy. George Sand came to Paris with a sense of personal injury, and an aversion to the constitution of society,

which, for some reason or other, she evidently thought pressed hardly on her. When she arrived there, she fell in with many writings, and many persons, of a socialistic character; and it was very natural that she should readily accept a scheme which satisfied her imagination, stimulated her enthusiasm, and gave an expression at once to her personal dissatisfaction and to the dissatisfaction pervading the society around her. It also appealed to a very different class of her sympathies—to her love of the country and of the dwellers in the country. She delights in telling us that the poor and the uneducated are often much wiser and nobler than the rich; and she has twice drawn, in the Jean Jappeloup of *Le Pêche de M. Antoine*, and the Patience of *Mauprat*, the character of such a peasant—a thoughtful, benevolent, eccentric man, the terror of the selfish rich, the darling of the socialist heroines, and the champion of the surrounding poor. When she is guided, not by her feelings, but by her experience, and speaks of the real peasants she had known in Berry, she very honestly describes them as cunning, superstitious, and pig-headed. But she could not be happy without her ideal peasant also; and as it cannot be denied that there are exceptional peasants, she does but magnify and clothe with a sentimental glory virtues that either exist, or might very possibly do so.

George Sand talks so much of art and of artists, she alludes to works of art so repeatedly and so enthusiastically, and she has made so many of her novels turn on the adventures of persons who have sought a livelihood in some kind of artistic occupation, that we might easily imagine a love and knowledge of what we technically term 'art' to be a prominent part in her intellectual culture. But when we examine what she has written, we find that what she really cares for in art is a certain mode of living which she conceives artists at liberty to enjoy, and that her appreciation of the works of great masters is very slight, her judgment very untrustworthy, and her acquaintance with the principles and history of art very superficial. She has given us a most highly-wrought and seductive account of the labours of the *Maîtres mosaïstes*; she has brought before us their noble patience, their honest enthusiasm, their disinterested carefulness of execution; but of any thing like intelligent criticism on their productions there is not a trace. The compositions of these *Maîtres mosaïstes* still exist in Venice, and they are indisputably of a very poor and second-rate order of merit. But the quality of their performance is a matter of utter indifference to George Sand; her only interest is in their biography. When she gives an account of the works of a really great artist, as, for instance, when in her *Lettres d'un Voyageur* she speaks of Canova, the writing is as

graceful as her writing always is; but the criticism is of the most commonplace kind. Her admiration of what excellence she has seen in architecture, sculpture, and painting, is genuine; but it is uninstructed. She is an imaginative observer, but not a connoisseur.

Artists, not art, have been her real study; and for many years of her life, as we learn from her autobiography, artists have been her constant companions. She delights in them, because she believes that they are more independent of society than any other set of people: they live, or are supposed to live, in their own world, with their own rules of conduct and their own code of morality. George Sand admires excessively what she calls their *vie bohémienne et insouciant*e. She also likes them because women are brought into a greater equality in their world than elsewhere. In the theatre, a prima donna is a very great person. The equality of the sexes seems restored if the female contralto can snub the male bass. All this goes straight to George Sand's heart, and we may be sure she manages to idealise the most ordinary of these facts. She furnishes, for instance, *Consuelo* with excellent reasons for going on the stage; the gist of which is, that in Druidical times the attractions of the theatre and the altar were united in the solemnities of religious processions, and that women were then priestesses. In these degenerate days, if a woman wishes to assume a religious character she has to become a nun, and is then buried alive; so her only way of retaining any thing of her sibylline privileges is to look to the other half of the vocation of a Druidess, and get a satisfactory engagement as an opera-singer. But it would be unfair to say that George Sand passes over the higher side of an artist's life. She has drawn in *Consuelo* a very beautiful picture of an artist who loves what is highest in her own branch of art, and whose purity of mind is allied to, and strengthened by, her refinement of taste. In the *Maîtres mosaïstes* also she has exhibited an impressive type of the conscientious, laborious, far-seeing workman. But it is to the lower side of this life that she generally looks. Her whole conception of an artist's life, so far as it is founded on fact at all, relates entirely to the secondary class of artists. The great artists of each generation do not lead a *vie bohémienne et insouciant*e; or if they do, their work suffers proportionately. But it is quite true that there is a society of more unpretending artists who have a sort of world of their own, and whose life, if regarded in its hours of gaiety and prosperity, may be said to possess that careless happiness which is popularly ascribed to a gipsy existence.

George Sand idealises this lower artist-life in one way; for

she represents it in its brightest hours and most lucky vein. In *La dernière Aldini* she has recounted the adventures of a typical artist, an opera-singer, who had the good fortune to win the affection of a countess, and also, fifteen years afterwards, to fascinate her daughter, the last scion of a noble race; but who had the courage and wisdom to resist the advances of both the ladies. On the other hand, the prosaic truth is sometimes told very plainly, and, we may perhaps say, coarsely. The artist is occasionally represented as neither very fortunate nor very virtuous. Lucrezia Floriani, a heroine of the noblest turn of mind, and as fine a modern Druidess as could be desired, has four children by three different fathers, who have all treated her badly. The accessories of the life are idealised more perhaps than the life itself; and much of the idealisation arises from art and artist-life being associated in George Sand's mind with recollections of Venice. She went there at a critical period of her life, after she had written *Indiana*, *Valentine*, and *Lélia*, and therefore after she had the consciousness of recognised power to stimulate her, but before her mind was fully set and formed. Her imagination was much excited by a manner of life wholly new to her, and by a class of associations with which she previously had no acquaintance. Two influences more especially appear to have worked on her mind. There were the great buildings, the historical monuments, the famous works of art, in which Venice abounds; and there was the life of the common people, with their vivacity, their Italian morals, and their vagabond gaiety. *Consuelo* shows how her observation of the Venetian populace coloured her theory of artist-life, and the poetical feeling which from so many sides attaches itself to Venice threw a halo over all that she considered to be artistic. In the portion of her writings relating to Venice there is the same combination of qualities that is observable throughout her works. There is the acuteness and common sense which guided her daily experience, and taught her to portray the early loves of Angoleto and *Consuelo*,—a picture of humble Venetian life at once so faithful to local truth and to the general truth of human nature; there is the vagueness of eloquent rhapsody, proceeding, however, from feelings which, if uncontrolled, are genuine; and lastly, there is a real creative and poetical power, of which perhaps the little tale of *L'Orco* is the most perfect expression.

But if George Sand's love of art is neither very great nor very real, her love of nature is profound and genuine. Not only does she invest scenery with a sentimental colouring which, when not in excess, has an undoubted beauty, but she shows an intimate familiarity with country pleasures, and more espe-

cially a native sympathy with the animated life that makes the dead rocks and trees inhabited and alive. In the first chapter of her autobiography, she tells us how dearly she has cherished through life a series of feathered pets, and how strange is the dominion which, as we have already said, she finds herself able to exercise over them. One of the first anecdotes she records of her childhood is the gift of a live pigeon, which seemed to her an inestimable treasure. And in her latest novel, *La Daniella*, she describes at that extraordinary length, to which most of her descriptions are spun out, the solace which the hero derived, when shut up in a lonely castle, from watching the butterflies play, and feeding a goat that strayed about the building. She has also told us with what enthusiastic joy she used to roam on foot or on horseback over the wilds of Berry, when she first returned to Nohant after her return from the convent; and transferring her recollections to one of the best of her heroines, she has worked up in Edmée a charming picture of a young light-hearted girl revelling in the first unchecked communion with nature, stimulated by fresh air and exercise, and excited by the spectacle of a varied scenery into the first sallies of meditative romance.

How deeply she has been penetrated by what she has observed and known of human life in rural districts, is shown by her having made it the basis of a style of fiction perfectly new. She has written idyls true to life, masterly in art, and yet interesting. She began the series with *Jeanne*, a fanciful tale, of which the strange superstitions of the peasantry of the centre of France form the groundwork. The heroine is, however, an exceptional peasant, a Joan of Arc undeveloped; not to be tempted into marriage, and abiding with a simplicity, half sublime and half idiotic, by the terms of a strange vow, which, deceived by the trick of some idle travellers into thinking she has had an intimation from Heaven, she has made, to be chaste, poor, and humble. "Jeanne was," says the authoress, "one of those pure types such as are still found in the country, which are so admirable and so mysterious that they seem made for a golden age. Such types are not sufficiently known. In painting they have been represented; but poets have always disfigured them by wishing to idealise or change them, forgetting that their essence and their originality consist in its being impossible to do more than guess what they are." In *Jeanne* such a character is very skilfully worked out; but it would be difficult to believe that the heroine is not idealised, and, at any rate, she is avowedly exceptional. In the later novels of the series, *La Mare au Diable*, *La petite Fadette*, and *François le Champi*, her aim has been to leave the exceptional for the ordinary, to seek for idyllic beauties in the extreme of pastoral simplicity, and to make her bu-

colic happiness keep within the limits of what would be possible in every hamlet. She depends for her effect upon analysing and exhibiting the play of the more innocent emotions. The love of a girl for a neighbour's little child in *La Mare au Diable*, the mutual love of twins in *La petite Fadette*, and maternal affection in *François le Champi*, supply materials sufficiently piquant for the quiet pathos of an idyl. George Sand seems to get strength by touching the soil. Her tales of country life, and especially *La Mare au Diable*, are the most perfect, though not perhaps the most interesting, that she has written. They are free from all that provokes censure in her other writings—from theories, from declamation, from indelicacy. They move as with a quiet flow that is irresistibly fascinating, and are full of beauties of language to which it is impossible to do justice.

If we place side by side *Lélia* and *La Mare au Diable*, the novels most typical of her earlier and her later stages, and compare the audacity, the pruriency, the strong personal feeling manifested in the former with the sweet purity and artistic tranquillity of the latter, we may see that during the period which elapsed between the two the authoress must herself have greatly changed. The spring of impetuous passion passes away, and the autumn of matured power and chastened wishes arrives. But although the change may be great and indisputable, yet it would be quite untrue to speak of George Sand as appearing under two phases wholly distinct. There was always a mixture of purity with impurity, of sense with nonsense, of honest desire to be right with the most distorted conceptions of right and wrong, which was traceable throughout her earlier works; and the old fire of a mind struggling, suffering, doubting, hoping, loving, and hating, burns and shines through the quietude of her later tales. View her from whatever side we may, and judge of her by whatever of her novels we may chance to light on, we shall always leave her with mingled feelings of admiration and regret. But if we look at her works as a whole, and read several of them in succession, her character, we think, will rise in our estimation, although the works themselves lose interest by their prolixity, their want of plot, and their surfeiting fullness of vague theorising being thus forced on our notice. We catch through them glimpses of a woman with many faults,—haste, rashness, morbid sentimentalism, and a proneness to indulge in a secondhand philosophy often caught up from men inferior to herself,—but still in the main truthful; loving in a blind and capricious way what is good; touched to the heart by the misfortunes of others; indignant at the sophistries and the success of polished vice and conventional virtue. If in the midst of the display of her great intellectual gifts she sometimes startles us by moral errors, she

never shocks us by moral depravity. The more we try her by a foreign standard, and the better we appreciate the circumstances under which she wrote, and the influences to which she was exposed, the more gently and sparingly we shall censure her.

ART. III.—COLONEL MURE AND THE ATTIC HISTORIANS.

A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.
By William Mure of Caldwell. Vol. V. London, 1857.

COLONEL MURE'S History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece may well be accepted as a companion piece to Mr. Grote's history of its political and military progress. There is a wide difference, amounting, indeed, to contrast, in the mode of treatment pursued by the two writers. The starting-point of each is widely different; what is primary with the one is secondary with the other; and the wide difference of opinions, tastes, and general turn of mind between the two authors leads to an infinite number of collisions on individual points. Yet, by the student of Hellenic antiquity, the two works must be considered as making up one whole. Each fills up a void left by the other in the general picture of the most wonderful nation which has ever appeared on earth. While each author continually treads upon the ground of the other, each has a ground which is indisputably his own. Within the limits of his own territory each is preëminently master; each has his own proper department in which his strength lies; whenever either displays weakness, it is commonly in the act of trespassing upon the dominions of the other. Mr. Grote and Colonel Mure are alike conspicuous for independence of thought and decision of expression; qualities which in both cases are pushed to the verge of a love of controversy and paradox. But the one is a political historian, the other is a literary critic. The great qualities of the one are depth and vigour; those of the other, elegance and acuteness. It is no wonder, then, that two such writers, each admirable in his own way, commonly meet only to differ when they get on the debatable ground which lies between them. Nor is it wonderful that either of them should occasionally stumble when he wanders too far into the territories of his neighbour. And as we may fairly regard Mr. Grote's scheme and purpose as, on the whole, a higher one than Colonel Mure's, it is not surprising if, on this debatable ground, Mr. Grote has, to our mind at least, commonly the advantage. In research, in conscientiousness, in love of their subject, the two writers are fairly on a par ;

each has his own distinguishing excellences, appropriate to his own special subject. But if we are, like Zeus, to weigh in the balance two writers, to each of whom Hellenic learning is so deeply indebted, we can feel no surprise at finding the more massive and capacious intellect of Mr. Grote occupying the weightier scale.

Colonel Mure's great strength lies in the poets. The old Homeric controversy, over and over again as it has been debated, acquires a new life and interest in his hands. This part of his work is a triumph, not only of British learning, but of British common sense, over the vagaries which are too commonly in vogue among continental scholars. It is not too much to say, that both in Colonel Mure and in Mr. Grote birth and residence in a free country, familiarity with the public life of a free state, the possession of a seat in the British Parliament, have done much to foster the manly and practical turn of mind which, under different shapes, distinguishes them both. Colonel Mure is well versed in the literature of Germany, and, we believe, passed his own academic years in a German University. But it would be difficult to find any thing more thoroughly English, in the best sense, than his whole commentary on the Homeric poems. Mr. Grote did much to overthrow the extreme form of the Wolfian theory; Colonel Mure has, we think, pretty effectually destroyed it in all its parts. Points of controversy, fairly open to dispute, still remain between them. Do the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* proceed from the same hand? Is the *Iliad*, as we have it, an expansion, whether by the original author or by some one else, of an earlier *Achilleid*? How early were the poems committed to writing? These, and various others, are important questions, on which Mr. Grote and Colonel Mure decide different ways. But they really become mere points of detail when contrasted with a theory which can see no epic unity of design in either of those immortal poems. The points on which they differ may well be discussed for some time to come; but we really trust that their combined judgment has for ever scattered to the winds the notion that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are mere baskets of fragments gathered up in comparatively recent times by the hands of Solon or Peisistratos.

It is, we think, in his treatment of the Homeric poems that Colonel Mure displays his greatest strength. But for freshness and originality, the portion of his work which stands out most conspicuous is that in which he deals with the poets, most of them unfortunately only fragmentary, who fill up the space between Homer and Pindar. Here he has the ground almost wholly to himself. No other scholar, certainly no other English scholar, has ever produced so full and vivid a picture of Archilochos, Alkaios, and Sappho. Colonel Mure's dealings with their precious fragments remind one of those of Professor Owen or Professor

Willis. As the one can reconstruct an extinct animal from a single bone, and the other a destroyed building from a fragment of architectural detail, so Colonel Mure can set before us the full proportions, intellectual and moral, of an extinct poet, out of a few lines which have hitherto afforded matter only for grammatical or philological inquiry. And in all three, alike in the zoologist, the antiquary, and the critic, we can admire the operation of combined tact, experience, and good sense. In all three cases the results are of a nature which few but their authors would have previously looked for, and which yet, when once stated, command immediate assent, and are never rejected as fanciful or untrustworthy. To these poets Colonel Mure has rendered every service but one. It is wonderful that, with his knowledge of the language, his fine taste and acuteness, his appreciation of the minutest characteristics of the several authors, he still remains altogether incapable or unwilling to translate a piece of Greek verse or prose into appropriate, or even into accurate English.*

* We shall hereafter come across some examples of this strange deficiency as regards the authors with whom we are at present more immediately concerned. But lest our words should seem too strong, we cannot forbear quoting an instance from an earlier part of Colonel Mure's work. In vol. iii. p. 251, he quotes a lovely fragment of Stesichoros, to the beauty of which he yields all the admiration it deserves :

Ἄελιος δ' Ὀπεριονίδας δέπας ἐκκατέβαινε
 χρεύσειον, ὕψμα δὲ ὠκεανοῖο περάσας
 ἀφίκοιθ' ἱερᾶς ποτὶ βένθεα νυκτὸς ἐρεμνῆς
 ποτὶ μάτέρα, κουριδίαν τ' ἄλοχον,
 παῖδάς τε φίλους· ὁ δ' ἐς ἄλσος ἔβα
 δάφναισι κατὰ σκιον
 ποσσὶ πάϊς Διός.

This Colonel Mure renders :

Hyperion now his lofty car ascends,
 And o'er the trackless wave of Ocean bends
 His radiant course, to where night's sacred shades
 Heaven's light absorb; there, in his laurel glades,
 His mother, his fond spouse, and children dear,
 His daily toil with their sweet converse cheer.

Now, first of all, in this version the beautiful simplicity of the original is altogether lost. Stesichoros says nothing about "the trackless wave of Ocean," about "radiant course," or about "heaven's light" being "absorbed" by "night's sacred shades." Moreover, the last line is entirely Colonel Mure's own composition. But these are comparatively light matters. First, Ἄελιος Ὀπεριονίδας is no more to be translated "Hyperion," than Πηληϊάδῳ Ἀχιλλῆος is to be translated "Peleus." Then δέπας does not mean a "car," and ἐκκαταβαίνει does not mean to "ascend;" nor is the matter mended by putting in a note that "the author, for the sake of his own verse, has taken the liberty of substituting *car* for *cup*." In fact, Stesichoros' "fantastic allegory relative to the sun's evening course in the heaven," entirely disappears in Colonel Mure's version. Then again, the last clause, which introduces a second character on the scene, vanishes under the translator's hands. Colonel Mure makes "Hyperion" go to the laurel glades in a "car." In Stesichoros the person who goes there goes neither in a cup nor in a car, but on foot (ποσσὶ). Moreover, the person who goes in either fashion is neither Hyperion

In the present volume, which is devoted to the Attic historians, that is, mainly Thucydides and Xenophon, Colonel Mure necessarily invades Mr. Grote's domain more frequently and more extensively than in the earlier parts of his work. He is here considerably less in his element than when dealing with Homer or Archilochos. His own forte, as we have implied, lies in strictly literary criticism; hence, in dealing with the poets, where manner is at least as important as matter, he is thoroughly at home. But a criticism purely literary would be a very inadequate way of dealing with a great historian, above all with Thucydides, the great father of historical and political science. Colonel Mure is necessarily driven to deal at some length with political and historical matters, and though even on these points he gives us much that is valuable, we can discern a marked inferiority alike to Mr. Grote's treatment of the same themes, and to his own treatment of more congenial subjects. It is in his thorough grasp of all political matters that Mr. Grote's greatness is preëminent. In Colonel Mure there is a sort of looseness and carelessness of thought and expression upon such subjects, which shows itself in more ways than one.* Both Mr. Grote and Colonel Mure are most honourably distinguished for the combination of profound learning with the character of practical men of the world. But the immediate world of each of the two men is by no means the same. Mr. Grote's true sphere, the source of illustration to which his thoughts habitually turn, is political life in its various forms. Colonel Mure has studied life with no less acuteness, but not so much in its political as in its social aspect. From this latter source he has drawn

nor a son of Hyperion, but a son of Zeus (*παῖς Διός*), no other, in short, than Herakles himself. Colonel Mure has altogether eliminated not only the fiction of the golden cup in which the sun-god floated back from west to east after his day's toil, but also the fact that Herakles was introduced in the poem at all. See Keightley's *Mythology*, p. 54, who gives a version, less elegant doubtless, but considerably more accurate, than that of Colonel Mure:

"Helios Hyperionides
 Into the golden cup went down;
 That, having through the Ocean passed,
 He to the depths of sacred gloomy night might come,
 Unto his mother and his wedded wife,
 And his dear children: but the grove with laurel shaded
 The son of Zeus went into."

This is perfectly literal, except that Mr. Keightley also seems scandalised at a son of Zeus going "on foot." Herakles, even by his own pillars, was not a Spanish *hidalgo*.

* A thoroughly accurate thinker on Greek politics would hardly, as Colonel Mure constantly does, apply the words "confederation," "federal," &c. to the state of things existing between the several Grecian cities; he would not repeatedly speak of the "council" at Athens, when he means, not the senate, but the public assembly: perhaps he would not forestall ideas of a later age by speaking of the Persian "emperor."

much to illustrate the attributes of our common human nature as displayed among Greek philosophers and poets.* Colonel Mure, in short, has studied the Greek writers in the character of an accomplished gentleman, Mr. Grote in that of a professed politician. Few members of either class make so full and practical a use of their studies; but the diversity of the quarter from which each has commenced them is manifest throughout their writings.

Our readers will therefore not be surprised to learn that Colonel Mure's account of Thucydides is by no means one of the most successful portions of his work. Herodotus, of whom he treated in his preceding volume, is far more in his line; for Herodotus, though he wrote in prose, was a great poet. Of the two chief Attic historians, Colonel Mure is far more successful with Xenophon than with Thucydides. In fact, it is no disrespect to say that Thucydides is too much for him. Much may be learned from various portions of Colonel Mure's criticisms; wherever tact and acuteness are enough, he is still the Colonel Mure of the Homeric controversy. But the real greatness of the *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί*, one of the most astonishing of all the productions of the human intellect, can hardly be fully grasped by one who is obliged to regard it primarily from a purely literary point of view.

It is, indeed, a marvellous thought, that Herodotus and Thucydides were contemporary writers, perhaps not so widely removed in age as is commonly the case between father and son. As Colonel Mure himself observes, an interval of centuries would seem to have elapsed between them. The question of their comparative merit can hardly arise; the two are totally different in kind. It would be about as easy to compare an old Greek, a writer of the middle ages, and a writer of our own time. Herodotus is a Greek of the fifth century B.C. His archaic tastes, indeed, make him rather a Greek of a century

* Some of Colonel Mure's remarks drawn from this source are singularly acute and appropriate. Take, for instance, his comments on the excessive, apparently almost pharisaical, denunciations of contemporary vice by the historian Theopompus (vol. v. pp. 514, 515). "His vituperative attacks were chiefly directed against the luxury, sensuality, and social profligacy of the times, and of his more remarkable contemporaries, whose excesses he denounced with a vehemence, and described with a minuteness of detail, to which, even as exemplified in his remains, it would be difficult to find a parallel in any existing work of Greek manners. This very excess of virtuous irritation, and fondness for its display, may perhaps suggest a doubt how far it is to be taken as a manifestation of unmixed horror for the conduct stigmatised. In dealing with one who dealt so severely with others, it may not be uncharitable to surmise, that his zeal may be made up, in part at least, of a certain spirit of negative morality, or even of morbid sympathy with the conduct described; the same which in unconstrained social intercourse, often leads men to converse freely, and in a spirit of levity, on scenes at which they would feel ashamed of being present, and practices in which they are themselves incapable of participating."

earlier. Xenophon is a Greek of the succeeding age; a far less favourable specimen, we need hardly add, than Herodotus. But Thucydides belongs to no age or country; he is the historian of our common humanity, the teacher of abstract political wisdom. Herodotus is hardly a political writer at all; his political comments are indeed, when they occur, invariably true and generous; but they are put forth with an amiable simplicity which approaches to the nature of a truism. When he infers from the growth of Athens after the expulsion of her tyrants, that "freedom is a noble thing,"* the comment reads like that of an intelligent child, or like the reflection of an Oriental awakening to the realities of European life. Xenophon writes from the worst inspiration of local and temporary party-spirit. He writes history, not to record facts or to deduce lessons, but, at whatever cost of truth and fairness, to exalt Agesilaos and to vilify the Thebans. But Thucydides, living in an age when the political life of man had barely occupied two centuries, seems to have derived from that brief period the lessons of whole millenniums. From the narrow field which lay before his eyes he could deduce a political teaching applicable to every age, race, and country. There is scarcely a problem of the science of government which the statesman may not find, if not solved, at any rate handled, in the pages of this universal master. The political experience of Thucydides could have exhibited to him only two sets of phenomena—the small city-commonwealth and the vast barbaric monarchy. But we feel that he would have been equally at home under any other state of things. If we could conceive Herodotus or Xenophon suddenly set down in the feudal France or Germany of a past age, in the constitutional England or the federal America of our own time, every thing would doubtless bear in their eyes the air of an insoluble problem. But we can imagine Thucydides at once detecting real analogy through apparent diversity, and recognising phenomena so different from any thing within his own experience as merely fresh exemplifications of the general principles which he had deduced from another state of things. No truth seems more difficult of acceptance than the doctrine that history is really one whole; that "ancient," "modern," "mediaeval," mark convenient halting-places, and nothing more; that man's political nature is essentially the same under every variety of outward circumstances. But no testimony more overwhelmingly confirms its truth than the fact that the political wisdom of all ages was thus forestalled by the citizen of a small republic living twenty-three centuries ago.

Neither Herodotus nor Thucydides were men of their own age.

* ἡ ἰσηγορίη ὡς ἐστὶ χρῆμα σπουδαῖον. Herod. v. 78.

The mind of Herodotus evidently lived in past times. The stern truth of chronology tells us that he was contemporary with Perikles, perhaps with Alkibiades. But no one realises the fact while reading his enchanting chronicle. While so engaged, we fully believe him to have been an eye-witness of Marathon and Salamis. We are indeed hardly clear whether he may not have looked on at the return of Peisistratos, or even have been invisibly present in the sleeping-chamber of Kandaules. Nothing connects him with his own age, except a few brief, sparing, sometimes doubtful, references to events later than his main subject. The genial traveller of Halikarnassos loved to gather together, to set in dramatic order, to garnish with an occasional religious or moral sentiment, the antiquities and legends of every age and country except the Greece of the Peloponnesian war. His own age, we may believe, he laboured to forget; a more dignified form of affection for the past than that which displays itself in querulous longings after what is gone, and petulant sarcasms upon what is present. He is the liberal, well-informed antiquary and scholar, who lives out of his own age; not the disappointed politician, who lives in it only to carp at every thing around or beyond him.

In Xenophon, on the other hand, notwithstanding much that is personally attractive and estimable, we see, as a political writer, only the man of a particular time and place in the smallest and most malignant form of that character. Herodotus lived in the past, Thucydides lived for the future; Xenophon reflects only the petty passions of the moment. He writes not like a historian, whether antiquarian or political, but like a petulant journalist who has to decry the troublesome greatness of an opposite party. Yet even his writings may indirectly guide to the same lesson as those of Thucydides. One teaches us that much of our modern wisdom might be reached by a powerful intellect while human thought was yet in its infancy. The other shows that if old Greece could forestall modern political science, it could also forestall the pettiest forms of modern political animosity. Thucydides, without Xenophon, might make us place the ideal Greek historian at a superhuman height above us. Xenophon, without Thucydides, might lead us to degrade him to the level of a very inferior modern pamphleteer. But the two combined unite to teach the same lesson, that man is essentially the same every where; that an old Greek was a being of like passions with a modern Englishman, each being alike capable of exhibiting, under the necessary modifications, the highest and the lowest phases of our common nature.

In fact, no one can thoroughly appreciate Thucydides who does not make use of Xenophon as a foil. Without comparing

the two, we might be led to suppose that Thucydidean dignity and impartiality was an easy commonplace quality, not entitling its possessor to any particular commendation. When we turn to the Hellenics, we at once see how great were the temptations to a contrary course which surrounded a Greek writing contemporary history. How many opportunities must have occurred, and have been rejected, of colouring, omitting, exaggerating. How easy to have passed by the good or the bad deeds of one or the other party. How hard a task to keep the bitter revengeful spirit of the exile from appearing in every page. Thucydides, after all, was a man. He could not deal with perfect fairness between himself and a bitter personal and political enemy; but what does the utmost that can be made out against him amount to? That he once pronounces a judgment which his own narrative does not bear out: in short that, though he never ceased to be a truthful witness, he had not attained that superhuman height of virtue which enables a man to be a perfectly fair judge in his own cause. Think of this one flaw, and compare it with the moral state of the man who could describe the Theban revolution without mentioning the name of Pelopidas; who, when recording at large the history of his own times, could dilate at impertinent length on the pettiest proceedings of his Spartan hero, and deliberately omit all mention of the deliverance of Messenia, and the foundation of Megalopolis. Thucydides himself was not absolutely perfect; but perhaps no other actor in important events ever related them with so great an amount of impartiality. In Xenophon we have to condemn not merely weakness and passion to an unpardonable degree, but sheer want of common honesty, deliberate violation of the first moral laws of the historian's calling.

But the greatness of Thucydides is, after all, of a somewhat cold and unattractive character. He does not, like many other writers, draw us near to himself personally. What reader of Herodotus does not long for a personal conversation with the genial and delightful old traveller, who had been every where, and seen every thing; who could tell you the founder of every city, and the architect of every temple; who could recite oracles and legends from the beginnings of things to his own day; and who would season all with a simple moral and political commentary, not the less acceptable for being a little commonplace? What would one not give for an opportunity of asking why it was, after all, that the Scythians blinded their slaves, or of finding out, in some unguarded moment, in honour of what deity the Egyptians submitted themselves to the discipline? Xenophon, again, would evidently not have been the less agreeable a companion on account of his unpatriotic heresies and his historical unfairness. If he was a bitter enemy and an unscrupulous partisan,

his very faults arose from carrying into excess the amiable character of a zealous friend. The pupil of Socrates was of necessity unfair to the government by which he was condemned; the follower of Agesilaos could not mete out common justice to those pestilent Thebans by whom all his policy was brought to nought. But Thucydides excites no feelings of the kind. We might have highly esteemed the privilege of sitting at his feet as a lecturer; but we should hardly have been very desirous of his company in our lighter moments. Genial simplicity, hearty and unconscious humour are, after all, more attractive than the stern perfection of wisdom; a little superstition, and a little party-spirit, if they render a man less admirable, do not always make him less agreeable. Impartiality is a rare and divine quality; but a little human weakness sometimes commends itself more to frail mortals. There is something lofty in the position of a man who records the worst deeds of Athenian and Lacedæmonian alike, as a simple matter of business, without a word of concealment, palliation, or reprobation for either. But we feel quite sure that Herodotus would have told us that the massacre of Plataeæ and the massacre of Melos were each of them a *πρῆγμα οὐχ ὅσιον*. We suspect that Xenophon would have been so ashamed of the evil deed of the side on which his own feelings might be enlisted, that he would not have recorded both crimes in his history. But we get a little puzzled as to the moral condition of the man who elaborately dissects the characters of Themistokles and Perikles as intellectual and political subjects, without a word of moral praise or dispraise of either. Our perplexity is increased when we find the historian honestly recording the assassinations in which Antiphon was at least an accomplice, and yet pronouncing this same Antiphon to have been inferior to none of his contemporaries,—Konon and Kallikratidas included,—not only in ability but in virtue.* Herodotus would have lifted up his hands in pious horror; Xenophon would either have shirked so disagreeable a subject, or have at least discovered some ingenious sophism in palliation of the offence. Then, again, human nature does crave for something like religion, and does not always kick at a little superstition. We decidedly do not think the worse of Herodotus, Xenophon, Pausanias, and Arrian for believing in oracles, visions, and the whole art and mystery of divination. It is perhaps very admirable, but it is not altogether amiable, in Thucydides to have got so far in advance of his age as to make it tolerably certain that he believed in nothing of the kind, and to leave it by no means clear whether he believed in any gods at all. Finally, we cannot forget, possibly even a contemporary

* ἀπερὶ οὐδενὸς ὕστερος, Thuc. viii. c. 68. See Dr. Arnold's note on the passage.

Greek could not forget, how easy, how pleasant, it is to read Herodotus and Xenophon, how very difficult it often is to read Thucydides. We admire, but we cannot bring ourselves to love, the man who has clothed the words of wisdom with a veil so difficult to uplift. We are sometimes tempted to prefer a teaching less profound in substance, but more conformable to the ordinary laws of human or Hellenic grammar. There is no denying that a speech of Thucydides is far more profitable than one of Xenophon, or even than one of Herodotus. But there are moments of weakness in which one prefers pleasure to profit,—the *ἡδὴ* to the *χρήσιμον*,—and in which even the repeated exhortations of Perikles to prefer deeds to words make us for a moment prefer the *ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα* even to the *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί*.

In fact, this wonderful intellectual superiority of Thucydides to his own age, and indeed to the mass of men in any age, while it makes his history the eternal treasure-house of political wisdom, makes him, in some incidental points, less instructive than a very inferior writer might have been, as the immediate chronicler of his own particular age. Colonel Mure truly remarks, that the Greek historians did not commonly look on the internal politics of the several states as coming within their province. A knowledge of them is taken for granted in a well-informed Greek reader. The historian, for the most part, deals only with the cities in their international, or what might more properly, as Mr. Grote suggests, be called their *interpolitical* aspect. It is only when internal revolutions bear on foreign affairs that they are recorded at any length. Thus Thucydides recounts the Athenian revolutions of the year 411 in full detail, because the part taken in them by the fleet at Samos brings them within the immediate sphere of his military narrative. But in his Summary he does not devote a line to the constitutional changes introduced by Aristides, Ephialtes, and Perikles, though he records military and diplomatic events certainly not of greater importance. Kleon, Nikias, Alkibiades, are only introduced when they begin to have an influence on foreign affairs. Of the assaults on Perikles by Kleon, of the demagogues who appeared for a brief space in the interval between the death of the one and the confirmed influence of the other, Thucydides tells us not a word. Still less, as Colonel Mure observes, does he vouchsafe any direct information as to the literary, artistic, and philosophic being of Athens in her greatest splendour. We should never have learned from him that Æschylus, Euripides, Pheidias, or Anaxagoras ever existed. From Thucydides alone we should never have found out that the Sophokles who figures as an admiral in the Samian war was at least not less illustrious as the author of the *Oedipus* and the *Electra*. Had Thucydides lived to recount the tale of Arginousai,

we may well doubt whether the name of Sokrates would have occurred in his report of the great debate on the amendment of Euryptolemos. One might have expected that the adversary of Kleon would have looked with some sympathy on the author of the *Knights*; but the name of Aristophanes nowhere occurs in the history of the Peloponnesian war. Even in dealing with Perikles, his great artistic works appear only in the melancholy position of items in a budget. Possibly, to be sure, Sir Cornwall Lewis may look with no other eye on the new houses of parliament and the designs for the public offices. Even the pictures of the heroes of his narrative are in a manner imperfect, because they appear solely as political and military entities. We see in all his greatness the Perikles who guided the democracy through the horrors of war and pestilence. But we hear nothing of the lover of Aspasia, of the founder of the Parthenon, nothing even of the reformer who levelled the last relics of oligarchy, and substituted the popular tribunal for the venerable senate on the Hill of Ares.

On all these points we should doubtless have learned much more from either the earlier or the later historian. Had Herodotus deigned to record the events of his own age, his very love of genial gossip would have led him to describe a great deal on which Thucydides preserves a dead silence, and which we have to pick up secondhand from Plutarch and other inferior writers. Herodotus may, as Mr. Grote has shown, not have understood the full depth and meaning of the democratic changes of Kleisthenes. But he has at least recorded their outward forms, while Thucydides has not done even thus much by the further changes which brought the work of Kleisthenes to completion. We can hardly fancy that the antiquary who was so curious about the shrines of the Samian Hera and the Egyptian Ammon could have been altogether blind to the structure reared under his own eye to the Athena of the Akropolis. He who has recorded the innovations made by Kleisthenes of Sikyon in the choric ritual of his own city, could hardly have listened unconcerned to the strains which told the glories of Kolonos, or those which hurled the overwhelming burst of satire upon the head of the devoted Paphlagonian. Still less can we fancy the prose narrator of the fight of Salamis listening, without at least a generous rivalry, to the tale of defeat as told in the palace of Susa, or to the picture of the glories of Persia under the sway of the, in his own tale, less divine and invincible Darius. Thucydides either cared for none of these things, or unluckily thought them "beneath the dignity of history." If the old Halikarnassian could but have been brought to deal with things of his own time, we feel sure that his less exalted standard would have admitted an enchanting pic-

ture of the social and artistic as well as the political aspect of Athens in the days of her glory.

And as with Herodotus, so, in another way, with Xenophon. The smaller historian has appropriately allotted to him the smaller hero. But Xenophon gives us a far more vivid picture of Agesilaos than Thucydides gives us of Perikles. In the one we simply admire the statesman, in the other we are brought into daily intercourse with the man. And again the tendency to personal gossip incidentally helps us to valuable political information. We doubt whether Thucydides would have enlightened us as to the singular and discreditable means by which Sphodrias escaped the punishment of his unprovoked and treacherous inroad into Attica. Xenophon, in blind zeal for his hero, lets us behind the curtain, and thereby shows us what strange causes might affect the course of justice amid the secret workings of an oligarchy, and how much personal influence lay within the reach of a king who retained hardly a shadow of constitutional power. Again, while we reverence the set speeches of Thucydides for the deep teaching which they contain, we cannot but feel that the shorter and livelier addresses and rejoinders preserved or invented by Xenophon give us a truer picture of the real tone of a debate in a Greek assembly. And though a critical judgment may condemn, with Colonel Mure, his profusion of small dialogue and petty personal anecdote, we cannot at this distance of time regret any thing which helps to give us a more perfect picture of the manner and tone of feeling of an age from the hand of a contemporary and an actor.

In the above rapid sketch of the most striking characteristics of the three leading Greek historians, we should find it difficult to say how much has and how much has not been suggested to our minds by the criticisms of Colonel Mure. On the whole, as we have implied, he strikes us as not doing full justice to Thucydides. Yet we do not feel obliged to follow the example of a certain Mr. Shilleto of Cambridge, an old enemy of Mr. Grote's, and suggest, with analogous impertinence, an alternative between *Thucydides and Mure*. Colonel Mure, though not a Cambridge man, would, we imagine, be recognised, even by Mr. Shilleto, as a respectable Greek scholar, and we believe that he votes on the Conservative side of the House. He is therefore not liable to the same degree of contempt as one who, whatever his learning and depth of thought, must still plead guilty to the unpardonable offences of being at once a Radical politician and not invariably sound in his Greek particles. To those who have been offended with the ignorance and self-sufficiency of Mr. Shilleto's attack on Mr. Grote, there is a certain satisfaction in finding Colonel Mure arraigning Thucydides on far wider grounds than

Mr. Grote has done. He completely endorses Mr. Grote's arguments on the only points in which the Cambridge verbalist could detect an apparent difference between the ancient and the modern historian. Any one who sees in Thucydides a great historian, and not a mere subject for a verbal lecture in Attic Greek, will perceive at once that the veracity of Thucydides is nowhere called in question by Mr. Grote. All that Mr. Grote assumes is, that he has allowed personal feelings to colour his inferences from facts, while it is not even suggested that he has reported the facts inaccurately. Because we owe so much to Thucydides, people commonly leap to the conclusion that his banishment by the Athenian people must have been unjust. Mr. Grote ventured for the first time to think that his own narrative of his command at Amphipolis and Eion affords no ground for arraigning the judgment of his countrymen. Kleon, again, was a personal and political enemy of Thucydides. He is well nigh the only person in speaking of whom the historian deserts his usual unimpassioned dignity, so as seldom to mention him without some disparaging expression. Mr. Grote was bold enough to hint that the historian's prejudice had coloured, not indeed his narrative, but his commentary; and that his own statement of the case did not fully bear out his unfavourable judgment. When we consider how Mr. Grote has been assailed for these two vigorous exercises of independent thought, it is certainly not a little satisfactory to find Colonel Mure corroborating his views on the first point most completely, and on the second to a considerable extent. We should of course never think for a moment of placing Colonel Mure on the level of Mr. Shilleto; but he certainly seems to take a pleasure in differing from Mr. Grote wherever he can. His testimony in his favour is therefore of the greater value. Colonel Mure tells us that he examined the question of Thucydides' command in Thrace entirely for himself, and did not refer to the commentaries either of Bishop Thirlwall or Mr. Grote till he had completed his own. He thus appears as a totally independent witness, confirming Mr. Grote's view on every essential point. The case, in fact, is perfectly plain. When Amphipolis was threatened, the Athenian commander ought to have been nowhere but at Amphipolis; least of all at Thasos, which the land-force of Brasidas did not and could not threaten. He is at the very least called on to show cause why he was any where else, and such cause he nowhere attempts to show. Colonel Mure goes a step farther than Mr. Grote, and hints very broadly what the real cause was. Thucydides, as he himself tells us, was a mining proprietor in that part of the world. Colonel Mure ventures to say:

"May not this very fact, his extensive interest as a proprietor in

that extremity of his province, furnish an explanation of his preference of Thasos to Amphipolis or Eion as his head-quarter? The centre of the Thracian mining district, where his own possessions were situated, was Skaptesylë, on the coast immediately opposite Thasos; and the principal town and port of that island was also the chief emporium of the mineral trade of Thrace. In the absence, therefore, of all other apparent motive for his being stationary in the extreme* north of his province, while Brasidas was conquering the principal cities of its south and centre, it is not very uncharitable to suppose that the fault laid to his charge, and not without reason, was his having been more occupied with his own affairs than with his official duties, at a time when the latter had an imperative claim on his undivided attention" (p. 40.)

Now as to Kleon. Every scholar will remember how strenuously Mr. Grote has laboured to effect something like a vindication of that much-reviled personage. After all, Mr. Grote leaves much in his character open to blame; but it may be called a vindication of the demagogue as compared with the estimation in which he has been held by every previous writer. Colonel Mure's dealings with this point are somewhat curious. In p. 44 he classes Mr. Grote among "admirers or apologists of the Athenian democracy," who "have endeavoured to vindicate Cleon at the expense of Thucydides." The question, he tells us, "resolves itself pretty much into a comparative estimate of the character of Cleon for political discretion and military genius, and that of Thucydides for historical truthfulness." "The theory of Cleon's vindicators" implies that Thucydides was "guilty of deliberate misrepresentation;" it gives "him credit not only for dishonesty, but for a disregard of his own fair fame, scarcely conceivable even in a dishonest man moderately gifted with common sense." Now this is really too much in the Shilletonian vein to be worthy of a writer like Colonel Mure. Mr. Grote does nothing whatever of what is here attributed to him. He nowhere accuses Thucydides of misrepresentation or dishonesty. He fully accepts his narrative, both as to the scene in the Assembly, and

* We must confess that we do not understand Colonel Mure's geography. How is Thasos the "extreme north of his province" more than Amphipolis? Does Colonel Mure suppose that Amphipolis lies "south" of Thasos? He says so directly in the preceding page. "It (Thasos) lay as far from Amphipolis to the north, as the scene of the Spartan warrior's earliest successes from the same city to the south." Now Akanthos, the city previously won by Brasidas, certainly lies as nearly as possible due south of Amphipolis. The island of Thasos lies, not north, but south-east. The island, as a whole, is decidedly south of Amphipolis; the city of Thasos, in the extreme north of the island, is very nearly on the same parallel as Amphipolis, but still a little south of it. We are afraid Colonel Mure is rather careless of these points. In p. 133 he speaks of "the Thracian potentate Arrhibæus." He was a Macedonian of Lynkestis (*Thuc. iv. 124*), on the side of Macedonia farthest from Thrace.

as to the campaign at Pylos. He simply thinks that, for once, personal enmity has betrayed Thucydides into a comment which his own statement does not bear out. Thucydides says that a certain scheme was "insane," which his own narrative shows to have been quite feasible. Mr. Grote refuses to believe either the satires of Aristophanes or the invectives of Thucydides, because he holds that the facts, as reported by Thucydides himself, do not justify them. Aristophanes represents Kleon as stealing away the well-earned prize from Demosthenes. Certainly no one would find this out from the fourth book of Thucydides. Aristophanes represents Kleon as winning his influence over the people by the basest and most cringing flattery. Thucydides puts into his mouth a speech, on the affair of Mitylene, which advocates indeed a detestable line of policy, but which, of all speeches in the world, is the least like that of a flatterer of the people. In fact, it is a bitter invective against the people. Nothing that Demosthenes did say, nothing that Perikles can have said, could surpass the boldness of the censures passed on his own auditors. The exact amount of historic reality attaching to the Thucydidean orations is very doubtful, and probably differs much in individual cases. But we may be quite sure that Thucydides would not put into the mouth of Kleon a speech more austere and dignified than became his character. Colonel Mure appeals to the unanimous testimony of antiquity against Kleon. But that unanimous testimony reduces itself into the history of Thucydides and the comedy of the Knights. All that later writers can do, is to repeat the judgment of Kleon's contemporary adversaries. Now it is not, as Colonel Mure says, by a "purely speculative argument" that Mr. Grote endeavours to reverse that judgment. It is by an appeal to the facts of the case as one of his adversaries has recorded them.

After all this, we are indeed surprised to find the following remarks in a later stage of Colonel Mure's work :

"The remarks suggested by the historian's character of Cleon have been partly anticipated in a previous page. It is the only one in his treatment of which he has shown a disposition to enlarge on defects. In other cases he dwells rather on the bright than the dark side of the picture. His best vindication from the charge of having in this single instance been actuated by malicious motives to swerve from the truth, is the fact already noticed, that the defects stigmatised are the same, both in kind and degree, which with singular unanimity have been ascribed to Cleon by all other authorities. Another evidence of impartiality is the circumstance, that while those authorities represent the whole career of the demagogue as one unmitigated course of folly or mischief, Thucydides gives him credit for a conduct in some of his undertakings not very easy to reconcile with the incapacity displayed in others. The apparent inconsistency implies at least a disposition

to award him such merit as he really possessed. In his campaign of Amphipolis, Kleon certainly figures in a contemptible light, both as a soldier and a general. But his other military operations are not represented as open to censure. Thucydides, indeed, withholds from him the merit of having made good his 'insane promise' to capture the Spartan garrison of Sphacteria. He describes Demosthenes as having already matured his measures for the success of that enterprise, and as the director-in-chief of their execution. But there is no hint of Kleon, as the honorary commander-in-chief on the occasion, having shown any want of capacity or courage. In the early part of his ensuing Thracian campaign, his operations are represented not only as successful, but as well planned and vigorously executed. He even, on one important occasion, outmanœuvred the formidable Brasidas, by whom he was afterwards defeated; and, by a curious coincidence, much in the mode in which Thucydides himself had been discomfited not long before by the same able adversary" (pp. 146, 7).

After reading the above, one might almost think that Colonel Mure had suddenly become a convert to the theory of Mr. Grote. Kleon has ceased to be utterly contemptible; indeed, Colonel Mure gives him credit for a much greater amount of military conduct than Mr. Grote ventures to claim for him. He has become alive to the curious fact that Kleon is the one person whom Thucydides picks out for censure. But he will not believe that the censure is ill-founded, because "all other authorities" confirm it with "singular unanimity." We do not know who the "other authorities" are, except Aristophanes. But in his very next sentence Colonel Mure practically sets aside their judgment as not borne out by the facts. What more could Mr. Grote desire?

After all, what is the accusation against Thucydides? Simply, as we have already said, that, though he has nowhere misstated facts, he has in one instance allowed political or personal pique to warp his judgment. All honour to the contemporary historian against whom this is the heaviest charge! Think of the temptations, not merely to a single false judgment, but to constant misrepresentation of fact, which beset every political chronicler; above all, those which beset a Greek of the Peloponnesian War. Think, in a word, what Xenophon was—what Thucydides might have been, and was not. We may well admit that Thucydides was prejudiced against Kleon, and that he himself failed of his duty at Amphipolis, without derogating one jot from the value and impartiality of his immortal history.

We have now to make some farther comments on Colonel Mure's treatment of Thucydides, and especially to point out some respects in which he seems to us to have unduly derogated from his merits.

We think that Colonel Mure has, in the first chapter of his present volume, made out a good case in favour of his position, that Thucydides was not only well acquainted with the history of Herodotus, but that he also took for granted a similar acquaintance with it on the part of his readers. He not only, in some places, seems directly to aim at real or supposed inaccuracies on the part of the earlier writer, but he seems in others silently to make his own work a complement to that of his predecessor. Where the two narratives coincide, Colonel Mure has shown that Thucydides passes by those parts of the tale which had been fully narrated by Herodotus, and confines his own functions to continuing or to filling up deficiencies. This seems to us to militate very strongly against the late date which Colonel Mure, in opposition to Mr. Grote, is disposed to assign to the composition of the history of Herodotus. It really seems to us to tell far more strongly one way than any difficulties about the Egyptian king Amyrtaios tell the other. According to Colonel Mure, Herodotus wrote his history so late as to allude therein to events which took place so near the close of the Peloponnesian War as 408 B.C. Had so short an interval elapsed between the composition of the two histories, that of Herodotus could hardly have become so generally known to the Greek public at large, that Thucydides could safely assume a familiarity with it on the part of his readers. In those days of uncial manuscripts, without publishers, circulating-libraries, or reviews, a book could not make its way in the world quite so fast as the writings of Lord Macaulay or Dr. Livingstone. Colonel Mure himself has argued that the work of Herodotus was especially slow in obtaining popularity. This might indeed agree with Colonel Mure's view as to what he looks upon as one or two ill-natured allusions on the part of Thucydides; but it seems quite inconsistent with the idea that he silently adapted his work to act as a continuation to that of Herodotus. Colonel Mure has, in his former volume, very powerfully attacked, perhaps he has altogether upset, the common legend of Herodotus' recitation of his history at the Olympic Games; but we do not think that he has upset, but rather that he has powerfully confirmed, the opinion that Herodotus published his history by some process or other, at any rate during an early stage of the Peloponnesian War.

Colonel Mure attacks Thucydides, we think with some injustice, on the ground of his episode about the Peisistratidai in the sixth book. We can easily agree with him that the Thucydidean episodes are not very happily brought in. The fact is, that in a discursive composition like that of Herodotus, all sorts of episodes, and any number of them, are perfectly appropriate. But in the more formal production of Thucydides, the few which

occur are certainly felt to be excrescences. We may also allow that Thucydides had some special weakness, whether personal, political, or literary, for dealing with this special subject and with the popular errors relating to it. But Colonel Mure's particular objections to the matter and argument of this particular episode seem to us quite wanting in force. His remarks are as follows:

"In noticing the charge against Alcibiades, of being concerned in the mutilation of the *Hermæ*, Thucydides accounts in the following terms for the intense excitement which prevailed in Athens on that occasion: 'For the Athenians, knowing by tradition the harshness which had marked the tyranny of Pisistratus and his sons towards its close, and also that its abolition was not the act of the people or of Harmodius, but of the Lacedæmonians, had been ever since, on occasions of this kind, peculiarly open to suspicion and alarm.' Then follows, in closer illustration of the cause of this feeling, the episode in question, narrating the transactions preceding the extinction of the Pisistratian dynasty; and in particular, how the murder of Hipparchus by the hand of Harmodius had been committed during the Panathænaic festival, the ceremonies of which had been turned to account by the conspirators in disarming suspicion and effecting their purpose. After following out the results of their act of tyrannicide to the deposition of Hippias, the historian resumes his former narrative, by the subjoined application of the case of Harmodius and the Panathænaica to that of Alcibiades and the *Hermæ*: 'The remembrance of which things having been deeply imprinted at the time, and constantly renewed by tradition in the minds of the Athenians, rendered them keenly alive to any tampering with their sacred ceremonial, and rigorous in calling to account those suspected of such practices, which were inseparably associated in their thoughts with plots to establish oligarchal or tyrannical governments'"(p. 131).

As usual—we are sorry to say it, but truth will out—Colonel Mure cannot, or will not, translate his Greek. He here, as it seems to us, first misconceives the general bearing of the whole passage, and then mistranslates particular clauses into agreement with the general misconception. Colonel Mure supposes Thucydides to be talking of the special fear of the Athenians of any tampering with their religious ceremonial. What he is really speaking of is the general dread of tyranny which they felt or were said to feel, and which is keenly satirised by Aristophanes. With this feeling a strong sensitiveness about their religious ceremonial was united by a connection of ideas strange to us, but which Mr. Grote has fully explained. In the Attic mind any thing savouring of false doctrine, heresy, and schism, was held to be quite sufficient evidence of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion. The blasphemous or profane person would alienate

the favour of the gods, and so jeopard the prosperity of the state. Hence the inference that men who overthrew Hermai and polluted mysteries were going about to establish oligarchy or despotism. But Thucydides is not commenting on this peculiar vein of combined religious and political sentiment; he assumes it, while enlarging on the general dread of tyranny. Hence Colonel Mure's question, "what analogy is there between the case of the tyrannicides and that of Alkibiades?" falls to the ground. Thucydides, or the Demos of whom he speaks, was not trying to set up any analogy between Alkibiades (if it was Alkibiades) and the tyrannicides, but between Alkibiades and the tyrants. And the reference to the fact that the tyrants were really expelled by the Lacedæmonians is very far from having, as Colonel Mure implies, nothing to do with the matter. The general line of argument in the popular mind is this: "These men commit sacrilege; therefore (by the process of reasoning explained above) they want to set up a tyranny. But we will have no tyranny. Tyrants are very terrible persons, and very hard to get rid of. The Peisistratidai were very oppressive, and we could not get rid of them without Lacedæmonian help. What will happen, if we have a tyranny now, when the Lacedæmonians are against us?" This is the general argument; only Thucydides confuses it by going out of his way to correct certain errors of detail in the popular conception of the event. A modern writer would have thrown such a digression into a note or an appendix. Thucydides was obliged either to leave it alone or to intrude it upon his text. In the text it is certainly very much out of its place; but it produces no such "palpable inconsistency" as Colonel Mure supposes. There is not even that previous inconsistency which he is half disposed to "allow to pass." "The popular Athenian public" supposed that Hipparchos was actually in possession of the tyranny, and that Harmodios and Aristogeiton were actuated by patriotic motives. "More critical inquirers" believed that Hipparchos was only brother to the reigning tyrant, and that his death was owing to private enmity. But Thucydides does not represent the "popular Athenian public" as ignorant of the fact that the tyranny was ultimately suppressed by Lacedæmonian agency. His argument is perfectly sound and consistent, only he has unluckily confused it by an irrelevant digression. If he is in any way blameworthy, it is for the palpably inconclusive argument by which he attempts to establish the seniority of Hippias over Hipparchos.* The probability is, that Thucydides, from family connection or some other cause, had preserved a more accurate tradition of these events than that generally current at

* vi. 55.

Athens. He thought, however, that his mere *ipse dixit* might not carry sufficient weight against popular belief. He therefore felt bound to strengthen his case by some sort of argument or other; but he could unluckily find none better than those which he has inserted, and which are among the few weak things in his history.

And now for a word on Colonel Mure's translation. That certainly favours his own view, that the point of connection is the "tampering of religious ceremonial" alike by the tyrannicides and by the Hermokopids. But not so the text of Thucydides. Colonel Mure says that the Athenians "had ever been, *on occasions of this kind*, peculiarly open to suspicion and alarm." "Occasions of this kind" doubtless means "occasions of tampering with religious ceremonial." But Thucydides, like Aristophanes, goes much farther, and accuses them, truly or falsely, of being open to suspicion and alarm, not only on occasions of this kind, but on *all* occasions: *έφοβείτο άεί και πάντα υπόπτως έλάμβανε*.^{*} Similarly the second passage given in inverted commas by Colonel Mure in no way represents the corresponding passage of Thucydides. It stands thus:

ὃν ένθυμούμενος ὁ δῆμος ὁ τῶν Ἀθηναίων, και μμνησκόμενος ὅσα άκοῇ περι αὐτῶν ήπίστατο, χαλεπός ην τότε και υπόπτης ές τοὺς περι τῶν μυστικῶν τήν αίτίαν λαβόντας, και πάντα αὐτοίς έδόκει έπί ζυννομοσία ὀλιγαρχική και τυραννική πεπραχθαι.†

How Colonel Mure can get his English out of the above piece of Greek, we are quite at a loss to conjecture.

Nor are these by any means the only, though they are perhaps the most important, instances in which Colonel Mure altogether fails to reproduce either the substance or the manner of Thucydides in the passages which he selects for translation. Thus, with regard to Peisistratus and his sons in this very episode, Thucydides says that the latter *τήν πόλιν αὐτῶν καλῶς διεκόσμησαν*,‡ as Herodotus, in the parallel passage,§ had spoken of their father as one who *ἐπὶ τοῖς κατεστεῶσι ένεμε τήν πόλιν, κοσμέων καλῶς τε και εὖ*. Colonel Mure,|| in both places, translates *διεκόσμησαν* and *κοσμέων* by "*adorned the city beautifully*." Surely the verb has nothing to do with the unfinished temple of Olympian Zeus, but with the general character of the Peisistratid government. Surely it means, as Liddell and Scott support us in holding that it means, not that they *adorned the city beautifully*, but that they *ruled the city well*. And when he is not thus positively inaccurate, his translations never re-

* vi. 53.

† vi. 60.

‡ vi. 54.

§ i. 59.

|| v. 31.

produce in the least degree the style and spirit of the author. Yet it is more especially important that they should do so in a work like the present, in which they are cited directly as literary specimens, and not merely for the sake of the information which they contain. Colonel Mure is particularly careless about those little technicalities of the age, which it is every where desirable to retain. When a modern writer, dealing with a mediæval chronicler, translates "*Rex Francorum*" by "*King of France*;" when he talks of an emperor of *Germany*, or converts the *Ῥωμαῖοι* of a Byzantine author into *Greeks*; he is destroying so many touches which express the diplomacy of the age. Colonel Mure is guilty of nearly the same fault when he translates* the *Μηδισμός* of Thucydides by "*traitorous intercourse with the Persian king*." Herodotus and Xenophon, both of them oriental antiquaries, correctly call the dominant Asiatic tribe *Persians*; Thucydides retains the common phrase of the general Greek public, and speaks of the *Medes*. A little lower† Thucydides speaks of *Πύδναν τὴν Ἀλεξάνδρου*;—Colonel Mure obliterates this characteristic designation, by translating "the Macedonian port of Pydna." Probably the Athenians of the age of Themistokles talked of Alexander and his country much as we now talk of Scindiah and Holkar, or in the same way that "Baldwines land" is the common designation of Flanders in the Saxon Chronicle. Two chapters on, we find in Thucydides the phrase, *Μαγνησία τῇ Ἀσιανῇ*;—Colonel Mure renders it "Magnesia in *Asia Minor*." Now here is a twofold error. First of all, *Asia Minor* is a designation not in use for ages after the time of Thucydides; secondly, this rendering obliterates the accurate geographical precision of the historian. Colonel Mure can hardly need to be told that there are two cities equally answering to *his* description of "Magnesia in *Asia Minor*," only one of which answers to that of Thucydides, *Μαγνησία ἡ Ἀσιανή*. Thucydides means Magnesia in *Asia*, in the very narrowest sense of that last word, the district near Ephesos. Colonel Mure's description would equally suit the more northern city of Magnesia by Sipylos, from which Thucydides wishes to distinguish it.

There are numerous other points in which Colonel Mure, as it seems to us, misunderstands or fails to appreciate either Thucydides or his subject. He is the first writer that we know of who has tried to disparage either the funeral oration of Perikles, or the narrative of the battles in the harbour of Syracuse. Colonel Mure makes himself quite merry‡ over the latter, and patches up his case by translating *ξυναπονεύοντες*§ by the undignified phrases of "bobbing" or "ducking"! As for the fune-

* v. 155.

† Thuc. i. 137.

‡ pp. 176, 177.

§ Thuc. vii. 71.

ral oration, our sense of Nemesis receives some satisfaction when we find that Colonel Mure, after attacking the opposition between "deeds" and "words" in the oration as a mere vagary of Thucydides, is obliged, in his "Additions and Corrections" to confess that, after all, it is probably really Periklean.

We have dwelt so long upon Colonel Mure's treatment of Thucydides, that we have but little space to give to his criticisms on the historical works of Xenophon. But, if we had more, we could do little else than affix a strong stamp of our general approval. The thorough unfairness, and, if the *suppressio veri* constitutes falsehood, the thorough falsehood of the Xenophon-tean narrative have never been better set forth than by Colonel Mure. But we must confess that we do not perceive in his Hellenics that vein of Attic patriotism which Colonel Mure recognises, especially in the earlier books. The cold and heartless way in which he records the subjugation of his own country is a strange contrast to the hearty sympathy which he shows for Laconia invaded by Epaminondas. And though we cannot enter upon the question, we adhere to Mr. Grote's view as to the banishment of Xenophon. Colonel Mure makes him out to have been banished while in Asia, without any apparent cause. Mr. Grote holds, and the historian's own text to our mind best confirms his view, that he was not banished till he had been guilty of manifest treason, till he had returned with Agesilaos and fought against his country at Koroneia. But Colonel Mure has opened an important field for consideration with regard to the trustworthiness of the Anabasis. He pointedly asks whether, as Xenophon is universally condemned as unfair in the Hellenics, where he sacrifices truth to the exaltation of his friend, he may not equally in the Anabasis have sacrificed truth to the exaltation of himself? And it is certainly a singular fact that Diodorus, in his succinct narrative of the Return, mentions several other Greek captains by name, but never once mentions Xenophon. Now Diodorus, though extremely stupid, is thoroughly honest, and he had before him many authors whom we have not. If the general testimony of his authorities assigned to Xenophon that prominent place in the Return which he occupies in his own narrative, it seems utterly impossible that his name could have escaped insertion in the Universal History of the laborious Sicilian.

We differ from Colonel Mure on many points both critical and historical, and we think that in this particular volume he has undertaken a subject for which he is less qualified than for some others. In so vast a field as Hellenic literature, no one man can be equally at home in every corner. But even where we think Colonel Mure least successful, there is always much

to be learned from his suggestive and invariably independent criticisms. His present volume is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Greek historians; even though we think he has failed to do full justice to the greatest among them. We shall be delighted to meet him again on the neutral ground of lyric and dramatic poetry, as a commentator on Pindar and Æschylus and Aristophanes, possibly as the reviver of Korinna and Phrynichos, of Eupolis and Kratinos.

ART. IV.—HASHISH.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By J. F. W. Johnston. 1856. 8vo.

Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain; or, the Lands of the Saracen. By Bayard Taylor. London, 1855. 8vo.

Thèse pour le Doctorat en Médecine: Du Haschisch, son Histoire, ses Effets physiologiques et thérapeutiques. Par J. M. E. Berthault. Paris, 1854. 4to.

The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By J. Pereira. Fourth Edition. London, 1855. 8vo.

The Travels of Marco Polo. Edited by H. Murray. New York, 1845. 8vo.

Du Haschisch, et de l'Aliénation mentale. Par J. Moreau. Paris, 1845. 8vo.

GOETHE says,

“They are not shadows which produce a dream:
I know they are eternal, for they *are*.”

The phenomena of the human mind, in transient and abnormal states, derive a startling interest from the reflection, that under certain conditions these states may possibly become normal and permanent. At all events, dreams, insanities, opium-visions, moments of poetic and religious ecstasy, and so forth, are revelations of the *capacity* of the soul for degrees of pain, bliss, and spiritual activity, which life in its ordinary course gives no conception of; and as such, these exaltations and perturbations of the spirit have a significance which no one, who is not wholly absorbed in secular interests, will be disposed to disregard. An apprehension of this significance has, with some nations, surrounded the madman with a divine awe; and has at all times, and with all people, produced a curiosity in the observation of such phenomena, which the ridicule of a material philosophy has not been able to subdue. There are few persons who have not received, in dreams, in moments of religious contemplation, or during some

passing gust of unaccountable emotion, such revelations of what they are capable of, for good or evil, as, if they are wise, will be treasured up in their memory as the pearls of their experience. But the higher or deeper these revelations are, the more difficult does it become to retain any effectual impression of them. The poet says of such experiences :

“ What’s that, which, ere I ask’d, was gone—
 So joyful and intense a spark,
 That, whilst o’er head the wonder shone,
 The day, before but dull, grew dark ?
 I do not know ; but this I know,
 That, had the splendour liv’d a year,
 The truth that I some heavenly show
 Did see could not be now more clear.
 This know I too : might mortal breath
 Express the passion then inspired,
 Evil would die a natural death,
 And nothing transient be desired ;
 And error from the world would pass,
 And leave the senses pure and strong
 As sunbeams. But the best, alas,
 Has neither memory nor tongue.”

Very nearly resembling these, for the most part unaccountable and indescribable moods of the spirit, are the states of mind which are sometimes produced in persons of highly intellectual and imaginative constitution, like Coleridge and De Quincey, by the use of narcotics. The states so produced seem generally to have been of a lower, and therefore more communicable, nature than those which arise involuntarily; and we have several brilliantly written records of the “happiness which may be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket; the portable ecstasies that may be had corked-up in a pint bottle; and the peace of mind that can be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach.” The interest attaching to these states, though inferior, is, however, of the same class and kind; and no one can read the accounts of Coleridge, De Quincey, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Madden, Dr. Moreau, M. Berthault, and others, without an increased sense of the mysteries and capabilities of his spiritual being.

The temperament which is susceptible of exaltation by narcotics into a rapturous or vision-beholding condition, seems happily to be rare in northern climates. A predisposing warmth and activity of imagination—a common quality with eastern races, but a rare one with us—is absolutely necessary to enable a man to become an “opium-eater” to any purpose. The ordinary effect of the more powerful narcotics upon an Englishman, when they do not make him simply very ill, “is,” says Dr. Christison, in his *Treatise on Poisons*, “merely to remove torpor and sluggishness, and to make him, in the eyes of his friends, an

active and conversable man." The reaction of narcotics upon the nerves, when largely used, is, however, so immediate and disagreeable a penalty, that the English are in no danger whatever of becoming a nation of opium or hashish debauchees; and we feel no compunction in placing before them an account of some of those exceptional cases in which the results have been sufficiently delightful to constitute a temptation to one of the most ruinous species of debauchery.

The statistics of narcotics, and the phenomena attending the use of them in the climates to which they seem to be more particularly suited, deserve more attention as an element of "general knowledge" than they have received. Those who would be fully informed upon the subject, will find it very well treated of in Nos. 8 and 9 of Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*. The five great narcotics, which are articles of national consumption in one part of the world or another, are—tobacco, opium, hemp, betel, and coca. Tobacco is the one universal narcotic; the others are consumed by the human race in the following proportions: opium by four hundred millions, hemp (*i. e.* hashish) by between two and three hundred millions, betel by one hundred millions, and coca by ten millions. Besides these, Siberia has its narcotic fungus; the Polynesian Islands their ava; New Granada and the Himalayas their thorn-apples; the Florida Indians their emetic-holly; Northern Europe and America their ledums and sweet gale, &c. "No nation so ancient," says Johnston, "but has had its narcotic soother from the most distant times; none so remote or isolated, but has found within its own borders a pain-allayer and narcotic care-dispeller. . . . No other crops, except corn, and perhaps cotton, represent more commercial capital, or are the subjects of a more extended and unflinching traffic, and the source of more commercial wealth."

Besides the various effects which are common to all the principal narcotics, each has characteristics of its own. Hashish produces real catalepsy, and exaggerates rather than perverts the reports of the senses as to external objects; the thorn-apple, on the other hand, causes truly spectral illusions, and enables the Indian to converse with the spirits of his ancestors. The Siberian fungus gives insensibility to pain without interfering with consciousness. The common puff-ball stops all muscular action, but leaves the perceptive powers untouched. *Cocculus indicus* makes the body drunk, without affecting the mind. Coca has the wonderful power of sustaining muscular strength in the absence of food, and of preventing the wasting of the tissues of the body during the greatest and most prolonged exertion. The effects of the different narcotics are not only peculiar, but often opposed. Opium and hashish, common in many of their effects,

are opposite in this, that the former diminishes sensibility to external impressions, whereas the latter almost infinitely increases it. Betel is even an antidote to opium, as tea is to alcohol. Tobacco suspends mental activity; opium and hashish increase it a thousand-fold.

Psychologically, opium and hashish are by far the most interesting of the narcotics; and of these two, hashish, though the less known, indubitably bears the palm. They have, however, many qualities in common. We seem to be reading of the Eastern "hashishins" in Lord Macartney's description of the Japanese opium-eaters. "They acquire an artificial courage; and when suffering from misfortune and disappointment, they not only stab the objects of their hate, but sally forth to attack in like manner every person they meet, till self-preservation renders it necessary to destroy them." The term "running a-muck" is said to be derived from the cry, "Amok, amok!" meaning "Kill, kill," with which they accompany their fantastic crusade. On one occasion a Japanese was "running a-muck" in Batavia, and "had killed several people, when he was met by a soldier, who ran him through with his pike. But such was the desperation of the infuriated man, that he pressed himself forward on the pike, until he got near enough to stab his adversary with a dagger, when both expired together." While such is not uncommonly the effect of opium, as of hashish, in the East and in tropical climates, the ordinary influence of both these drugs in northern countries is described by De Quincey in the contrast he draws between the effects of opium and alcohol: "Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it: wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive; and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health." Dr. Madden's description of his feelings under the influence of opium exactly corresponds to the effect of a dose of hashish just insufficient to produce the *fantasia*: "My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked at seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure. . . . In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible

agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. . . . The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated, that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day." When, however, hashish is taken in large doses, it produces effects more extraordinary than those of any other drug of its class; and, as being the most singular and the least known of the narcotics, it deserves a special notice.

The narcotic principle of hemp is very imperfectly developed in northern climates, although the plant rivals wheat and the potato in its power of self-adaptation to almost every soil and temperature. The narcotic quality resides in the sap; it is a resin. The odour of a hemp-field, and the giddiness and headache which attack persons remaining long in it, prove the existence of this resin in the northern plant; but it is only in the East that it exists in such quantities as to render its extraction practicable. In India, Persia, and Egypt, however, the resin spontaneously exudes from all parts of the herb in sufficient quantities to be gathered by the hand. In Central India men with leather aprons rush about among the hemp-plants, which deposit their balsam upon that primitive garment. This even is dispensed with sometimes, and the Coolies receive the precious gum upon their naked skins. The "*churrus*" of Herat, which is one of the most powerful species of the narcotic, is obtained by pressing the hemp in cloths. The resin is not always separated from its parent plant, which is in some places gathered when in flower, dried, and sold in bundles. In this state it is the *gunjah* of Calcutta. The larger leaves and seed-pods are denominated *bang*. The tops and tender shoots, and the pistils of the flowers, are *hashish par excellence*; and this is the form in which it is usually smoked. The name *hashish* also belongs to an extract from the *gunjah*, obtained by boiling it with butter. The *gunjah*,—that is to say, the entire plant,—when boiled in alcohol, yields as much as one-fifth of its weight of pure resin. In the East the hashish is made up into various kinds of sweet-meats.

In one form or another, hashish seems to have been known to Eastern nations from very early times. The following is the passage of Herodotus which is alluded to by most of those who have written about the resin of hemp:

"They who have been engaged in the performance of these [funeral] rites [of the Scythians], afterwards use the following mode of purgation. After thoroughly washing the head, and then drying it, they do thus with regard to the body: they place in the ground three stakes inclining towards each other; round these they bind pieces of wool as thickly

as possible ; and finally, into the space betwixt the stakes they throw red-hot stones. They have among them a species of hemp resembling flax, except that it is both thicker and larger. . . . The Scythians take the seed of this hemp ; and placing it beneath the woollen fleeces, . . . they throw it upon the red-hot stones, when immediately a perfumed vapour ascends stronger than from any Grecian stove. This to the Scythians is in the place of a bath ; and it excites from them cries of exultation."

Dioscorides and Galen allude to certain properties of hemp as a pain-allayer. M. Virey has endeavoured to show that the

"Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,"

must have been no other than hashish. This drug seems always to have been known to the Egyptians ; who of old argued, according to Diodorus Siculus, that Homer must have lived in their country, from his possession of the secret known to the women of Egyptian Thebes. Pliny mentions hemp as adverse to virile power. In the *Arabian Nights* hashish is mentioned under the name of *beng*. But the chief historical interest of the drug is in connection with the strange and formidable sect of the Ishmaelites, who, in the time of the Crusades, spread throughout and beyond the Mussulman world a terror out of all proportion to their numbers. By means of this narcotic, the chief of the sect, the "Old Man of the Mountain," obtained over his followers an influence more absolute than has ever, before or since, been possessed by one man over others. Henry Count of Champagne visited the leader of the sect, who took him to the top of a high tower, on the battlements of which were stationed men in white robes. "I doubt," said the Old Man, "whether you have any subjects so obedient as mine;" and, making a sign to two of the sentinels upon the tower, they precipitated themselves from it, and were dashed to pieces. Summoned by the envoy of a powerful enemy to submit, the sheik called a soldier, and ordered him to kill himself, which he forthwith did. "Tell your master," said the Ishmaelite, "that I have sixty thousand men who would do the same." Marco Polo's romantic and picturesque account of the discipline by which this terrible sect of the "Assassins" was created and maintained seems to be true in its main features :

"You shall hear all about the Old Man of the Mountain, as I Marco Polo heard related by many persons. He was called in their language Alaodin ; and had caused to be formed in a valley between two mountains the largest and most beautiful garden that ever was seen. There grew all the finest fruits in the world ; and it was adorned with the most beautiful houses and palaces, the interior being richly

gilded, and furnished with finely-coloured pictures of birds and beasts, and the most striking objects. It contained several conduits, through which flowed water, wine, honey, and milk. Here were ladies and damsels, unequalled in beauty and the skill with which they sang and played on instruments of every description. Now the Old Man made his people believe that this garden was Paradise; and he formed it there because Mohammed had given the Saracens to believe that those who went into that place would meet great numbers of beautiful women, and find rivers of water; wine, milk, and honey: hence the visitors were led to think that this was really Paradise. Into this garden he admitted no man, except those whom he wished to make Assassins. The entry to the spot was commanded by a castle so strong, that he did not fear any power in the world. He kept in his court all the youths of the country between twelve and twenty years of age; and when he thought proper, selected a number who had been well instructed in the description of Paradise. He gave them a beverage which threw them into a deep sleep, then carried them into the garden and made them be awakened. When any one of them opened his eyes, saw this delightful spot, and heard the delicious music and songs, he really believed himself in the state of blessedness. When again, however, he was asleep, he was brought out into the castle; when he awoke in great wonder, and felt deep regret at having left that delightful abode. He then went humbly to the Old Man, worshipping him as a prophet. . . . The chief then named to him a great lord whom he wished him to kill. The youth cheerfully obeyed; and if in the act he was taken and put to death, he suffered with exultation, believing that he was to go into the happy place. . . . Thus scarcely any one could escape being slain, when the Old Man of the Mountain desired it."

Marco Polo's account is corroborated by Arabian writers; and the historian Von Hanmer does not dispute its probable veracity. Sylvestre de Sacy has demonstrated that the word 'assassin' is a corruption of *hashishin*, and has provided us with much curious information on the subject of hashish. The following account of the discovery of the herb—or rather one of its discoveries, for we have seen that it was known to the ancients—is taken by M. Sylvestre de Sacy from the Arabic:

"In the year 658 [of the Hegira], I asked the Scheik Djafar Schirazi, the son of Mohammed, and monk of the order of Haïder, how the properties of this drug came to be discovered; and how, after being confined to the Fakirs, its use became general. This was his answer: 'Haïder, the chief of all the scheiks, practised many exercises of devotion and mortification. He took but little nourishment, carried his detachment from every thing belonging to the world to a surprising extreme, and was of the most extraordinary piety. . . . He himself lived alone in a corner of his convent, and there passed more than ten years without going out or seeing any one but myself. One very hot day the scheik went out alone into the country; and when he returned, we remarked an air of joy and cheerfulness on his countenance

very different from its usual appearance. He allowed his Fakir companions to visit him, and began conversing with them. When we saw the scheik thus humanised. . . . we asked him the cause of so surprising a circumstance. . . . He replied, . . . "I noticed that every plant was in a state of perfect calm, without experiencing the least agitation, by reason of the extreme heat, and the absence of the slightest breath of wind; but, passing by a certain plant, I observed that it waved gracefully with a gentle swaying, as if inebriated by the fumes of wine. I began plucking the leaves of this plant and eating them; and they have produced in me the gaiety you have noticed." "

The poet Mohammed Dimaschki, the son of Ali, also attributes the discovery to the Sheik Haider, in an ode of which these are specimen passages:

"Leave wine, and take instead the cup of Haïder, which exhales the smell of amber. Never has wine evoked the delight which is produced by this beneficent cup: close your ears, then, to the madman who would dissuade you from the draught. . . . Never has the priest of a Christian sacrifice mingled the juice of it in his profane goblet."

Another poet, Ahmed Halebi, likewise attributes the discovery to Haïder; and celebrates particularly one of the properties for which the herb is famous in the East, in verses which M. S. de Sacy thus renders into French:

"Telle jeune beauté a la taille légère, que j'avais toujours vue prête à prendre la fuite, dont jamais le visage ne s'était offert à mes regards qu'avec les traits farouches d'une fierté cruelle.

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour avec un visage riant, une humeur douce et facile, et toutes les grâces d'une société pleine de douceur et de charmes.

. Je lui ai témoigné ma reconnaissance de ce qu'à tant de rebuts avait enfin succédé un accueil favorable.

Tu n'en es pas redevable, m'a-t-elle répondu, au caractère que j'ai reçu de la nature. Rends grâces à celui qui t'a concilié mes faveurs, au vin de l'indigent:

C'est le haschisch, l'herbe de la joie . . .

Veux-tu te rendre maître à la chasse d'une jeune et timide gazelle? aie soin qu'elle paise le feuillage du chauvre."

As a set-off against the praises of hashish by the Arabic poets, let us hear what an Arabic physician says: "Let us turn aside from the erroneous paths of men. The truth is, that there is nothing more injurious to the human constitution than this herb." Alaeddin, son of Nefis, also bears witness: "I have had ample experience; and I have seen that the use of this drug produces low inclinations, and debases the soul. The faculties of those who take it are degraded more and more; so that at last, so to say, they have none of the attributes of humanity left." Makrizi (translated by M. de Sacy) tells us, that for a long

period it was considered disgraceful to eat hashish ; and that laws were made against the use of it, one of which was, that the offender should have all his teeth extracted. " But at last, in the year 815, this cursed drug began to be publicly used, . . . and the most refined persons were not ashamed of making presents of it to one another. The consequence was, that vileness of sentiment and manners became general ; shame and modesty vanished from among men ; they learned to boast of their vices ; and nothing of manhood remained but the form."

Let us now set before our readers such authentic personal experiences as we have been able to collect from books and otherwise. These accounts of the " pleasures of hashish " carry their antidote with them ; and few, we imagine, will be disposed to become " assassins " under penalties so unpleasant as we shall set before them.

M. Moreau, who has gone more fully into the subject of the effects of hashish upon the human system than any other writer, concludes that there is not only an analogy, but an identity, between the mental conditions of insanity and *fantasia* produced by this narcotic. Even the general exhilaration, which is the result of a moderate dose of hashish, closely resembles that which is very frequently the precursor of a paroxysm of madness. This exhilaration is thus described by M. Moreau :

" It is real *happiness* which is produced by hashish ; an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual, as might be imagined. . . . For the hashish-eater is happy, not like the gourmand, or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in the gratification of his desires ; but like one who hears news that fill him with joy, or like the miser counting his stores, or the successful gambler, or the ambitious man in the moment of attainment."

In a more advanced stage of the intoxication

" We become the sport of impressions of every kind. The course of our ideas may be broken by the slightest cause. We are turned, so to speak, by every wind. By a word or a gesture, our thoughts may be successively directed to a multitude of different subjects with a rapidity and lucidity truly marvellous. The mind becomes possessed with a feeling of pride corresponding to the exaltation of its faculties. Those who make use of hashish in the East, when they wish to give themselves up to the *fantasia*, withdraw themselves carefully from every thing that could give a melancholy direction to their delirium. They take all the means which the dissolute manners of the East place at their disposal ; . . . and they find themselves almost transported to the Paradise of the Prophet."

Under the influence of hashish, M. Moreau has frequently found distance immensely exaggerated, every thing appearing to

the eye as it does through the wrong end of an opera-glass. Such are frequently the illusions of true insanity. But in nothing are the hashish-visions and lunacy so curiously identified as in the consciousness and partial power of will which commonly characterises both. For a time the power of hashish may be yielded to or not, at the choice of the will ; and it is only in extreme intoxication that the visions are wholly uncontrollable. "The marked correspondence," says a writer in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, "between the phenomena of insanity and those which are induced by the introduction of such substances into the blood, must not be overlooked in any attempt to arrive at the true pathology of the former condition, or to bring it within the domain of the therapeutic art."

M. Berthault, in his *Thesis for the Doctor's Degree*, gives the best summary of the physical and psychical effects of hashish which we have met with ; he also adds some interesting experiences of his own as to the *fantasia*. One day he had swallowed a large dose ; and while under the effect of it, the band of a regiment of dragoons suddenly began to play beneath his windows. Never, he tells us, had he known what music was till then. His perceptive powers were so much intensified, that he became able to distinguish the part taken by each instrument in the band as well as the best leader of an orchestra could have done. He experienced, in a remarkable degree, that extraordinary *materialisation* of ideas, which seems to be one of the most constant effects of the drug when taken in large quantities. The elements of the harmonies heard by him assumed the form of ribbons of a thousand changing colours, intertwisting, waving, and knotting themselves in a manner apparently the most capricious : "un-twisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony," says Milton ; and what occurs to the poet as the best figure under which to represent his idea, with the hashish-eater assumes reality. The experience of Theodore Gautier, the artist, when under the effects of hashish, was curiously the converse of that of M. Berthault. Colours to him represented themselves as sounds, which produced very sensible vibrations and undulations of the air. M. Berthault's hallucination of the ribbons after a while changed ; but only to become more material and tangible. Each note became a flower ; and there were as many different kinds of flowers as notes ; and these formed wreaths and garlands, in which the harmony of the colours represented that of the sounds. The flowers soon gave place to precious stones of various kinds ; which rose in fountains, fell again in cascades, and streamed away in all directions. The next phase of the vision will at once suggest Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, which, our readers will remember, was written under a similar inspiration. The band began to play a

waltz: with the change of the measure the vision entirely changed; M. Berthault found himself in a multitude of saloons gorgeously decorated and illuminated. All these apartments merged into one, surmounted by an enormous dome, which was built of coloured crystals, and supported by a thousand columns. This dome dissolved, and beyond its vanishing walls appeared another far more glorious. This gave way to a third, more splendid still; and this again to a congeries of domes one upon the other, and each more gorgeous than any of its predecessors. At the same time there appeared the vision of an innumerable assemblage executing a frantic waltz, and rolling itself like a serpent from hall to hall.

From a great number of experiments made on himself and others, M. Berthault concludes that the most constant effect of hashish is a great exaggeration of the perceptions of the senses or the emotions of the mind, *whatever these may be* at the time. Sorrow, according to his experience, is not dissipated by hashish, as its eastern panegyrists say, but intensified. The slightest feeling of personal irritation or resentment becomes a deadly revenge; the gentlest affection is transformed to the most passionate love; ordinary fear is changed into overwhelming terror; courage to headlong rashness, and so forth. Of all means of illustrating the powers of hashish, there is nothing, he says, like music. He professes to have repeatedly witnessed persons carried through the most opposite conditions of mind, in a space of time incredibly short, by variations of music played to them during their hallucination. He further remarks, that persons in this condition can be *guided* in their visions by a looker-on; a condition reminding us strongly of that strange state of mind produced by the manipulations of the "electro-biologist." With the following curious extract we take our leave of M. Berthault:

"Plusieurs de mes amis m'ont raconté que dans les Dombes, à l'époque où l'on recolt le chanvre (hemp), les femmes chargées de cette besogne entrent parfois dans les accès de fureur, attaquent les passants, et, semblables à des Bacchantes, se livrent à des débauches; . . . elles emploient, dit-on, la violence contre ceux qui voudraient les résister; on les a même vues parfois se livrer à des actes d'une barbarie et d'une cruauté digne des temps anciens."

The following account we give from a private source. The friend who sends it to us is a man of highly nervous temperament:

"My experience of the effects of hashish is as follows. I have taken it six or seven times in the solid form, as pills, and about as many times as alcoholic extract. The latter seems to act more powerfully than the former, the quantities being alike. Five drops of the alcoholic extract, taken on a lump of sugar after tea, produce a very appreciable and

agreeable exhilaration, resembling, more than any thing else I know, the effect upon the spirits of the first real spring day in the year. The circulation of the blood seems to be increased, the beats of the heart become perceptible, and a peculiarly *genial* condition of moral and physical being is induced, which does not at all resemble the improved state of feeling that arises from the seasonable use of wine, tea, or coffee. I have taken five or ten drops every evening for several days, without any apparent reaction upon the nervous system. A dose of fifteen drops increased the pulsations of the heart so as to produce a feeling of anxiety and restlessness; though, taken five or six hours before going to bed, it kept me awake half the night, and when I went to sleep caused a succession of very vivid and distressing dreams. The following day my nerves were sensibly the worse; any sudden noise or movement startled and annoyed me, and I felt *blasé* and indisposed to exertion, mental or bodily. A similar dose on another occasion produced similar effects. I have twice tried to produce the *fantasia* by taking large doses, but have failed each time; and the effects upon my nerves have been so evidently injurious, that I have not thought it prudent to repeat the experiment with a larger quantity. On one occasion I swallowed five hashish-pills (each an ordinary dose); and went straight to bed, in order to avoid betraying the effects, which I expected would follow, to others. I experienced no exaltation or derangement of mind whatever, but found that my senses were rendered extraordinarily acute. The ticking of my watch sounded louder than that of a kitchen-clock; and the slight noises one hears at night, from changes of temperature in the timbers of the house, &c., were quite startling. The nearest approach to the hashish-visions I experienced was on looking at the picture of a lady, which hung near me; the countenance, to the best of my faculty of seeing, really did smile and laugh and vary its expression from moment to moment, and the figure became rounded and living and seemed to stir in its frame; and now and then the face, which was a very beautiful one, assumed a ghastly or ludicrous expression. After a while I put the light out, and tried to get to sleep; but could not, on account, as it seemed, of the strong palpitations of my heart. I had no true sleep the whole night; but only a condition of doze, disturbed by unpleasant and half-conscious dreams. The next day, and for two or three days after that, my nerves were miserably unstrung. I was incapable of thinking two consecutive thoughts; I was quite untouched by ordinary causes of interest and pleasure; my temper was irritable in the extreme, and altogether I felt as I had felt only once before, when several weeks of severe illness had prostrated my mental and physical strength, and left my nerves relaxed and incapable of any but disagreeable impressions. On another occasion I took a still larger dose, *i. e.* sixty drops of the alcoholic extract; but still failed to evoke the spirit of hashish. I experienced, indeed, something of that extraordinary exaggeration of the idea of time which most hashish-eaters have described: actions and movements which could not have occupied seconds, seemed to occupy minutes; but besides this nothing wonderful happened. The subsequent nervous effect,—I cannot call it reaction, when there had been so little action,—was as unpleasant as before; and

I can thoroughly comprehend how a course of hashish-eating must end in the degrading deterioration of the mental and moral character described by eastern travellers and others. The following day, in the presence of a very slight danger,—one which would not have in the least degree affected me at another time,—I felt cowed, incapable, and terrified. I have resolved not to repeat an experiment which has twice proved so disagreeable. As to the very small doses, they seem to be harmless and agreeable in their effect, under one condition, that while their action lasts, the mind and body remain inactive. Any exertion of thought, even so much as in writing a letter, destroys the agreeable effect, and changes it to a feeling of impatience and feverishness."

Mr. Bayard Taylor has placed on record the results of two experiments on the effects of hashish. The first was while he was in a boat upon the Nile. He took the narcotic in a mild form and moderate quantity, and describes his sensations as being "physically, of exquisite lightness and airiness; mentally, of a wonderfully keen perception of the ludicrous in the most simple and familiar objects." While the fit lasted, he was perfectly able to observe and reflect upon his feelings. "I noted with careful attention the fine sensations which spread through the whole tissue of my nervous fibre, each thrill helping to divest my frame of its earthly and material nature, until my substance appeared to me no grosser than the vapours of the atmosphere. The objects by which I was surrounded assumed a strange and whimsical expression. My pipe, the oars which my boatmen plied, the turban worn by the captain, the water-jars and culinary implements, became in themselves so inexpressibly absurd and comical, that I was provoked into a long fit of laughter. The hallucination died away as gradually as it came, leaving me overcome with a soft and pleasant drowsiness, from which I sank into a deep refreshing sleep." This experiment, Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us, only excited his curiosity, and prompted him for once to throw himself wholly under the influence of the drug. Being at Damascus with an English gentleman and his wife and a brother American, he determined upon a repetition of the narcotic dose in an intenser form; and the two other gentlemen of the party agreed to join him in the trial. A dragoman, on being commissioned to procure the drug, demanded, in the *lingua franca* of the East, whether he should purchase hashish "*per ridere, o per dormire*." "Oh, *per ridere*, of course," was the answer. It seems that it is the custom with the Syrians "to take a small portion immediately before the evening meal, as it is thus diffused through the stomach, and acts more gradually, as well as more gently, upon the system." The Englishman objected to Mr. Taylor's proposal to take it, following the Syrian example, at dinner; and it was agreed that it should be

in the evening, when the parties under its influence might be more in private, and retire, if they pleased, to their separate apartments. Not knowing the proper quantity to take, and finding that a teaspoonful of the preparation had no immediate effect, an additional dose was swallowed by each of the three, and its effect hastened by a cup of hot tea. It appeared afterwards, that they had taken at least six times the proper quantity. We have to thank this accident for by very much the most curious and amusing account we have read of the effects of this extraordinary drug :

“ I was seated alone nearly in the middle of the room, talking with my friends, who were lounging upon a sofa placed in a sort of alcove at the further end, when the same fine nervous thrill of which I have spoken suddenly shot through me. But this time it was accompanied by a burning sensation at the pit of the stomach ; and instead of growing upon me with the gradual pace of healthy slumber, and resolving me, as before, into air, it came with the intensity of a pang, and shot throbbing along the nerves to the extremities of my body. The sense of limitation, of the confinement of our senses within the bounds of our own flesh and blood, instantly fell away. The walls of my frame were burst outward and tumbled into ruin ; and, without thinking what form I wore,—losing sight even of all idea of form,—I felt that I existed throughout a vast extent of space. The blood, pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities ; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into seas of limpid ether, and the arch of my skull was broader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were the fathomless deeps of blue ; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together, and there shone the sun. It was—though I thought not of that at the time—like a revelation of the mystery of omnipresence. It is difficult to describe this sensation, or the rapidity with which it mastered me. In the state of mental exaltation in which I was then plunged, all sensations, as they rose, suggested more or less coherent images. They presented themselves to me in a double form : one physical, and therefore to a certain extent tangible ; the other spiritual, and revealing itself in a succession of splendid metaphors. The physical feeling of extended being was accompanied by the image of an exploding meteor, not subsiding into darkness, but continuing to shoot from its centre or nucleus—which corresponded to the burning spot at the pit of my stomach—incessant adumbrations (?) of light, that finally lost themselves in the infinity of space. . . . My curiosity was now in a way of being satisfied ; the spirit (demon shall I not rather say ?) of hashish had entire possession of me. I was cast upon this flood of his illusions, and drifted helplessly whithersoever they might choose to bear me. The thrills which ran through my nervous system became more rapid and fierce, accompanied by sensations that steeped my whole being in unutterable rapture. I was encompassed by a sea of light, through which played the pure harmonious colours that are born of

light. While endeavouring, in broken expressions, to describe my feelings to my friends, who sat looking upon me incredulously, not yet having been affected by the drug, I suddenly found myself at the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. The tapering courses of yellow limestone gleamed like gold in the sun; and the pile rose so high, that it seemed to lean for support upon the blue arch of the sky. I wished to ascend it; and the wish alone placed me immediately upon its apex. . . . I cast my eyes downward, and to my astonishment saw that it was built, not of limestone, but of huge square plugs of Cavendish tobacco. . . . I writhed in my chair in an agony of laughter, which was only relieved by the vision melting away like a dissolving view; till another and more wonderful vision arose. . . . I despair of representing its exceeding glory. I was moving over the desert, not upon the rocking dromedary, but seated in a barque made of mother-of-pearl, and studded with jewels of surpassing lustre. The sand was of grains of gold; the air was radiant, though no sun was to be seen; I inhaled the most delicious perfumes; and harmonies, such as Beethoven may have heard in dreams, but never wrote, floated around me. The atmosphere itself was light, odour, music; and each and all sublimated beyond any thing the sober senses are capable of receiving. Before me, for a thousand leagues, as it seemed, stretched a vista of rainbows. . . . By thousands and tens of thousands they flew past me, as my dazzling barge sped down the magnificent arcade. . . . I revelled in a sensuous elysium, which was perfect, because no sense was left ungratified. But, beyond all, my mind was filled with a boundless feeling of triumph. My journey was that of a conqueror, . . . victorious over the grandest as well as the subtlest forces of nature. The spirits of light, colour, odour, sound, and motion were my slaves; and I was master of the universe. . . . Those finer senses, which occupy a middle ground between our animal and intellectual appetites, were suddenly developed to a pitch beyond what I had ever dreamed, and gratified to the fullest extent of their preternatural capacity. Mahomet's paradise . . . would have been a poor and mean terminus for my arcade of rainbows. Yet in the character of this paradise, in the gorgeous fancies of the Arabian nights, in the glow and luxury of all oriental poetry, I now recognise more or less of the agency of hashish. The fullness of my rapture expanded the sense of time; and though the whole vision was probably not more than five minutes in passing, years seemed to have elapsed."

Hashish-eaters agree in this curious experience of the exaggeration of the idea of time. M. Moreau, an habitual swallower of this narcotic, states that one evening, in traversing the passage of the Opera under its influence, the time occupied in taking a few steps seemed to be hours, and the passage interminable. But to return to Mr. Taylor's visions:

"By and by the rainbows, the barque, &c. vanished; and, still bathed in light and perfume, I found myself in a land of green and flowery lawns. . . . The people who came from the hills, with bril-

liant garments that shone in the sun, besought me to give them the blessing of water. Their hands were full of branches of the coral-honeysuckle, in bloom. These I took; and breaking off the flowers one by one, set them in the earth. The slender trumpet-like tubes immediately became shafts of masonry; the lip of the flower changed into a circular mouth of rose-coloured marble; and the people lowered their pitchers, and drew them up again, filled to the brim and dripping with honey."

Strange to say, all the time these visions were going on, Mr. Taylor was perfectly conscious that he was seated in an apartment of Antonio's hotel in Damascus, and that his dreams were all simply the result of having taken hashish.

"Metaphysicians," he remarks, "say that the mind is incapable of performing two operations at the same time, and may attempt to explain this phenomenon by supposing a rapid and incessant vibration of the perceptions between the two states. This explanation, however, is not satisfactory to me; for not more clearly does a skilful musician with the same breath blow two distinct musical notes from a bugle than I was conscious of two distinct conditions of being in the same moment. Yet, singular as it may seem, neither conflicted with the other. My enjoyment of the visions was complete and absolute, and undisturbed by the faintest doubt of their reality; while, in some other chamber of my brain, Reason sat coolly watching them, and heaping the liveliest ridicule on their fantastic features."

It will occur to many of our readers, that the only phenomenon that resembles the above, in a normal mental state, is that of what is commonly and expressively called poetic inspiration, in which the most lively and passionate realisation of a series of events and images goes on simultaneously with the conscious exercise of the cold skill of the artistic intellect.

"The drug, which had been retarded in its operation on account of having been taken after a meal, now began to make itself more powerfully felt. The visions were more grotesque than ever, but less agreeable; and there was a painful tension throughout my nervous system. . . . I was a mass of transparent jelly, and a confectioner poured me into a twisted mould. I threw my chair aside, and writhed and tortured myself for some time to force my loose substance into the mould. At last, when I had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, it was lifted off, and another mould, of still more crooked and intricate shape, substituted. I have no doubt that the contortions through which I went to accomplish the end of my gelatinous destiny would have been extremely ludicrous to a spectator, but to me they were painful and disagreeable. The sober half of me went into fits of laughter over them. . . . I had laughed until my eyes overflowed profusely. Every drop that fell immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled upon the shop-board of a baker at Damascus. The more I laughed, the faster the loaves fell, until such a pile was raised

about the baker that I could hardly see the top of his head. 'The man will be suffocated,' I cried; 'but if he were to die, I cannot stop.' My perceptions now became more dim and confused. I felt that I was in the grasp of some giant force, and in the glimmering of my fading reason grew earnestly alarmed; for the terrible stress under which my frame laboured increased every minute. A fierce and furious heat radiated from my stomach throughout my system; my mouth and throat were as dry and hard as if made of brass; and my tongue, it seemed to me, was a bar of rusty iron."

In this condition Mr. Taylor remained for some time, deriving no alleviation from great draughts of water, "heaving sighs that seemed to shatter his whole being;" and yet, at this crisis of his insanity, he was fully able to remark that "there was a scream of the wildest laughter, and my countryman sprang upon the floor, exclaiming, 'Ye gods, I am a locomotive!'" This was his ruling hallucination; and for the space of two or three hours he continued to pace to and fro, with a measured stride, exhaling his breath in violent jets; and, when he spoke, dividing his words into syllables, each of which he brought out with a jerk; at the same time turning his hands at his sides, as if they were the cranks of imaginary wheels." The Englishman, on finding the drug begin to act, characteristically retired to his apartment, and could never be prevailed upon to relate the results. Midnight arrived, though every minute appeared centuries, and the terrific trance still continued:

"By this time I had passed through the paradise of hashish, and was plunged into its fiercest hell. . . . The excited blood rushed through my frame with a sound like the roaring of mighty waters. It was projected into my eyes until I could no longer see; it beat thickly in my ears; and so throbbed in my heart, that I feared the ribs would give way under its blows. I tore open my vest, placed my hand over the spot, and tried to count the pulsations; but there were two hearts; one beating at the rate of a thousand beats a minute, and the other with a slow dull motion. My throat, I thought, was filled to the brim with blood, and streams of blood were pouring from my ears. . . . I fled from the room, and walked over the flat terraced roof of the house. My body seemed to shrink and grow rigid, and my face to become wild, lean, and haggard. . . . Involuntarily I raised my hand to feel the leanness and sharpness of my face. O horror! the flesh had fallen from my bones, and it was a skeleton-head I carried on my shoulders. With one bound I sprang to the parapet, and looked down into the silent courtyard, then filled with the shadows thrown into it by the rising moon. Shall I cast myself down headlong? was the question I proposed to myself; but though the horror of the skeleton delusion was worse than the fear of death, there was an invisible hand at my breast which pushed me away from the brink. I made my way back to the room in a state of the keenest suffering. My companion

was still a locomotive, rushing to and fro, and jerking out his syllables with the disjointed accent peculiar to a steam-engine. His mouth had turned to brass, like mine, and his hand raised the pitcher to his lips in the attempt to moisten it; but, before he had taken a mouthful, set the pitcher down again with a yell of laughter, crying out, 'How can I take water into my boiler, while I am letting off steam?'

Mr. Taylor tells us that he was too far gone to fall into the absurdity of this. He felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into unutterable agony and despair. There was nothing resembling ordinary pain; but a distress, from tension of nerve, which could not be described, because unlike any previous experience, and which was far worse than any pain. The remnant of the will was gradually disappearing, without any corresponding diminution of consciousness; and a dreadful fear arose that what he was now suffering was real and permanent insanity. Indeed, it appears from a fact mentioned by Dr. Madden in his *Travels in Turkey, &c.*, that this fear was not so groundless as Mr. Taylor afterwards came to regard it. Dr. Madden assures us that out of thirteen male inmates of a Turkish madhouse, no fewer than four had gone mad from over-doses of hashish. The rest of this profoundly interesting and vividly-expressed description, which we have reluctantly abridged, must be given in Mr. Taylor's words:

"The thought of death, which also haunted me, was far less bitter than this dread. I knew that in the struggle which was going on in my frame, I was borne fearfully near the dark gulf; and the thought that, at such a time, both reason and will were leaving my brain, filled me with an agony, the depth and blackness of which I should vainly attempt to portray. I threw myself on my bed, the excited blood still roaring wildly in my ears, my heart throbbing with a force that seemed to be rapidly wearing away my life, my throat dry as a potsherd, and my stiffened tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth. My companion was approaching the same condition; but as the effect of the drug upon him had been less violent, so his stage of suffering was more clamorous. He cried out to me that he was dying, and reproached me vehemently because I lay there silent, motionless, and apparently careless of his danger. 'Why will he disturb me?' I thought. 'He thinks he is dying, but what is death to madness? Let him die; a thousand deaths were more easily borne than the pangs I suffer.' While I was sufficiently conscious to hear his exclamations, they only provoked my keen anger; but after a time, my senses became clouded, and I sank into a stupor. As near as I can judge, this must have been three o'clock in the morning, rather more than five hours after the hashish began to take effect. I lay thus all the following day and night, in a state of blank oblivion, broken only by a single wandering gleam of consciousness. I recollect hearing François' voice. He told me afterwards that I rose, attempted to dress myself, drank two cups of coffee, and then fell back into the

same death-like stupor ; but of all this I did not retain the least knowledge. On the morning of the second day, *after a sleep of thirty hours*, I awoke again to the world, with a system utterly prostrate and unstrung, and a brain clouded with the lingering images of my visions. I knew where I was, and what had happened to me ; but all that I saw still remained unreal and shadowy. There was no taste in what I ate, no refreshment in what I drank ; and it required a painful effort to comprehend what was said to me, and return a coherent answer. Will and reason had come back, but they still sat unsteadily on their thrones. My friend, who was much further advanced in his recovery, accompanied me to the adjoining bath, which I hoped would assist in restoring me. It was with great difficulty that I preserved the outward appearance of consciousness. In spite of myself, a veil now and then fell over my mind ; and after wandering for years, as it seemed, in some distant world, I awoke with a shock to find myself in the steamy halls of the bath, with a brown Syrian polishing my limbs. . . . A glass of very acid sherbet was presented to me ; and after drinking it, I experienced instant relief. Still the spell was not wholly broken, and for two or three days I continued subject to frequent involuntary fits of absence, which made me insensible for the time to all that was passing around me. I walked the streets of Damascus with a strange consciousness that I was in some other place at the same time, and with a constant effort to reunite my divided perceptions. Previous to the experiment, we had decided on making a bargain for the journey to Palmyra. . . . But all the charm which lay in the name of Palmyra, and the romantic interest of the trip, was gone. I was without courage and without energy, and nothing remained for me but to leave Damascus.

Yet, fearful as my rash experiment proved to me, I did not regret having made it. It revealed to me depths of rapture and of suffering which my natural faculties never could have sounded. It has taught me the majesty of human reason and of human will, even in the weakest ; and the awful peril of tampering with that which assails their integrity."

The action of hashish, like that of opium, is very different with different persons. We have heard of several attempts to excite the fantasia proving utter failures ; indeed, failure seems to be far more frequent than success. Probably the experience of M. de Sauley and his friends, recorded in his *Journey round the Dead Sea*, would be that of at least nine English, or French, hashish-eaters out of ten. "The experiment," says this traveller, "to which we had recourse for an amusement, proved so extremely disagreeable, that I may say with certainty that none of us is likely to wish to try it again. Hashish is an abominable poison, . . . which we had the folly to take in excessive doses one New-Year's day. We expected a delightful evening ; but were nearly killed through our imprudence. I, who had taken the largest dose, remained insensible for above twenty-four hours ;

after which I woke to find myself completely shattered in nerves, and subject to nervous spasms and incoherent dreams, which seemed to last hundreds of years."

It is to be observed, that almost all the foregoing experiments were made with doses far greater than are usually taken by habitual hashish-eaters in the East. According to Dr. O'Shaughnessy, half-a-grain is considered a sufficient quantity to be taken at a time in India. There is no proof that, when taken with moderation, and with the purpose only of causing the gentle exhilaration produced by a prudent use of wine or tea, the one would be more damaging than the others. The testimonies of Dr. Burnes, Dr. Macpherson, and Dr. Eatwell (quoted by Johnston), concerning the amount of effect produced by opium in countries where it is habitually taken, might probably stand good for hashish also. Dr. Burnes, long resident at the court of Scinde, writes, that "in general the natives do not suffer much from the use of opium. It does not seem to destroy the powers of the body, or to enervate the mind, to the degree that might be imagined." Dr. Macpherson observes of the Chinese, that "although the habit of smoking opium is universal among rich and poor, yet they are a powerful, muscular, and athletic people; and the lower orders more intelligent, and far superior in mental acquirements, to those of corresponding rank in our own country." Dr. Eatwell writes:

"The question to be determined is, not what are the effects of opium used in excess, but what are its effects on the moral and physical constitution of the mass of individuals who use it habitually, and in moderation, either as a stimulant to sustain the frame under fatigue, or as a restorative and sedative after labour, bodily or mental? Having passed three years in China, I can affirm thus far, that the effects of the abuse of the drug do not come very frequently under observation; and that when cases do occur, the habit is frequently found to have been induced by the presence of some painful chronic disease, to escape from the sufferings of which the patient has fled to this resource. . . . There are doubtless many who indulge in the habit to a pernicious extent, led by the same morbid influences which induce men to become drunkards in even the most civilised countries; but these cases do not, at all events, come before the public eye. As regards the effects of the habitual use of the drug on the mass of the people, I must affirm that no injurious results are visible. . . . I conclude, therefore, that proofs are wanting to show that the moderate use of opium produces more pernicious effects upon the constitution than the moderate use of spirituous liquors; whilst, at the same time, it is certain that the consequences of the former are less appalling in their effects upon the victim, and less disastrous to society at large, than the consequences of the abuse of the latter." *Pharmaceutical Journal*, vol. xi.

Hashish is now in considerable use as a medicament, under

the name of *Cannabis indica*; and its therapeutic application seems destined to be much extended, particularly in connection with nervous derangements, as its properties become better understood. Indeed, the above statements with reference to the comparative innocuousness of moderate opium-eating, and the facts, that hashish is habitually used by between two and three hundred millions, and that it is, if any thing, less injurious than opium, and much more generally palatable, suggest the possibility of its one day becoming an article of extensive consumption among us. Its effects, when moderately taken, greatly resemble those of tea; and it is a curious fact, that the effects of tea, in excessive strength, are not unlike those of hashish. Most persons have their nervous system unstrung and shattered for a time by excess in the beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," and such seems to be the effect on most persons of too much hashish; but furthermore, insensibility and hallucination are producible by tea as well as hashish. The friend who supplied us with his hashish-experiences also supplies us with the following account of the result of an excess in tea-drinking. The resemblance to some of the most peculiar effects of hashish in large doses will strike all who have read the foregoing pages :

"Being under an unusual stress of work, which demanded great activity of brain, I had recourse, as usual, to tea for excitement. For several days successively I took a basin of very strong tea four or five times a-day. One night, as I was sitting alone with my mother and writing, I felt a sudden dizziness overcome me immediately after a draught of tea stronger than any I had taken yet, and requested my mother to get me a glass of sherry from the sideboard. Consciousness of surrounding objects left me, and I fell into a dream, which I can only describe by saying that it was indescribably terrific. It seemed to last for ages, and I awoke with the horror of a soul which had been an eternity in hell. My mother was standing before me with the sherry. I asked her how long I had been insensible. She asked me what I meant; she had just returned with the sherry, not having been absent half-a-minute."

ART. V.—BEN JONSON.

Poetical Works of Ben Jonson. Edited by Robert Bell. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1856.

The Works of Ben Jonson. With Notes, &c. By W. Gifford, Esq. 1816.

THE American lady who insists upon merging the existence of Shakespeare in the philosophy of Bacon is not entirely without excuse for her infatuation. Shakespeare is an impalpable sort of being. Among the men of his own time, he shows like tradition does by the side of history. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon. Did he poach some deer? He went to London. Perhaps he was a link-boy; undoubtedly he was a player. He used to be witty at the Mermaid. He married a wife. He died, and is buried. He disliked the idea of his bones being disturbed, or somebody else disliked it for him. There is a bust of him; we wonder if it is like. He wrote a vast number of personal sonnets, which tell us nothing of his own life;—of many of the best of them we cannot say whether they are addressed to man or woman. We want to know how his name is spelled, and find he spelled it different ways himself. The most persevering bloodhounds of biography have been on his trail for a hundred years—every clue has been unravelled, every hint exhausted; and the result has been a few minute details which in every other case would have been considered unworthy the chronicling. Many ingenious suppositions have been vented; but the sum of the matter is, we know nothing about him. Of what the man himself was, “in his habit as he lived,” we can form no idea beyond a certain faint lustre about him of cheerful companionship and gentle equanimity. Of the sort of temperament and genius he must have possessed his works give us a sufficient idea; but as to the actual human character, as displayed in life, we are utterly in the dark. Far different is the case with Jonson. Shakespeare is the name of a number of plays. Ben Jonson is the name of a man in the flesh—a burly man, who wrote *The Fox* and *Drink to me only with thine eyes*.

It is of the very essence of the two men's genius that they should be thus distinguished. The one was like a mountain—large, strong, deep-rooted—which all the world's changes leave unmoved in its massive independence: the other was like the light—diffused, all-penetrating, setting forth all shapes, displaying all hues, a vesture of interpretation to the world;

really ever the same in itself, yet so adapting itself to every new condition as to seem to melt into the nature of things with which it comes in contact. The mountain fixes our attention on itself. By the light we see all things; but what it is itself, we neither see nor know. The one was Ajax, mighty in his strength; the other Proteus, powerful in his changes. Shakespeare lived in the world, and absorbed without effort all the knowledge that came across him; Jonson conquered knowledge by persevering and strenuous effort. He was learned and observant; Shakespeare was wise and penetrating. The one retires behind the screen of his works; the other thrusts forward his own individuality on every possible occasion—in prologues, in epilogues, in dialogues; he is his own critic, and his own approver; he is the hero of one of his own plays, and trumpets to the world his enmities and his friendships—his merits, his vices, his repentances, his wrongs, his sufferings, his needs, down to the very deformities of body that years bring with them—his stooping shoulders, his “mountain belly,” and his “hundreds of gray hairs.”

Yet, contrasted as he stands with the greatest genius of all times, Jonson justly claims something of a fellowship in greatness. He was a large man altogether, massive and somewhat unshapely both in mind and body; “solid but slow in his performances;” of a bold spirit and jovial temperament. His countenance, harsh and rugged—“rocky,” as he himself calls it—was the index of an intellect which, though not remarkable for depth either of insight or thought, was strong, aggressive, and capacious; and its stores, laboriously compiled, were in the grasp of a tenacious memory. Some men owe their preëminence to fineness of intellect and delicacy of organisation—characteristics not inconsistent with strength and pliancy, and which are the attributes of the highest genius; but there are others, who work out effects scarcely inferior by heavier blows with a blunter tool. The power of unremitting labour, the strength of unfailing self-reliance, the independence of callousness, are among the advantages such men possess. Jonson was a man of coarse fibre; so was Cromwell, so was Milton, so was Samuel Johnson, so was Clive, so, in a still greater degree, was Luther.

Jonson began life near the bottom; for though his grandfather was a gentleman and came from Carlisle, his father lost his estate by forfeiture under Queen Mary, and died early; and his mother married again in a lower rank. Her second husband was a bricklayer, and her son, after having been educated at Westminster School, was destined to his stepfather's craft. It is told he worked in the building of Lincoln's Inn,

with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. But he was of those men who shoulder their way through the world as a giant does through a crowd. He left his hod and trowel to serve in the army in Flanders; whence he soon returned to London, to throw himself on the support of a life of literary adventure. There he found means to prosecute his studies, and to live—precariously enough at first, no doubt—as a playwright, and probably partly also as an actor. From these humble beginnings, he raised himself to a higher social standing than any dramatic poet of his day. In King James's time he was a frequenter of the court, and tells us that for twenty years he had

“Eaten with the beauties and the wits
And braveries of court, and felt their fits
Of love and hate.”

His convivial talents were great, and no doubt recommended him not less than his learning and genius. He was intimate with many of the nobility; and though his connection with them probably partook in great measure of the relation of client to patron, there were some young men both of genius and noble birth—among whom he who was afterwards known as Lord Falkland may be instanced—who viewed him with affection and veneration as their literary father. The great writers of his time were his familiar associates. Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, Donne, and Beaumont ranked among his nearest friends; Selden loved him, and asked his judgment on his *Titles of Honour*; and he speaks of Lord Bacon as if he had personally known him. He was Master of Arts in both the Universities “by their favour, not his study.” Altogether it is clear that in his prime he stood in the very first rank of the men of letters of his day. If not the greatest, he was esteemed the most perfect play-writer of the time; but high as was his reputation, it was supported rather by the opinion of the judges than by the applause of the people. He insisted so strenuously and passionately that he was master of the true rules of art, and wrote nothing which was not excellent and admirable, if the hearers could but learn to understand, that the world in general seems to have been content to believe him rather than enter on the arduous task of contradicting him. Still the belief was rather a cold one. The learned critics admitted his plays to be miracles of art; but, with two or three exceptions, the people did not very much care to see them acted. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider how different his compositions were from all they had hitherto been accustomed to admire. He stood alone in his own times, as indeed he stands alone in the whole history of English literature.

The mass of the plays of his time were remarkable for their utter disregard of scenic proprieties: they made no regard of place and time. The French code of dramatic unities had not as yet been deduced from the ancient models. Each man, under the sole limitation of a few general rules of practice, followed the bent of his own taste, and the suggestions of his own knowledge. Plays consisted for the most part of alternating scenes of passion and humour, carelessly connected and huddled into some sort of plot, and mingled with dances and scenic display to catch the eyes of the spectators. Shakespeare was by nature a law unto himself; his plays are symmetrical and harmonious not from study or the observance of ascertained rules, but from the insensible moulding of a genius whose native sense of symmetry and harmony transcended all that art had hitherto attained to. But setting Shakespeare aside, nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the headlong conduct and distorted proportion of the minor Elizabethan plays. Exceptions there are, no doubt; but we are speaking of the broad features which distinguished them. As we have said, to express passion is their aim; and passion has received at their hands a more vivid, natural, and often terrible utterance, than from any other literature. Its milder and every-day manifestations have been recorded in the language of tenderness and beauty; and its wildest vagaries, its profoundest horrors, its most fierce and its most unnatural delinquencies, have been dragged from their native darkness and thrust naked upon the scene. The poetry of these plays shines in fitful gleams of splendour; human nature is at times laid bare by some strange and startling revelation of masterly insight, and at times burlesqued by some ridiculous caricature; the humour, much of which is lost upon us, often degenerates into the purest folly and buffoonery. In the midst of the men rioting in this unrestrained liberty appeared Jonson, with an intellect naturally orderly, and trained by a long course of attentive and self-imposed study. Thoroughly conversant with the dramatic productions of the ancients, and the critical rules connected with them, he made them his models and his tests of excellence. But he was much too great to imitate them without discrimination. He adapted them in the most skilful manner to modern conditions, and shows himself at once deeply versed in the ancient forms and modes of expression, and thoroughly and personally acquainted with the manners of his own times. Instead of loosely linking scenes of passion, he makes it the glory of his art to build up well-proportioned plays, and to manifest skill and judgment in arrangement of scene, and choice of fable, action, and language. His plays may be said, with very

little exaggeration, to be absolutely destitute both of passion and feeling; but they contain powerful pictures of vice, and most witty pillorying of the prevailing absurdities in conduct and manners—the

“Folly and brainsick humours of the times.”

In the advertisement to the reader prefixed to *The Alchymist*, he sets forth very clearly, and somewhat more modestly than is his wont, the relation in which he conceives himself to stand towards his contemporaries :

“TO THE READER.

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that takest up, and but a Pretender, beware of what hands thou receivest thy commodity: for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cosened than in this age, in Poetry, especially in Plays: wherein, now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from Nature, and be afraid of her, is the only part of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, do I name art? When the professors are grown so obstinate contemnners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteemed the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the many, through their excellent vice of judgment. For they commend writers, as they do fencers or wrestlers; who, if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows; when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may sometime happen on something that is good and great, but very seldom; and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it: as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good to any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worst would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that, to gain the opinion of copy,* utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished; or scattered more numerous than composed.”

The new style did not at once gain favour; but Jonson was not the sort of man to have any hesitation where the fault lay. He was always “the first best judge in his own cause.” No man ever believed more implicitly in himself, or insisted

* i. e. *copia*,—to gain credit for fertility.

more pertinaciously that others should do so too. He extravagantly over-estimated the orderly, classical, sensible side of art, to which both his nature and his studies drew him; and being here clearly unapproached, he measured his relations to other men by his own rule, and set himself far above them. He was wont in his pleasant hours to call himself "the poet." He told Drummond "he was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin than all the poets in England, and quintessence their brains." So far was he from submitting his plays to the judgment of the public, that he exactly reversed the process, and regarded an unhesitating approbation of what he had written as the test of intellect in his audience. A competent critic was one who praised him. If you did not like what he wrote, it was a proof you did not comprehend him, and were therefore not capable of judging him. To hiss him off the stage, was to be below the beasts in understanding. Censure did not humble him or affect him otherwise than as an irritation, because he had a genuine heartfelt contempt for the capacity of any person who thought he wrote amiss.

A few extracts from his prologues will show that we have not overstated his own self-estimate, or his scorn for popular criticism. In the prologue to *The Alchymist* he boldly asks for mere justice:

"Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours
We wish away, both for your sake and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire i' th' place
To th' author justice."

For the *Staple of News* (a very indifferent play) he makes a much bolder claim:

"Great noble wits, be good unto yourselves,
And make a difference 'twixt poetic elves
And poets; all that dabble in the ink,
And defile quills, are not those few can think,
Conceive, express, and steer the souls of men,
As with a rudder, round, thus, with their pen.
He must be one that can instruct your youth,
And keep your acme in the state of truth;
Must enterprise this work. Mark but his ways,
What flight he makes; how new; and then he says,
If that not like you that he sends to-night,
'Tis you have left to judge—not he to write."

Both the dedication to the Earl of Pembroke and the address prefixed to the tragedy of *Catiline* are worth quoting as specimens of the eye with which the author regarded his own work, and the temper in which he approached the public:

"MY LORD,—In so thick and dark an ignorance, as now almost covers the age, I crave leave to stand near your light, and by that to be

read. Posterity may pay your benefit the honour and thanks, when it shall know that you dare, in these jig-given times, to countenance a legitimate poem. I call it so against all noise of opinion; from whose crude and airy reports I appeal to the great and singular faculty of judgment in your lordship, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the first of this race, that ever I dedicated to any person; and had I not thought it the best, it should have been taught a less ambition. Now it approacheth your censure cheerfully, and with the same assurance that innocence would appear before a magistrate.

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN JONSON.

TO THE READER IN ORDINARY.

The Muses forbid that I should restrain your meddling, whom I see already busy with the title, and tricking over the leaves: it is your own. I departed with my right when I let it first abroad; and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me. Though you commend the two first acts, with the people, because they are the worst, and dislike the oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it at school, and understand them not yet: I shall find the way to forgive you. Be any thing you will be at your own charge. Would I had deserved but half so well of it in translation, as that ought to deserve of you in judgment, if you have any. I know you will pretend, whosoever you are, to have that, and more: but all pretensions are not just claims. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, the approbation but in a few; for the most commend out of affection, self-tickling, uneasiness, or imitation: but men judge only out of knowledge. That is the trying faculty: and to those works that will bear a judge, nothing is more dangerous than a foolish praise. You will say, I shall not have yours therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of censure. If I were not above such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me. But I leave you to your exercise. Begin.

TO THE READER EXTRAORDINARY.

You I would understand to be the better man, though places in court go otherwise: to you I submit myself and work. Farewell.

BEN JONSON."

Often he invents critics of his own to stand on the stage, and to rebuke and inform those in the body of the theatre. Thus in many of his plays he introduces a special set of personages, who appear in the intervals of the acts, and discuss what has gone before. These either wisely applaud, or are brought to condign ridicule for their censures. They form a sort of modern chorus, not uncommon in the plays of the time, and used generally for the explication of the story; but by Jonson devoted to his own vindication and glorification.

In *The Magnetic Lady* we have an "induction" continued in this manner through the play. The stage is occupied by Master *Probee* and Master *Damplay*, who are represented as a sort of delegates from the people, and are met by a boy of the house, who engages to stand for the poet, and tells the others he will venture the play, so they will undertake for the hearers "that they shall know a good play when they hear it, and will have the conscience and ingenuity [ingenuousness] beside to confess it." The poet, he says, "careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, is confident it shall super-please judicious spectators." The boy is learned in the forms of comedy, and a thorough-going advocate of the cause intrusted to him. When poor Master *Damplay*—who exists only to be confuted, and is created only for the humiliating confession that "the boy is shrewd and has him every where"—when he ignorantly objects to the first act, that there is "nothing done in it, or concluded," he is instantly extinguished by his young antagonist. "A fine piece of logic!" cries he; "do you look, Master *Damplay*, for conclusions in a protasis? I thought the law of comedy had reserved them to the catastrophe; and that the epitasis, as we are taught, and the catastasis, had been intervening parts to have been expected. But you would have it all come together, it seems; the clock should strike five at once with the acts." So the learned young gentleman goes on with his confutations of all adverse criticism. Master *Damplay*, in spite of his angry claim to take out his two-shillings admittance-money in censure, is contemptuously bidden to limit himself to so much, and not talk twenty-shillings worth; his ignorance is exposed, his remonstrances peremptorily silenced, and himself condemned to a miserable minority. "Good Master *Damplay*, be yourself still without a second; few here are of your opinion to-day, I hope; to-morrow I am sure there will be none, when they have ruminated this." So in *The Staple of News* we have gossips, Mirth, Tattle, Censure, and Expectation, "four gentlewomen ladylike attired," who appear in the same way, and are made to minister to the author's credit by the folly of their criticisms; and for this purpose they vent such a mass of dull old women's twaddle as must have tried the most patient audience, whatever their opinion of the play itself. At other times criticisms are interspersed in the body of the play, which, under a certain veil of generality, are in reality special vindications of the author's skill and judgment. He never believed he deserved censure; but his temper would not allow him to bear even undeserved strictures with equanimity. He chafes under any arraignment, however contemptible, and is goaded to fury by

the hooting of the despised and ignorant multitude. Neither the universal applause of his great plays, nor the well-merited condemnation of his bad ones, softened this impatience of spirit, which grew stronger as he grew older, and was strengthened probably by the remembrance of old successes, and the secret conviction that his powers were impaired. It is in his later plays more especially that he uses his prologues to anticipate judgment, and assert a scornful independence of the spectators in the theatre or the readers in private. As an angry opponent says,

" Calling us fools and rogues, unlettered men,
Poor narrow souls that cannot judge of Ben."

The arrogance of temper and impatience of control which display themselves in his writings, cast their shadow also over his private relations and personal character. In 1618, about the time of his greatest reputation, he made a journey to Scotland, walking the whole way there and back on foot. During his stay, he passed some days with Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet, who made a note of his conversations, which, long known in an abbreviated form, has of late years been discovered and published *in extenso*. It is certain that he made no very favourable impression on his Scotch entertainer. They seem to have parted, indeed, with mutual professions of friendship; and some letters passed between them, full of somewhat overdue protestations on Jonson's side, but cold and guarded enough on Drummond's; and their intimacy seems soon to have died out. Indeed, we can well understand how this huge roistering poet from London, in his wayworn shoes and slovenly garments,—for Jonson we know was no great student of appearances,—must have jarred on the nerves of the retired and musing sonneteer of Hawthornden. Moreover, Drummond's wine seems to have been good, and that was a temptation Jonson never could withstand, and in his cups he spoke the worse part of the *veritas* which was in him, as men's wont is; and worst of all, he criticised his host's poems in a curt and somewhat contemptuous manner, telling him they were all good, in a manner which showed he valued none of them at sixpence. So we have no doubt Drummond was heartily glad when his boisterous visitor, with his magisterial opinions, his boastings, his broad jests, his unruly temper, and his drunkenness, was fairly off the premises, and on his way back from Leith to Darnton (wherever that may be), in the same shoes he had brought with him. And when he was quite gone, the half Italian half canny Scotchman set down his private impressions of him in a few pithy words which have since come to day (though it does not appear he ever meant them

to do so), and have stuck like a barbed arrow in the rear of his departing guest ever since:

"He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing good but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done: he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself. For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and doings oft to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason; a general disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easy; but above all, he excelleth in a translation."

This is a harsh judgment. Still there can be no doubt it represents with a good deal of truth one side of Jonson's character; that, however, was the least estimable side, and Drummond not a very catholic judge. There is always this great fact in Jonson's favour, that he was best esteemed by the greatest men of his day, and that his friends were numerous and warm—at least in his best days; for he seems to have died lonely and neglected, his old associates having passed away with passed years, and with them his own powers of engaging new ones. Jonson thrust himself and his own opinions into his works, and may more fairly than most men be judged by them; and no one who reads them but must be struck, in spite of the snarling satire which defaces so many of them, with the presence of a uniform manliness and often nobleness of tone, a scorn of false pretensions to merit either in himself or others, a largeness and fullness of nature, and a spirit which did well and thoroughly what it thought fit should be done, and despised the pettinesses and frivolities of life. That he flattered egregiously, is not a matter of much moment, in times when flattery was a business, and as current a coin in intercourse with the great as our "Dear Sir," and "Yours very sincerely," are in our modern letters; and he often mingles too with his flattery a freer and higher tone of admonition than is common among his contemporaries. Such is to be found in the lines to Lady Digby's sons, and elsewhere; but nowhere in a juster, nobler strain than in the conclusion of the epistle to his friend Master Colby, to persuade him to the wars:

"Go, quit them all! And take along with thee
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds:

That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
 And never, but for doing wrong, be sorry ;
 That by commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
 Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st ;
 That fortune never make thee to complain,
 But what she gives, thou dar'st give her again ;
 That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
 Thou shrink or start not, but be always one :
 That thou think nothing great but what is good,
 And from that thought strive to be understood.
 So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
 Still precious with the odour of thy name.
 And last, blaspheme not : we did never hear
 Man thought the valianter 'cause he durst swear ;
 No more than we should think a lord had had
 More honour in him 'cause we've known him mad.
 These take ; and now, go seek thy peace in war—
 Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star."

The sentence, "For any religion, as being versed in both," which occurs in Drummond's estimate, refers to his having for some years professed the Catholic tenets, taking them "on trust" from a priest, as he himself says, while lying in prison on a charge of homicide. "After he was reconciled to the Church," he told Drummond, "and left off to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wine."

To be considered in connection with this description by Drummond, are the notes preserved of Jonson's actual conversation during his stay at Hawthornden. Brief and desultory as they are, they are full of interest. From them are derived our most authentic accounts of his early career, as furnished by himself. They afford also a very valuable and curious specimen of his table-talk, and an abstract of his criticisms on the men of his times. His "jests and apothegms" are mostly dull, and, to modern ears at least, pointless.* His criticisms are outspoken, and often splenetic enough ; but he gives good praise too, and it is not fair to judge him by these hasty censures. By nature it is clear enough he was jealous, and apt to take umbrage at small offences ; proud, and yet more vain than proud ; but when he sat down deliberately to record his judgment, his better nature and good sense prevailed. Something too hasty and violent he is both in censure and in praise ; yet, in an impartial observation of all he has left behind him, it cannot be denied that, on the whole, he is candid and generous in his appreciation of his contemporaries. It was the fashion at one time to represent him as the most

* The following may serve as a specimen of one of the best—jest and apothegm combined : "One who fired [lighted] a tobacco-pipe with a ballad, the next day having a sore head, swore he had a great singing in his head, and he thought it was the ballad. A poet should detest a ballad-maker."

brutal and malignant of men, and especially to denounce him as an envious caviller against the superior genius of Shakespeare. Gifford, who exalts Jonson as preposterously as Malone and others have depreciated him, disproved this calumny very effectively, and made, after his wont, many ferocious assaults on those who had set it on foot. Jonson himself always asserted most strongly the absence of all personality in his plays, and accused those who gave a personal direction to his satire of making "that a libel which he meant a play;" but it is clear he was not always so innocent and amiable as he claimed to be, and there are one or two expressions which may possibly have been meant as a gird at Shakespeare; yet these are very slight innuendoes at the worst, and Jonson has left no doubtful record both in verse and prose of the settled estimation in which he held his great contemporary. His praises of others are in many cases lavish, and not quite sincere. He himself complains of the custom of the day of furnishing men's books with panegyrical verses, characterising it as a

" Vicious humanity,
Than which there is not unto study a more
Pernicious enemy;"

and confesses that he has

" too oft preferred

Men past their terms, and praised some men too much."

But it is not difficult to discern when his heart goes with his pen; and if it does so any where, it is in his lines to Selden and in those to Shakespeare, which, though familiar enough to most readers, may be cited as one of the best specimens of these sort of verses, which occupy so large a space in Jonson's minor poems. He told Drummond that Shakespeare wanted art, and so he did in Jonson's narrow sense of the word; but when he came to write of him, the Muse whispered him the truth that Shakespeare needed no art beyond the reflection of his own harmonised mind in his poetry:

" Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun and woven so fit
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all. Thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare must enjoy a part:
 For though the Poet's matter nature be,
 His art must give it fashion, and that he,
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made as well as born.
 And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue; even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere,
 Advanced and made a constellation there.
 Shine forth, thou star of poets! and with rage
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night
 And despaired day, but for thy volume's light."

And in his Discoveries he speaks of him in a style which, if more guarded and critical than his verses, shows clearly that at least he was not disposed wilfully to underrate his friend:

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose to justify that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.' He replied: 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such-like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

Jonson was sudden and fierce in his resentments, both with hand and pen. In early life he killed an antagonist in a duel with swords, one Gabriel a player, and lay long in prison in consequence; and he told Drummond that he beat Marston, and

took his pistols from him. The verses on Inigo Jones, with whom he quarrelled after having been long a fellow-labourer in the *Court Masques*, are as scurrile railing as was ever vented, and his works contain abundant proof that he was neither nice nor sparing in invective. But his quarrels do not seem to have been long-lived. He was reconciled to both Dekker and Marston, his greatest literary foes; and he withdrew his attack on Inigo Jones in the fear of its injuring his own interests at court; a result, however, which he was not successful in warding off. His employment both in the court and in the city was withdrawn; and he seems to have spent some of the last years of his life in penury and misery, confined to his house in Westminster by painful and complicated disease. A brief ray of pity from the Earl of Newcastle and the king gilded his final hours. He died on the 6th of August 1637, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey, under his terse and well-known epitaph, "O rare Ben Jonson."

No question has ever been raised as to which are Jonson's masterpieces:

"The Fox, the Alchymist, and Silent Woman,
Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man."

These stand quite apart from all his other efforts,—from the freer but less matured and less characteristic efforts of his earlier years, such as *The Case is altered*, and *Every Man in his Humour*,—from his two great but unwieldy tragedies, and from his later comedies, marked by various degrees of decadence. The infinite superiority of these three as a class is apparent; but there has been some difference of opinion as to their relative excellence. For ourselves, we should feel disposed to reverse the order in which the popular distich above has arranged them. Gifford gave the palm to *The Alchymist*; but *The Fox* has always had a certain prescriptive claim to the first place. It perhaps displays in greater force than any other all the most marked peculiarities of its author's genius; but if it shine, as it unquestionably does, with his excellences, it bears at the same time more deeply than the other two the stamp of his defects. It is a vast effort of wit and invention; but the effort is too overt. It is planned with consummate art, and conducted with exquisite skill; but the rigorous conditions of art under which it is written are not sufficiently disguised. It wants breadth, grace, and freedom. We feel shut in by fences of conventional criticism and walls of learning. Jonson wanted, above all things, discursiveness and flexibility of imagination; and *The Fox* is far more narrow and rigid than either *The Silent Woman* or *The Alchymist*. The monotony of rhythm and mode of expression,

which gives a laboured and strained air to all his plays written in verse, and makes us ever sensible of an artificial atmosphere, is here more than usually prominent. The plays of Shakespeare spring like branching trees from the ground, and the fresh winds and sparkling light play through their foliage: but Jonson's are inner rooms, like the theatre in which they were to be acted; the air is heavy, and the lights are oil. In Shakespeare, every character has a separate language, and every play a separate cast of metre. In Jonson, the fools, the knaves, the scholars, the courtiers, the gentlemen, the women,—those who are most elevated, of whom there are few, and those who are most debased, of whom there are many,—all speak in the same set form, the same *style*, to borrow a word usually employed only of composition in writing. It is as if they had all learned to speak from one schoolmaster, with a very distinctive manner of his own. It is not that their language and ideas are indistinguishable,—it is not of this we are now speaking; but that there is a certain system of collocating words, a cast of utterance common to them all. It is the same sort of thing that strikes one in reading plays in a foreign language not perfectly familiar to us; the same which all, except the very greatest scholars, and perhaps they too, if they would confess it, feel in reading Aristophanes, or Plautus, or Terence. It arises in these cases mainly, no doubt, from a want of susceptibility to niceties of difference which do exist, if we could perceive them; but in Jonson these differences are in a great degree really absent. His familiarity with the classical drama, which, as we have said, must always seem to a modern more homogeneous in expression than it really is, no doubt tended to blind him to his own deficiency in this respect. He wants, indeed, all those minor arts of distinguishing his persons which suggest themselves intuitively to many inferior minds, and make indeed with them, part of the character conceived. But Jonson ran every thing through the filter of his own preconceived ideas of propriety of expression. You must read him very attentively to see how true and marked his distinctions really are; for though not deep, they are both marked and true, and in a hasty first perusal you may sometimes be confused as to who is speaking. But this is a blemish much more prominent in the closet than on the stage. A certain limitedness lies deep in the whole nature of Jonson. You cannot say absolutely his mind is a narrow one, in some respects it seems broad and comprehensive; but it is one of those minds with rigid palpable boundaries, within which you are always sensible of being confined. This is peculiarly true of his imagination; there is always a certain prisoned air about it.

Its highest characteristic is its great constructive power.

His best plots are strikingly good; clear, even when complex; well knit, skilfully developed. In many of them—as in *The Fox*, and still more in *The Silent Woman*—the *dénouement* lies absolutely hidden up to the very last scene, and is then made with singular sharpness and clearness; the knot seems cut by a razor rather than disentangled. The unities are observed with great but not slavish strictness; for Jonson, though an ardent admirer of the ancients, had nothing of the spirit of subservience either in his art or in his life. He departs as he sees occasion from the rules sanctioned by authority and ancient practice, and many of his plays are models of careful and ingenious construction. Each scene supports the next, every speech forwards the action; and the folds of the plot are complicated without confusion, and smoothed in the end without force. His constructive skill specially adapted him for writing masques; and in these the rich and varied scope afforded for scenic display, and the ingenuity and fertility of mind employed in the devices, contrast strongly with the poverty of the poetical part; for it is impossible to deny that Jonson's harvest of poetry is won from a land naturally poor in this direction, and enriched by high cultivation. His mind was powerful and energetic, and rich in the resources accumulated by a vast memory and an unflagging industry. He came to poetry as to a great and worthy task, and bending his faculties to it with all the force of which they were capable, he achieved great things; but his work bears the marks of his toil. Every stone in his stately and finished edifices is marked with the hammer. The special imagination of the poet—as distinguished from that which either conceives without creation, or uses other arts to interpret its creations—is an imagination inseparably bound up with language, possessed by the infinite beauty and the deepest subtlest meanings of words, skilled in their finest sympathies, powerful to make them yield a meaning which another could never have extracted from them. It is a faculty that no study can give, though it may of course strengthen it; it is to the poet what an eye for colours, and a power to combine them, is to the painter—what an ear for harmony is to the composer. It is of the essence of the poet's art, so that in the highest exercise of that art there is no such thing as the rendering of an idea in appropriate language; but the conception and the words in which it is conveyed are a simultaneous creation, and the idea springs forth full-grown in its panoply of radiant utterance. Hence the highest poetry *cannot* be translated. You may do two things: you may, as precisely as the two languages will admit, furnish the naked idea and the equivalent words; or you may write a new poem, completely mas-

tering the whole meaning and poetry of the original, and reproducing it in its true poetic form in your own language : but in neither case can you convey to one ignorant of the translated language precisely the same emotions and suggestions that would have been roused in him by a perusal of the original. You cannot sunder spirit and flesh. But Ben Jonson always wrote on the assumption that you could. It would be too much to say he *never* struck out at one flash a line or a phrase in which the expression was the solely appropriate and indissoluble garment of the meaning ; but such lines are most rare in him. In this respect,—and it is a most essential one,—he stands far below others of that great dramatic age who in many other respects—in judgment, in vigour, in art, in knowledge—must yield him due precedence ;—far below (to put Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Beaumont aside) Ford ; below Heywood, Marston, Middleton, and Webster ; far, far below Marlowe, and even Massinger, who, great as he is, is not among the first in the possession of the special poetic faculty. Jonson never forces language till it cracks with the strain imposed on it, in striving to convey something which language scarcely can convey. He never would have spoken of

“Heaven’s cherubim horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the wind.”

He thought that to make Cæsar say,

“Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,”*

was absolute nonsense ; and so it would be in any other man’s mouth ; but in Cæsar’s mouth, can any thing more fully express the sweeping self-centred ambition, the inordinate self-reliance of the mind, than this sort of assumption that a thing which from any other would be a wrong, or even in its own nature was so, yet, coming from him, the relations in which it stood were so mighty, so distinct from all others, as to be capable of giving it an impress of right ? Can any thing be conceived more imperious than the haughty claim which lies hidden in the words, that Cæsar’s needs had power to change the moral aspects of things ? This way of conveying meanings by suggestion rather than expression was intolerable to Jonson ; there is nothing he treats with more contempt than the absence of a specific meaning definitely expressed. His own

* This line is not to be found in Shakespeare’s printed works ; but Jonson’s stricture is pretty good evidence Shakespeare once used it. It is scarcely possible the only phrase at all like it now to be found in *Julius Cæsar*, could have been utterly misquoted by one whose memory was so good as Jonson’s. Probably he heard the line he quotes at the theatre ; and very possibly too it was altered on his remonstrance : for a poet may write what is good, and find himself unable to defend it.

style, both in verse and prose, is often harsh and cumbrous ; but he never wrote without knowing with exactness what he meant to say ; and though occasionally there may be some obscurity, from a pedantic or involved form of expression, there is a certain unmistakable meaning always there. For what he esteemed correctness, he thought no sacrifice too great. It was his habit to write his poetry by first setting down his ideas in prose, and then translating them into verse. It is impossible to believe he always followed this course, because he has written a little, though very little, genuine poetry ; but the mass of his writings very well bear out his statement to Drummond, that this was his mode of writing. He learned it, he said, from his master Camden. Jonson's language is copious, nervous, exact, discriminating, but it is very seldom felicitous ; and his metaphors, which are a part of the poet's language, run in the same track—they are very rarely indeed of the essence of his matter. His will enters largely into his imagination ; he gives it a narrow field, and compels it to exhaust it. Hence he seeks effect by the cumulation of ideas and epithets. His studied poetical outbursts, among which may be specially indicated the speeches of Volpone and Sir Epicure Mammon, are all in the nature of minute and highly worked description. This is work in which knowledge and learning tell. Hence, too, his comic genius is a genius of caricature and exaggeration. He takes a character or a situation, and confining himself strictly to it, exhausts with a wonderful skill and perseverance all the elements of satire and ridicule that can be found in it. Shakespeare is always playing on the edge of his subject, and pursuing it along the infinite threads which unite it with other things. Jonson is always concentrated on the very matter in hand, which he cuts off from its connections and considers apart, turns it round and inside out, and drains to the very dregs all its elements of humour.

"He hath consumed a whole night," so he told Drummond, "in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in his imagination." This is vastly characteristic. Observe the *point-d'appui* which he takes in his great toe, and how he deals with definite warriors about whom he knows something. Having this tangible groundwork, there is no limit to the changes he can ring, or the extremes his fancy can reconcile ; on that little space he can marshal his armies with varied adventures the whole night. There is something very remarkable in this patient occupation of the imagination with one theme, which is observable in all Jonson's writings. Out of how few and narrow elements is *The Fox* constructed. Volpone, a rich Vene-

tian, feigns sickness, and at last death; and he and his parasite Mosca play with the hopes of those who, building on being remembered in his will, visit him in his supposed last hours with costly presents. The *Hæredipetæ* are Voltore, Corvino, Corbaccio, the Vulture, the Crow, and the Raven; and though well distinguished, have all a close family relationship as birds of prey; and the whole comic gist of the play turns on the mode in which they debase themselves in their pursuit of the inheritance, and are beguiled and brought to shame. Celia and Bonario inspire us with no interest, and Sir Politick Would-be and his wife are mere excrescences, who weary us with their laborious display of far-fetched absurdities. The termination of the play is peculiar and characteristic. Jonson in many respects lived after the free ideas of his time; but his plays stand apart from those of most of his contemporaries, in the absence of that utter licentiousness not only of language but of idea, and that wilful disregard of all moral distinctions, which so often marks them. Jonson has not the purity of Shakespeare, he is often far from cleanly in his mirth; but his plays are generally arranged on the assumption of the existence of abiding moral truths, and the propriety of their observance. He is severe, if not to himself, at least to others; and in *The Fox* he feels no compunction in sentencing the witty Mosca, who has amused us so gaily through five acts, to finish his life in the galleys, and in committing the profuse magnificent Volpone to prison and irons. Indeed, judgment so justly and so sternly overtakes all the principal occupants of the scene, as to convince us that we have throughout been amused with things which are not the legitimate subjects of laughter. And Jonson often thus errs, in wringing his comedy out of the baser vices and out of degraded natures. This latter defect casts its stain over all the inexhaustible wit, exquisite comic humour, and laughable caricature of *The Alchymist*; one's gorge rises at being confined for five acts without relief to the society of such utter scoundrels, knaves, and fools as are here brought together. If all *Henry the Fourth* were made out of Dame Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, Poins, Bardolph, and Pistol, even with Sir John and the Prince to bear them through, we should tire of their society. But that is nothing to what we have here: there a certain airiness gives grace to the real wickedness,—it is not vice we see, but only the humorous side of vice: but in Jonson, the depravity itself is insisted upon; the coarse body of the thing is painted; its real native deformity not only undisguised, but elaborately set out; and human nature in its depths mocked with jests so cruel and heartless,—the redeeming elements of good yet there so remorselessly thrust out of

sight,—that the whole savours somewhat of dancing over a graveyard, and a certain savour of corruption and clank of dead bones mingles in the orgie.

Subtle, an old cheating alchymist and fortune-teller; Face, a cunning bold rogue; and Doll Common, whose name indicates her profession,—get possession of a house in London deserted on account of the plague, and confederate together to cheat all they can bring into their toils. Dapper, a lawyer's clerk, comes to them for a spirit to secure him luck at play; Drugger, a tobacco-man, wants charms to secure him custom; Sir Epicure Mammon, a nobler victim, is deluded into the conviction that he is on the point of grasping the philosopher's stone, and indulges in gorgeous dreams of luxury and magnificence; Tribulation Wholesome wants gold made for the uses of the fanatical brethren. The way in which these and others are tricked and made fools of by the confederates, and the infinite ingenuity with which the detection that seems constantly at hand is staved off, make the staple of the play; which ends in the general confusion and rout of all concerned, and the return of the surprised owner to his desecrated house.

Jonson is himself in his descriptions of alchemy; he seems, with his usual industry and love of exact reality, to have mastered the whole pretended science, as the first step towards destroying it by ridicule. His elaborate display of terms of art; his vivification, mortification, and cohobation; his *ultimum supplicium auri*, *lapis philosophicus*, and *lac virginis*; his lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, and heautarit, with a thousand others,—seem more wearisome to us than they did to hearers of his own time, when the false arts of gold-making and star-gazing were as much, or perhaps even more, in vogue than table-turning and spirit-rapping now are among ourselves. The whole thing is conducted with wonderful spirit, and must be still better on the stage than in the closet. The variety of comic situation; the mock-solemnity of Subtle; Face's imperturbable impudence, witty speech, and inexhaustible readiness of device, and the contrasted humours, vain hopes, and deserved disappointments of the various dupes,—make up a play which one can never sufficiently admire and laugh at, and which yet one can never entirely conquer one's repugnance for. It is like playing at mud-pies in the kennel on a magnificent scale.

The Silent Woman is far pleasanter; lighter, freer, more humane. Its being in prose, instead of Jonson's usual prosaic verse, gives it a great advantage. It is the prototype of such comedies as *She stoops to conquer*, or *The School for Scandal*, but on a scale far more massive and elaborate than any thing the later stage can show; and it probably exceeds in real comic

vis any English play except those of Shakespeare. *The Fox* and *Alchymist*, though the materials, of the latter at least, are purely English, have yet something in their cast and conduct which makes them read like Terence, a thousand times enriched and elaborated. *The Silent Woman*, on the contrary, though, curiously enough, founded on a hint from a Greek sophist, and full of classical quotations interwoven into the matter of it, is thoroughly modern and native. The scene is laid in London. Morose is an elderly gentleman with an insane susceptibility to noise. He has taken refuge from street outcries in a passage without thoroughfare, barricades his door with a feather-bed nailed outside, and admits the society of nobody but Cutbeard, a silent barber, and servants who answer him only by mute signs. He is on the look-out for a dumb wife, with the object of disinheriting his nephew Sir Eugenie Dauphine; who, on his side, has found a young lady in his interests, whom, with the confederacy of a friend and the silent barber, who is a traitor to his master, he proposes to pass off on his uncle. The conversation of the young gallants is easy, spirited, and witty, and gives us perhaps the best insight we have into the manners and intercourse of the young men of fashion of the day. These are contrasted with two ridiculous would-be leaders of *ton*,—Sir John Daw, who is a professed poet and man of learning, and an arrant gull, as his name indicates; and Sir Amorous La-Foole, a mass of fashionable affectation and shallowness, proud in his descent from the most ancient and widely-distributed family of the Fooles. We are introduced, too, to a college of fine ladies,—Haughty, Centaure, and Davis,—something like, and yet very different from, the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière. Sir John Daw is a professed servant of Dauphine's *protégée* the Silent Lady, and La-Foole has arranged a fine dinner at which she is to be introduced to the ladies of the college. Truewit, who is not at first in the plot of his friend Dauphine, hearing that Morose contemplates matrimony, thinks to do his friend a clever service; and in the disguise of a post, gains admittance to Morose's house, where, enforcing his admonition with the music of a large horn, he thunders into his ears an eloquent denunciation of marriage, and leaves the unfortunate old gentleman nearly dead. "Come, have me to my chamber," says he, in a state of melancholy prostration, when his tormentor leaves him; "but first shut the door." "O Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me; help me into my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel." Truewit boasts to Dauphine that he has effectually frightened his uncle out of matrimony, and is overwhelmed by the reproaches of his friend for having destroyed his cherished scheme. This is

interrupted by Cutbeard, who comes to say that all is for the best; for Morose is so enraged at the intrusion, which he supposes to have been managed by Dauphine, that he is determined to marry the Silent Lady that very day, and has sent Cutbeard for her and a parson. The Silent Woman's interview with Morose is admirable. He admires her beauty and modesty, his only difficulty is that she can scarcely be made to speak at all, and when she does, it is so low he has to make her say every thing twice over. She refers all things to his superior wisdom; and Morose is in an ecstasy of happiness at having found a partner who exceeds in reticence and taciturnity his fondest hopes, and he triumphs in anticipation over the disappointed expectations of his nephew. He, on his side, secure in the marriage, is determined to invade his uncle with the noisiest possible celebration of his nuptials. He and his friends arrange to divert La-Foole's grand party into Morose's house; and a certain Captain Otter, famous for his alternate servile submission to his wife in her presence, and his bold and passionate execration of her in her absence, and for his ridiculous humours in drinking from his three favourite cups, which he calls his bear, his bull, and his horse, is to be of the party. To give a further zest to the jest, and to accumulate horrors on the head of poor Morose, they hire all the musicians they can get, especially trumpets and drums. Cutbeard obeys his master's injunctions, and supplies him with a parson well suited to his humour; "one that has catched a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not picked, or his throat were full of pith:" and the next scene opens immediately after the performance of the ceremony which has united Morose and Epicene. There are few things in the whole range of the comic drama equal to this situation, when Morose finds, to his inexpressible consternation, that the lady to whom he has just been bound by indissoluble ties has a concealed tongue and temper of her own; and when, to add to his misery, he is invaded by the whole company of gentlemen, collegians, fools, and musicians. Fortunately part of it is decent enough to bear quotation.

"SCENE II.

A room in Morose's House.

Enter MOROSE, EPICENE, PARSON, and CUTBEARD.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. [*speaks as having a cold.*] I thank your worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says, *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse!—uh, uh, uh!

Mor. O, O! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cler. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be changed.

Cut. Cough again.

[*Aside to Parson.*

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. Uh, uh, uh!

Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it.—

[*Exit Cut. thrusting out the Par.*

Epi. Fie, master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, as you pretend in court, to have offered this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak, then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turned with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise mouth, and look upon you?

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

Enter MUTE.

Mor. What, sirrah! None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[*Mute makes signs.*

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern.

[*Exit Mute.*

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff.

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Where's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again? Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wish you all joy, mistress Epicene, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too!

True. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir?

True. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shows you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries."

He tells him the barber has betrayed him, and announces the arrival of company to felicitate him:

"*Mor.* Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters! my mouths, now?—

Enter Servants.

Bar up my doors, you varlets!

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barred of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation? [*Exeunt Ser.*

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!"

She forgets his hatred of noise in joining Truewit in overwhelming the barber with witty curses; but soon the crowd of visitors breaks in like a sea, and overwhelms him. Epicœne receives them with all the graces of a fine lady, welcomes them to the feast; and the scene ends in the ladies disputing for precedence with shrill voices, and a grand crash of trumpets and drums. The wretched Morose, after an ineffectual resistance, betakes himself to flight; and Dauphine thus describes his city of refuge:

"*Daup.* O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and locked himself up in the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peeped in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam of the roof, like him on the sadler's horse in Fleet-street, upright; and he will sleep there."

The action is now filled up for some time by the ridiculous humours of the lady collegians and the two foolish knights. The former are all betrayed into declarations of love for Dauphine by the skill of Truewit; and the latter are engaged in a preposterous quarrel, in which each separately betrays his craven spirit, and voluntarily submits to be beaten by the other; a composition of which the wits take the execution into their own hands by blindfolding the victims. Morose comes among them again, and is terribly tormented; his new wife affects to think him mad, and his misery culminates when he learns that she talks ten times worse in her sleep, and snores like a porpoise. All his hopes turn upon a divorce, and he is obliged to have recourse to his nephew and implore his assistance. He goes, indeed, himself to the lawyers; but makes nothing of it. There is such a noise in the court of wrangling lawyers, that he says "the riot at home is a sort of calm midnight to it." Hence he grasps eagerly at a suggestion of True-

wit's, who engages to provide him with two learned doctors, who shall discuss the matter quietly in a chamber for him, and satisfy him what hopes he may entertain of getting rid of his incubus of a talking wife. The confederates dress-up Otter as a divine, and Cutbeard as a canon-lawyer; and the two argue the whole question of the grounds of divorce with unparalleled humour and an utter disregard of decency; they cavil and dispute over every one of their twelve *impedimenta*, with a profusion of Latin terms of wit, and with warming temper and rising voices. Each hoped-for impediment is in turn disposed of as inapplicable to the case in hand. Daw and La-Foole, who plume themselves on a reputation for irresistibility with women, are seduced by the wits to boast of the favours of Epicene; but even this brings no relief to Morose. His nephew at last asks him what he shall deserve, if he shall free him absolutely and for ever from his unhappy condition; and Morose, though incredulous of his ability, eagerly agrees to give him an allowance for life, and leave him all his property; and in spite of the eager protestations and lamentations of Epicene, he signs deeds to this effect: and then comes the sudden catastrophe:

"*Mor.* Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before [heaven] I will not take the advantage.

[Returns the writings.]

Daup. Then here is your release, sir. [*Takes off Epicene's peruke and other disguises.*] You have married a boy, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you.—What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum*, I hope, *error personæ*?

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu*.

Cut. *In primo gradu.*"

And with this discovery, which comes in its startling suddenness, not only on the spectators, but on all the actors, even the confederates of Dauphine, the play briefly winds up. It is perhaps the best unravelling of a plot that has ever been invented; it is like the pulling of a single thread which loosens and betrays all the structure of a complex web. And the play is worthy of the plot; it is one of the few of Jonson's in which we seem to be associating with real living people; and Dryden said truly of it, that "there is more wit and acuteness of fancy in it than in any of Ben Jonson's." It does not carry much of praise to modern ears, to say that the time occupied by the events of the play is not longer than that in which they are played, that the continuity of scenes is almost unbroken, and the change of scene restricted to the narrowest limits; but it is real praise to say that, whatever may be the advantages of

such an arrangement, it is here obtained without the least sacrifice of ease or richness.

We have no space to discuss the less famous comedies of our author, though many of them would afford ground for special criticism. They have all one distinction common to them, which Jonson himself admits, and which has been patent to all his readers. They deal not with men so much as with what he calls "humours" of men. Every character is selected for some special humour, and his situations and actions are all arranged so as to show this humour off. In the *Poetaster*, he makes his opponent describe himself (Jonson) as "a mere sponge; nothing but humours and observation: he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again;" and the description is in the main a true one. Aubrey says he gathered humours of men daily wherever he went. In his earlier plays, such as *The Case is altered* and *Every Man in his Humour*, this description of personal eccentricities is united to a body of personal character. Kitley is a man, and so is Bobadil, however caricatured; but in his later comedies, such as *The Magnetic Lady* and *A Tale of a Tub*, his characters degenerate into mere bundles of oddities, and introduce us to a world ridiculous enough, but neither real nor natural.

There is little of geniality in Jonson's writings. He is by nature a satirist, and was possessed by a settled conviction that the display and satire of existing manners was the most legitimate function of comedy; and the mass of all his amusement is extracted either from the caricature of some individual monstrosity, or from the affected and ridiculous habits of some particular class. He adopts Cicero's definition, "who would have a comedy to be *imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis*." The court especially is a favourite subject with him; and absurd and overcharged as some of his descriptions seem, we must be cautious in discrediting them. Jonson, though a caricaturist, was a keen and accurate observer; he had little tendency or power to invent, and a basis of matter-of-fact no doubt underlies all his fictions. He is one of the best and completest authorities we have for ascertaining the manners of the court and city in the time of James I.

His strength lies in his wit. Generally it has a special character of its own: it is ponderous built-up mirth, heavy unsparing caricature. He lays on coat after coat of the same paint without relief or variety; yet he covers a wider field of wit than most men, and it would be difficult to say in which department he has proved himself most successful. *The Fox* is most witty, *The Silent Woman* most humorous, *The Alchymist*

most grotesque. Perhaps his genius leans most in the latter direction. This is a field of laughter not much occupied in the present day; perhaps it belongs to a coarser and simpler state of mind than now prevails. Such caricatures as those of Leonardo da Vinci show it in its rudest forms. It prevailed in the time of George III.: Smollett and Gilray are grotesque, Sterne is often so. It is the element of the ridiculous that lies either in the native disproportion or in the voluntary distortion of real things. The figure of Punch is the type of the grotesque. It deals much with the disease and wretchedness and basenesses of human nature, and is generally more or less inhuman. It is rare in Shakespeare: perhaps the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Falstaff's ragged regiment, are the only instances of it. In Jonson, on the other hand, it is common; but rather in its moral than physical manifestations. *Bartholomew Fair* is made up of it, in the most degraded forms; *The Alchymist*, *The Staple of News*, *The New Inn*, contain abundant specimens of it. His worst works are full of instances of his unbounded power of imagining ludicrous situations.

Jonson wrote two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. The former is incomparably the better. His aim was not to represent man under the influence of deep and moving passion, but to find occasion for pompous periods and stately diction. It was his ambition to "do it after the high Roman fashion." He laments that it is not possible in modern times "to observe the old state and splendour of dramatic poems;" but he adds, "In the mean time, if in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fullness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic poet, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me." And if, indeed, these be the only other offices of the tragic poet, Jonson has succeeded in tragedy; and in some respects, he has gone beyond these requisitions, especially in the character of Tiberius, which displays great insight, and is remarkable for its power and originality. The picture is in great measure probably true to the original; and the stage has no figure like it, of deep and crafty dissimulation and unbounded self-indulgence pressing into their service an astute intellect and large mental capacity. *Catiline* is history distorted into poetry; and both history and poetry suffer from the forced transformation. We would rather read the *In Catilinam* in the original than translated into blank verse, and made a speech in a tragedy. To say nothing of other objections, it stops the way. The description of the battle, with which the play concludes, is a fine specimen of "height of elocution" and "fullness of sentence." Compare it with a similar description in *Macbeth*. It was well

said by Oldys of these classical tragedies, that the author "had pulled down all antiquity on his head."

Mr. Bell, the editor of the neat little edition of Jonson's poetical works lately published, tells us that "it is in his minor poems we must look for him as he lived, felt, and thought;" and that from his plays alone "we should arrive at very imperfect and erroneous conclusions upon his personal and poetical character." This is one of those things that it suits a present purpose so well to say, that a man does not care to inquire too closely whether it be correct or not. No doubt the minor poems of Jonson add something to our knowledge of him; but the insight derived from them into either his genius or his character is insignificant compared to that afforded by his greater works. Even the lighter and more graceful side of his poetical faculty is to be found exercised in greater perfection in the "Sad Shepherd,"—though that piece has been preposterously over-estimated,—and in the songs scattered through his plays and masques, than in the "Forest" and "Underwoods."*

The minor poems rank higher in common estimation than they deserve. People are familiar with a few admirable specimens, and are apt to think there must be many more like them; whereas the fact is, that our popular anthologies contain all Jonson's best songs, which are separated by a wide interval from his worse ones. The origin of many of the most popular among them has been traced back by the commentators to classical originals, and it is probable that many others are indebted to sources not discovered; for Jonson was not only a good scholar, but, if we may trust Gifford, a most excursive reader of all that had been written in the languages of Greece and Rome. "Drink to me only with thine eyes!" is from the love-letters of Philostratus, the different ideas being scattered through several letters of the original, but each idea having its exact antecedent, as may be seen in Gifford's edition, where the passages are quoted; and though the combination of such scattered thoughts may show, as the present editor urges, and as is undoubtedly true, a high degree of artistic ingenuity, it is a much more cold-blooded plagiarism than even the transference of a whole poem. "Still to be neat, still to be drest," is taken from a little Latin poem of Jean Bonnefons; though, oddly enough, the point of the original, "*Fingere se semper non*

* It is a serious defect, that in a work professing to contain the poetical works of Ben Jonson these songs should not have been collected. The consequence is, that the reader will turn the pages of this volume in vain for one or two of Jonson's very best minor productions. No cheapness can compensate for want of completeness. Another marked blot is the absence of any index or detailed table of contents. On the other hand, the life prefixed is well written, and the notes brief and pertinent.

est confidere amori," and to which Jonson's song too seems to lead, is omitted in his version. "Come, my Celia, let us prove," and "Kiss me, sweet, the wary lover," are from Catullus. Jonson borrows every where largely from the ancients, not with the idea of surreptitiously availing himself of their ideas, but in conformity with the opinion in his day, that to adapt them well was at least as happy an effort of genius as to invent for oneself. He boldly avows, and defends, his practice:

"And for his true use of translating men,
It still hath been a work of as much palm
In clearest judgments as to invent or make."

No man was ever less of a copyist. He is master of what he uses. In some cases, indeed, he puts in a borrowed plume in the most odd and extravagantly inappropriate place, as when he makes one of his shepherds refer to "the lovers' scriptures, Heliodores or Statii, Longi, Eustathii, Prodromi;" and in others overwhelms all dramatic propriety from the desire to insert a good translation: as where in *Catiline* he introduces Cicero speaking something like the whole of the *In Catilinam*; in the *Silent Woman* makes Truewit lecture on love out of Ovid by the pageful; or concludes an act of the *Poetaster* with a literal translation of one of Horace's satires. In general, however, he shows a remarkable dexterity in transferring his borrowed material into the substance of his work; and it is only the retriever-like sagacity of some industrious commentator which informs the reader that a cast serving-man is talking Statius, or a Venetian magnifico quoting Libanius. Jonson, however, borrows not only from the ancients, but frequently from himself; repeating ideas, and even whole lines, of his own, and thus furnishing the strongest proof that the absence of what he calls "copia" in his own resources is what often throws him on those of others. His songs, however, are very far from being mere borrowings from the antique. The originals have often little to recommend them: he supplements the idea; his strong artistic taste comes into play, and he gives to his little poem a completeness and justness of form, and a finish which make it truly his own. Nor can it ever be denied that Jonson had a vein of sweet and fanciful imagination, which, though it was narrow, contained a large proportion of pure metal. It is probable he himself underrated this side of his genius, and cramped its exercise; but every now and then he has given it expression in forms of crystalline clearness and perfect symmetry. Such a one is the "Hymn to Diana." We quote this and others, not because they will be new to any one, but because criticism on poetry is dull and inappreciable unless the poems be not only known to have been written, but are fresh in the memory of the reader:

"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close.
 Bless us, then, with wished sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever,—
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright."

There is a calm serenity in the whole movement of this piece like that of the moon through the floating clouds, and in exquisite harmony with the subject-matter. The following, too, is very perfect in a very different style, and more light, easy, and playful than we often find in the writings of Jonson, who is apt to lean somewhat too heavily in his most trifling productions:

"If I freely may discover
 What would please me in my lover—
 I would have her fair and witty,
 Savouring more of court than city;
 A little proud, but full of pity;
 Light and humorous in her toying,
 Soon building hopes, and soon destroying;
 Long, but sweet, in the enjoying;
 Neither too easy nor too hard:
 All extremes I would have barr'd.

She should be allowed her passions,
 So they were but used as fashions.
 Sometimes froward, and then frowning;
 Sometimes sickish, and then swooning:
 Every fit with change still crowning.
 Purely jealous I would have her,
 Then only constant when I crave her;
 'Tis a virtue should not save her.
 Thus nor her delicacies could cloy me,
 Nor her peevishness annoy me."

This too has been traced to an epigram of Martial. Of the following song Mr. Gifford says, that "if it be not the most beautiful song in the language, I freely confess, for my own part, that I know not where it is to be found."*

* By some slip, Mr. Bell has assigned this dictum of Gifford's to another song. As the two come together, it is probably merely an error of the press in the reference.

"A SONG.

O do not wanton with those eyes,
 Lest I be sick with seeing;
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
 Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
 For then their threats will kill me;
 Nor look too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
 For so will sorrow slay me;
 Nor spread them as distract with fears;
 Mine own enough betray me."

Gifford was a most able and industrious commentator, but his opinion on poetry is not valuable; and for Jonson he has a blind partiality, partly the result of a good deal of similarity in their natures, and still more from his forming an excellent field on which to do battle with other critics, and furnishing a good opportunity for venting the acrimony of his disposition on those who had previously abused, and, it is fair to add, traduced his author. To us, it seems that the above song is a favourable specimen of Jonson when thrown entirely on his own resources, and that, like the rest of his love-songs, it is artificial and thoroughly heartless. Nowhere has Jonson depicted the passion of love with nature or delicacy. It is scarcely too much to say, that he has never depicted it at all, and was himself incapable of feeling it. The attitude of the ancients towards women found something in his nature which answered to it very exactly. In his life, he seems freely to have indulged his appetites, without the sanction of any deep or permanent attachments. He has not in any of his plays drawn a female character with the slightest power to inspire us with interest. He uses them in general only as a sort of block on which to hang to advantage ridiculous fashions and contemptible caprices. There is one love-scene in his works—Ovid parting from Julia. It is on the same model as the chamber scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, and forms a singular contrast with it. In both cases the lover, condemned to exile, takes his last farewell. In one case, pure passion breathes itself in accents so simple, that the reader cannot stay to admire, but is borne along until the completed scene leaves its whole tender impression on the mind. In the other, the speakers themselves run into disquisitions on love and mortal life; and though we cannot help thinking Jonson has in this place warmed his genius at the fire of his great contemporary, and struck out some fine flashes of the poetical expression of highly wrought feelings, yet in the main

the speeches are adapted rather to show the ingenuity of the author than the passion of the lovers. In *The New Inn*, the lover rouses his mistress from cold good-will into a sudden and irrestrainable enthusiasm of devotion to him by a brace of sermons on courage and on love; which, however ill-adapted they may seem to secure this happy result, are fine laboured pieces of rhetoric, with thought and originality mingled somewhat largely with dullness. Indeed, Jonson, though utterly incapable of giving a dramatic representation to the most universal passion both of the real and the mimic stage, and ill-constituted in his own nature to experience its higher influences, could form a noble intellectual image of it, and express it in adequate language. Perhaps the finest and most imaginative piece of poetry he has written is the "Epode to deep Ears," as he calls it, in which he contrasts false and true love. We quote the introduction, as well as the finer lines to which we allude, because the former will serve as an example of the cumbrous mechanically translated prose of which the greater part of Jonson's so-called poetry consists.

"EPODE.

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
 Is virtue and not fate:
 Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
 And her black spite expel.
 Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
 Or safe, but she'll procure
 Some way of entrance), we must plant a guard
 Of thoughts to watch and ward
 At th' eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
 That no strange or unkind
 Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
 Give knowledge instantly
 To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
 Who, in th' examining,
 Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
 Close, the close cause of it.
 'Tis the securest policy we have,
 To make our sense our slave.
 But this true course is not embraced by many:
 By many! scarce by any.
 For either our affections do rebel,
 Or else the sentinel,
 That should ring 'larum to the heart, doth sleep;
 Or some great thought doth keep
 Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
 They're base and idle fears
 Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
 Thus, by these subtle trains,
 Do several passions invade the mind,
 And strike our reason blind:
 Of which usurping rank, some have thought love
 The first; as prone to move

Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
 In our inflamèd breasts:
 But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
 Which thus we over-blow.
 The thing they here call love is blind desire,
 Armed with bow, shafts, and fire;
 Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
 Rough, swelling, like a storm;
 With whom who sails rides on the surge of fear,
 And boils as if he were
 In a continual tempest. Now true love
 No such effects doth prove;
 That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
 Pure, perfect, nay divine;
 It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
 Whose links are bright and even,
 That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
 The soft and sweetest minds
 In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
 To murder different hearts;
 But in a calm and god-like unity
 Preserves community.
 O, who is he that in this peace enjoys
 Th' elixir of all joys?
 A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,
 And lasting as her flowers;
 Richer than Time, and as Time's virtue rare;
 Sober as saddest care;
 A fixèd thought, an eye untaught to glance.
 Who, blest with such high chance,
 Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
 Cast himself from the spire
 Of all his happiness?"

This must not be taken as an average specimen of the minor poems of Jonson. For the most part they are inexpressibly tedious reading. There is enough thought, harshly expressed, to require an effort to understand them; and not enough to reward the effort when read. They are weighed down by a sort of inert mass of mind which the imagination has not sufficient power to kindle. It might have sufficed a lesser body of intellect, but it is out of proportion to what it has to move. Struggling gleams of fire shine through a well-heaped mass of materials; but rarely does the whole burst into a clear blaze. Now and then, indeed, some exquisite poetical idea may be found, half hidden by the cumbrousness of its expression, as when he compares the serenity of his mistress's face to the calmness and life-renewing influence which pervade the air after tempest; an idea not easily suggested by the lines,

"As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the good, all the gain, of the elements' strife."

There is gold, and pure gold, in his writings; but mixed

with large lumps of clay. The worst of it is, the clay is as solemnly and carefully hammered out as the gold; and the author evidently refuses to acknowledge even to himself that it is of any inferior value. Labour Jonson never spared; he gave all his works the finish his best pains could afford, but he used material in itself incapable of taking a polish. He had a keen incisive wit; but it is an Andrea Ferrara rather than a rapier. A sort of native unwieldiness is apt to leave its impression in what he writes; and his rhythm is like his matter, it has a lumbering elephantine motion, full of stops and sudden charges. His epigrams are often sharp-pointed, and witty; but, like all epigrams, they are dull reading. They are moulded in the Latin type; and though some of them have point, many of them are only brief occasional poems on a single subject, mostly eulogistic of some particular person. Some of the satirical ones are also probably personal; but in general aimed at some vicious practice or moral deformity, set forth under an appropriate title, in which, as in the body of the poem, he loves to show his wit. We have epigrams to "Sir Annual Tilter," to "Don Surly," to "Sir Voluptuous Beast," to "Fine Grand," to "Captain Hungry," &c. That on Cheveril the lawyer may serve as a specimen of the best of them:

"No cause, nor client fat, will Cheveril leese:
But as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
And pleaseth both; for while he melts his grease
For this, that wins for whom he holds his peace."

The "Forest" and "Underwoods,"—names by which Jonson designated two collections of his minor poems,—consist, with some love-songs, chiefly of eulogistic epistles and addresses to his friends and patrons. It is usual to speak of these poems as abounding in profound thought and wise insight into human life. They certainly look as if they did. They have a grave sententious air which their matter really hardly warrants. There are good things in them, and even striking things; but such are rare. They are ingenious and laboured, while the body of thought in them is sufficiently commonplace. The same thing may be observed in his "Discoveries," a collection of his ideas on various disconnected subjects expressed in prose. Thoughts which occurred to him he wrapped up in large bundles of language, and put by here for posterity. For the most part, they are by no means "discoveries." They are not such things as Bacon wrote in his essays, or Selden said at his table. They contain none of the subtle penetrating judgments of an original genius. They are weighty and often acute dicta; but always within certain limits of knowledge already established. Jonson can select true judgments to give his authority and sanction

to, but he has none of that quality which loves to unfold the inner heart of true notions, or of that which loves to lay naked and confute those which are false.

The free use of satire always requires something of vulgarity in the mind, and recklessness in the temper, of him who employs it. You cannot strike hard, and also strike with discrimination; and the deeper a man's insight, the more certainly does his knowledge of the complex intertangling of good and evil restrain his hand from sweeping blows of censure. But there is a certain sharpness, vigour, and healthy indignation, which ennoble to some extent just satire. Jonson has these qualities in great perfection; but he is apt to descend into vituperation, and to rail with a disregard of all limits either in his applications or his expressions. Read his description of his own times:

"No part or corner man can look upon,
But there are objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow day,
Rather than here so bogged in vices stay.
The whole world here leavened with madness swells;
And, being a thing blown out of naught, rebels
Against his Maker, high alone with weeds
And impious rankness of all sects and seeds:
Not to be checked or frightened now with fate,
But more licentious made and desperate!
Our delicacies are grown capital,
And even our sports are dangers! what we call
Friendship, is now masked hatred! justice fled,
And shamefacedness together! all laws dead
That kept men living! pleasures only sought!
Honour and honesty, as poor things thought
As they are made! pride and stiff clownage mixed
To make up greatness! and man's whole good fixed
In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,
All which he makes the servants of the groin,—
Thither it flows!"

Further we cannot quote; what follows is worse than the worst parts of Juvenal.

Jonson and some of his friends thought his translations his best things. For vigorous closeness, and a large command of the resources of his own language in conveying the meaning of another, they have scarcely any parallels. Gifford, who was trained in a different school, does them great injustice.

But we have no further space in which to discuss them, and must here conclude our notice. Jonson in his lifetime made warm friends and bitter enemies; and the same fate has attended his reputation. He has been extravagantly lauded, and unjustly undervalued and maligned. Our object has been to set down as accurately as possible the estimate of an unbiased judgment.

He was a great though not an engaging man ; and history will always write his name high in the roll of literary achievement. No man ever owed less to others. It was part of his deficiency, as well as part of his greatness, to be formed for standing alone :

“Thy star was judgment only and right sense,
Thyself being to thyself an influence.”

ART. VI.—THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

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Russia. Abridged from the French of the Marquis de Custine. London : Longmans, 1854.

“If you think well of us, you will say so : but it will be useless, you will not be believed ; we are ill understood, and people will not understand us better.” These words, addressed by the Empress of Russia to the Marquis de Custine in the year 1839, convey a protest against the judgment of Western Europe which might well deter any lover of truth from exposing himself to a

similar reproach, by drawing the conclusions which seeming facts would appear to warrant respecting the Czar and his people. Perhaps, after all, the fault lies more in the national characteristics of Russia herself than in the travellers who have successively attempted to delineate them. It is not easy for the most impartially disposed critic to arrive at satisfactory conclusions concerning men and manners in a society which he is taught by experience to regard as a vast masquerade, where the only clue to identification is the negative certainty that no one will appear in his real character. The spell which thus hangs over the scene, and defies inquisitive speculation, might well have been drawn from the famous repertory of the wizard Michael Scott:

"It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nutshell seem a gilded barge;
A sheeling seem a palace large;
And youth seem age, and age seem youth:
All was delusion, nought was truth."

You leave your western home with honest intentions of ascertaining the actual good and evil of this great empire, which exercises so increasing an influence on the destinies of Europe. You approach the object of your curiosity by the common highway of nations; and the imposing monotony of the world of waters leaves your senses open to the impressions of immediate contrast between country and country. You pass through the ordeal of the island fortress which has lately proved itself the trustworthy sentinel over the safety of Peter the Great's "European window," and you find yourself before a stately city, with magnificent quays and wide-spreading streets, lined by palaces glittering with paint and gilding. Having once escaped from the talons of the custom-house officials, whom it would be a libel to regard any where as the representatives of the national character, you meet with nothing but obliging and even officious hospitality. Every one whom you encounter seems to inscribe himself at once as *cicerone* and host to the stranger; and his attentions are marked by a delicacy and tact which, while pleading for a favourable verdict for his country, appear proudly conscious that this is its natural due. The politeness and generosity of the East seem to be blended with the intelligence and civilisation of the West, and the Russian to act as the gifted interpreter of the best virtues of each into the language of the other. As you walk down the street, your attention is drawn to an unostentatious carriage, the occupant of which does not require the profound deference of your companion and the other passers-by to distinguish him in

your eyes as the autocrat from whose will every thing around you is said to derive its impulse. You become conscious that you yourself are the subject of observation and scrutiny; and probably, unaccustomed to the fixed gaze of princes and potentates, feel not a little embarrassed under the dissection which your character and disposition are so quietly undergoing. As your own look is sinking cowed before the particular attention with which you are being honoured, you feel not a little relieved at discovering that the expression of the imperial countenance, at first rigidly severe, has passed without any intermediate stage into one of gentle and graceful politeness. Fully prepared to recognise the appreciation of your own merits as only matter of time, you are ready to set down to the eagle-eyed penetration of a master mind this rapidly altered bearing towards you; and the very iciness of the first glance is a guarantee to you of the trustworthiness of the ultimate judgment. You have no suspicion that so great a prince can be really guilty of the idle vanity of outstaring a bewildered foreigner, and that had your own demeanour been more composed under the imperial eye, you would have inflicted on the Czar of Muscovy a pang of angry disappointment. This, with other facts, comes gradually to your knowledge; and so much is the first favourable impression altered by subsequent observation, that you run the risk of falling into the opposite extreme, and solving every ambiguous characteristic in the sense of unmixed evil. You discover that real friendship is as remote as possible from the pleasing civility of ordinary Russian intercourse; that it is commonly only a hasty demonstration of good-will, put forth without the slightest reference to, actual feeling, merely to anticipate and prevent the closer approach and introspection of a more gradual intimacy. It is the nervous movement of suspicion, which apes the simplicity of open-heartedness. You learn other things in times even less pleasing. Your urbane and conversational elbow-companion at the *restaurateur's* has led the confidential chat to the subject of Russian political institutions, and has supplied you with an easy opening to the expression of your own conviction of the superiority of Western freedom. You may be so unguarded as to follow up the hint, feeling safe in the solitude of that corner of the room and in the reciprocal frankness of your auditor; or it may be that through a constitutional reserve, or the self-restraint dictated by worldly experience, you may waive the discussion, and confine yourself to the unobjectionable remark, that your object is to gather information, and that you leave to Russians themselves, as the best judges, the task of appreciating the value of their own usages. In the latter case, you may be startled a few days afterwards, in talking with a

superior official, whose acquaintance you have casually acquired, and whom you know to be connected with the Imperial Police, to be congratulated as a prudent man, and to learn that your tavern conversation has duly passed from bureau to bureau, through all the stages of official docketing, and has perhaps gratified the curiosity even of the imperial personage himself on whose sudden prepossession in your favour you had been pluming yourself. Should indiscretion have been your failing, you may find a monitor besides that in your own breast in the persevering attendance of some gentleman of morbid politeness and strange discontinuity of occupation, until you are fairly watched and bowed out of the dominions of the Czar. You are then made painfully aware that in Russia the old Saxon system of neighbourly and "tithing" responsibility, man for man, to the State, has been developed in a peculiar manner; that the members of the same family are virtually government spies on each other's movements and words; and that the best way of satisfying the police of your own innocence is to act as the secret denouncer of the guilt of your bosom friend. Such a state of things may appear at first sight entirely destructive of all social enjoyment; but being applicable to all, it receives its natural modification in the common interest, and its evil effect, beyond the limits which it imposes on the objects of life and the subjects of discourse, is chiefly experienced by those who are bunglers at the orthodox lying and mystification which are its accompaniments. Skilful conspirators have a language of their own, to which no police-office has yet succeeded in discovering a perpetual glossary. The ordinary effect, however, of this social system is, that the Czar is tacitly understood to be present at, and a party to, the minutest details of the private life of all his subjects. It is, in short, an attempt to engraft the patriarchal idea, which lies at the root of Slavonic nationality, upon the borrowed civilisation of Western Europe. Russian life thus divides itself into two outwardly antagonistic, but intrinsically similar, phases—the life of the Slavonic peasant in his cherished organisation of "communes," and that of the noble of the capital, with his European tastes and aspirations paralysed by his national and traditional characteristics. At the head of each system stands the patriarchal authority of the Czar—the natural complement of the one, and the uneasily accepted necessity of the other. Is it wonderful that, with this double aspect of Russia, and this conflict of ideas in the minds of intelligent Russians themselves, there should be some lack of appreciation and understanding in Western Europe of the national character, and of the extraordinary man who for so long a time was identified by Western politicians with the distinctive genius of Russia?

Of the Czar Nicholas it would have seemed almost hypocrisy in an English writer, a year or two ago, to affect to speak with impartiality. The polemic clamour of manifestoes and parliamentary harangues, the eloquent mutual incrimination of princes and statesmen, and the popular and patriotic enthusiasm of the respective countries, had not then subsided into the calmness essential to any just discrimination of conduct and motives. Crops of Crimean heroes still sprouted forth with undiminished vigour at agricultural gatherings; and metropolitan lion-shows kept alive the remembrance of national animosities, though the belligerent cabinets had smoothed their brows again into the habitual courtesies of diplomatic intercourse. To affect to say any good of the Czar might then be not unreasonably looked upon as a symptom of lukewarm loyalty to our national cause; and to speak ill of him, was merely to follow in the wake of the countless scribes whom the din of actual war had suddenly aroused to a perception of his sins. Now, however, a new crisis of more absorbing interest has arisen to divert the overflow of our feelings from this channel; and the Russian war seems already to have passed into the domain of history as much as the prince himself by whose genius it was provoked and supported. With animosities softened and subdued by the deeper shadows of our Indian disasters, and with the advantage of a complete retrospect of the policy of the late Czar defined in its limits by the dissimilar character of his successor, we may perhaps approach the subject with better chances of arriving at truth.

The policy of the house of Romanoff would seem to have been dictated far more by natural causes of race and geographical position than by the peculiar character of its princes. To Peter the Great the glory may be given of having clearly perceived the exact position in which Russia stood relatively to the East and the West, her past and her prospective history, and of having carried out with unwavering decision and striking success the policy which he conceived to be the best solution of the problem. To his successors the praise is also to be allotted that, while never losing sight of the general direction in which his sagacious mind had predetermined that the national life of Russia should move, they showed themselves fully alive to the necessity of accommodating this march to the shifting contingencies of each particular epoch, and superadded their own contributions of experience and reflection to the management and development of the movement. All more or less sensual, they were none of them the mere slaves of their sensuality, but used it as an instrument of personal ambition and national aggrandisement. The favourites of Catherine II. were not mere parasites of the palace, but generals, statesmen, and even wise legislators, whose benefits to the nation are still

gratefully remembered, while their allegiance to the sovereign was of a nature which necessarily identified them with her interests. The very madness of some of the Romanoffs had its political and social meaning, and was something very different from the purposeless frenzy of Asiatic despots. Thus, although the crimes and excesses which political refugees have laid at the door of this great house can few of them be denied or excused, we experience a very different feeling in reading the records of their strange and eventful reigns from that inspired by the monotonous chronicles of murder and lust which are all that some nations can give us as a substitute for national history. Of the successors of Peter the Great, including his own wife, four have been women, and a royal tragedy has ushered in and closed the reign of a large proportion; yet the helm of state has never any where been held consecutively by firmer or more masculine hands, nor has the course of the vessel ever deviated less materially from the points observed at the commencement of the voyage. We have something to consider, therefore, not only in the nature of the problem which the founder of the greatness of the empire had originally to solve, and the manner in which he set about its solution, but also in the peculiar genius of the family which enabled them to deal so successfully with the task bequeathed to them. In doing this, we shall not experience any great difficulty in arriving at the elements of the distinctive character of the Czar Nicholas, or in estimating his share in the results attained.

A glance at the map of Europe will explain in a moment the geographical difficulties with which the Czar Peter and his successors had to contend. On all sides Russia was landlocked; and at the close of the seventeenth century she was literally imprisoned within closely guarded barriers. On the north, the keys were held by Sweden; a nation flushed with the remembrance of a European reputation, gained under the auspices of the sovereigns of the House of Vasa, and guided and urged onward by one of the most gifted of that royal race, little likely to relax its hold in any quarter without a determined contest. On the south, the outlet of the Black Sea, and the road to Constantinople, were held by the powerful Khans of the Crimea,—princes yielding a nominal superiority of only one horse-tail to the Sultan of Turkey himself, and treating with the Sublime Porte on a virtual footing of equality. On the west, all access to the cultivated plains of Central Europe was barred by the still unbroken and hostile power of Poland; while the remaining frontier, spreading away into the boundless wastes of Asia, seemed to invite a return to the nomad habits of the first stage of national life. Within the boundaries thus circumscribed, Scythians, Mongols, and Tartars had long struggled for supremacy; and the eventual supe-

riority of the first-named race had been secured at the price of protracted and bloody contests, which had postponed the formation of a Russian nation until the civilisation of Western Europe had passed through some of its most important stages. For a time, indeed, Russia had a chance of emerging into the system of European nationalities as a feudatory of the Polish monarchy; but her patriotic assertion of independence broke the chain of communication with the West before its effects had been at all materially felt. The Warangian princes, the descendants of Rurik, isolated in their petty military principalities, had ceased to cherish any traditional memory of their Norse origin long before they were reduced by the policy of Ivan to the rank of a local nobility. Every thing stagnated or tended eastward in this shapeless empire of forestland and prairie, when the energy of one man ventured to dispute the destiny seemingly allotted by nature, and determined that Russia should join on equal terms the confederation of European nations, and share in the material fruits of their more advanced civilisation. A fierce and desperate struggle with her Scandinavian rival gained for Russia not merely a footing on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, but the prestige of great and startling success among the nations which bordered on those waters. St. Petersburg arose on ground conquered as much from nature as from the Swede, and maintained with far more difficulty against the insidious assaults of river and primitive morass than against any merely human enemy. Through this new gateway of his empire, Peter had resolved to introduce among an Asiatic population the arts and social habits of Western Europe. He had, however, to contend with an obstacle even more formidable than the physical one which he had already overcome, in the peculiarities and prejudices of the Slavonic race. Pliant and easily moulded into an outward conformity to prescribed patterns, the Slavonic type is essentially unyielding and unalterable in its intrinsic characteristics. The Czar Peter dressed it after the European fashion, taught it to speak in more than one European language, introduced it to European fashions of vice and European canons of morality. He drilled its army after the most approved European authorities, and called into existence the germs of a European navy. He transplanted its population into a city which in its externals rivalled the magnificence and luxury of the Western capitals; and he reproduced within its palaces and streets the semblance of an advanced state of European civilisation. But he was as little able to force European feelings and habits below the surface of the national character, as he was to keep the stucco palaces from crumbling under the influence of an arctic climate, and the timbers of his infant navy from rotting during their periodical im-

prisonment within their icy dockyards. Upon this stubborn substratum of Slavonic nationality, neither the varnish of French conventionalities spread over the face of society by Catherine II., nor the German bureaucracy of subsequent sovereigns, have produced any sensible effects; and to this day the main characteristics of Slavism remain unchanged among the peasantry of the interior, and peep forth from beneath the foreign mask of the capital itself. It has become more and more apparent with each successive century, that while the territorial aggrandisement of Russia has been achieved through the medium and at the expense of Western civilisation, the national life can be developed into a corresponding degree of greatness only through the recognition and on the basis of Slavism.

Peter the Great, therefore, was more successful in securing a wider field of action for the national life than in forcing it forward into a royal road of progress. His policy, and that of his successors, secured a southern gateway in the Crimea, and established a standing "menace" to the rest of Europe in the acquisition of the Polish outpost. But, on the other hand, the internal policy of the empire in later years has been a retrograde one from many of his favourite ideas, and Russia is still far from having realised his dream of becoming *bond-fide* European. He succeeded in making it a power in Europe, but not a European power. The premature and superficial civilisation which he superinduced upon Russian society, while it has procured the admission of the court and cabinet of St. Petersburg into the fraternity of European princes and statesmen, has bequeathed a great and increasing difficulty to successive rulers, and has proved no small obstacle to the growth of the native and home-spun character of the people.

It would be no uninteresting task to follow in detail the attempts of the successive sovereigns of Russia since the time of Peter the Great to carry out both branches of his scheme; but our present object is a more limited one, and we have perhaps said enough to render more intelligible the position of the Czar Nicholas with respect to his own people and the other nations of Europe. The third in birth of the four sons of Paul, he can scarcely be said to have been born to the purple. Considerably younger than his next brother Constantine, he could not, under any circumstances, have made his appearance in public life before the character and calibre of his elder brothers had already been tolerably well ascertained; and the remoteness of his chance of succession, joined to the natural subordination of his position, must have given him time to mature his views and develop his character before he was forced into the ordeal of public criticism. It is not surprising, then, that the earliest

accounts which we gather of his personal appearance and mental powers far from correspond to the impression created by him when he emerged into the character of a crowned Czar. Physically, the tall, slender, unformed figure fell far short of the stately beauty which struck every one when it supported the weight of imperial dignity; nor did the thin sharp features of the young man suggest any anticipation of the same when expanded under the consciousness of autocratic power. Those who knew him in his private station (we are told) could scarcely recognise him afterwards; and it is not unlikely that the change in their mutual relations had no inconsiderable effect in producing this result. Such at least was certainly the case with the estimate formed of his intellectual capacity. No one has imputed to the countenance of the Czar Nicholas the expression of want of mind, nor have even his ordinary actions raised in observers the suspicion of merely ordinary mental powers. Yet so late as the strange interregnum which succeeded the death of Alexander, and while speculation was rife as to the comparative chances of happiness for Russia under Constantine and Nicholas, an intelligent German present on the spot, and a close observer of men and manners, speaks thus disparagingly of the future emperor. After stating his opinion that the reign of Constantine, notwithstanding his eccentricities, might prove salutary to Russia by the energy, though irregular, with which he would probably probe the diseased body-politic, M. Schnitzler proceeds:

"This might not perhaps be the case, should Nicholas ascend the throne. Still young and inexperienced, he would probably hardly have courage to enter upon a career of reform; he would perhaps be content to tread in the steps of his brother and predecessor, whom he has been accustomed to regard as a model of perfection. He has been accustomed to swear by his brother; he knows no other system than his; he has learned to love that which he loved, to esteem that which he esteemed, and to disregard all that did not merit his approbation. No great talents are recognisable in Nicholas; his studies have not been of the most serious kind, though conducted under the direction of his mother, a woman of strong sense and firm will. It was said at Gatchina, that Nicholas and his brother Michael showed so little disposition to profit by the instructions of their tutors, or to yield obedience to them, that it sometimes needed all the authority of the mother to uphold that of the master."

It is not a little creditable to the writer of the above, that he should have had the good sense to publish in later years an account which reflects so little credit on his foresight and discrimination, but which probably conveys the opinion of almost every one, except a few who were brought into closer and more

confidential intercourse with the future prince. Nicholas, indeed, ascended the throne without any definite feeling respecting him in the public mind, except a little doubt as to his energy and capacity. His two elder brothers, so long previously before the public eye, had achieved each of them some amount of popularity with different classes of society. Alexander, notwithstanding the vacillation of his policy and the well-known weakness of his will, still retained, by his amiability and goodness of intention, a considerable amount of affection among the Russians generally; while his previous leanings towards liberalism, although abandoned during his later years, still rendered him personally an object of regretful hope and respectful sympathy among the more cultivated classes. He was not, however, popular with the army, nor with some of the more ardent of the reformers, who considered his fickle coquetry with the idea of progress as more fatal to the interests of their country than even an avowed and consistent opposition to liberal ideas. With the army, and to some extent with the "constitutional party," which met in deliberation at clubs and secret political societies, Constantine was the greater favourite, and was looked upon with considerable hope. The type of character presented by that singular man was evidently very similar to that of his father; but with greater capacities both for good and evil. As a child, he was the especial favourite of his grandmother Catherine, who, much as she disliked her son, took considerable pleasure in the droll eccentricities of her little grandson; and it was no mere fool who could have obtained any such hold on the feelings of the Czarina. Ugly and uncouth beyond the ordinary signification of these words—habitually rough and boisterous, and outrageously brutal when (as was often the case) entirely surrendered to the impulse of his ungovernable frenzies—Constantine had also alternations of the noblest feelings, and even the most tender and delicate sensibility. He was throughout his life a savage child, with a kindly frankness in his happier moods which redeemed to some extent the unrestrained impulses of his "Berserker" madness. Brought up from a boy in the ranks of the army, he was alternately adored by them for his congenial disposition, and dreaded almost beyond endurance for his capricious martinetism. Out of the army his general popularity was not great in Russia, and some amount of jealousy had been felt in that empire at the undisguised preference which he had displayed for the kingdom of Poland, which had been committed to his viceroyalty. For Poland he raised an efficient army, and drilled it to distraction; labouring only under the singular fear that a war might break out, which would spoil the uniforms of the men and ruin their parade discipline. For Poland he had done much in the general

administration of the kingdom ; but in this department also, by his constitutional love of minutiae, which led him to assume the functions of chief director of the secret political police, he had alienated the affections of the national party, and eventually precipitated a contest nearly as ruinous to Russian as to Polish liberty. He had espoused for his second wife a Polish lady ; and had thus placed in the public mind a great barrier in the way of his accession to the Russian empire—even though it was only imperfectly known that he had made this marriage the occasion, or it had been made for him the pretext, of a renunciation on his part of his succession to the empire.

By the side of Alexander and Constantine, thus supported and opposed, Nicholas stood alone (for his younger brother Michael was a mere feeble copy of Constantine)—if unopposed by any strong party, not able to count beforehand on the warm support of any ; but although little regarded by the public, the qualities for empire which he proved subsequently to possess must have been apparent to at least three persons—to his brother the Emperor Alexander, who secretly (by an ambiguous stretch of prerogative) designated him as his successor, to the exclusion of Constantine ; to his mother Maria-Feodorowna, who strongly approved of this disposition ; and to the excluded person himself. Some sparks of latent czarism must have been drawn forth by the rough wit of Constantine, even through the placid non-conducting exterior of Nicholas, to have provoked the following comic drama, the reality of which rests on the authority of the Grand-Duke Michael and of Nicholas himself. The court memorialist tells the story thus : “ After suffering from a severe illness, the Grand-Duke Michael Paulovitch was advised to drink the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad during the summer months of 1821. On his return to Russia, he visited Warsaw, the constant residence of the Cesarevitch. At that city, and at the same time, was expected the Grand-Duke Nicholas Paulovitch, with his grand-duchess, then returning from the baths of Ems. During the preparations which were being made for the latter personages, the Cesarevitch one day said to his brother, ‘ You see, Michel ’—so he was in the habit of calling him—‘ with you we make ourselves quite at home, without ceremony ; but when I expect my brother Nicholas, I always feel as if I were preparing to meet the Emperor himself ! ’ ” Accordingly, on the arrival of Nicholas at Warsaw, “ the Cesarevitch received this new guest with his usual kindness and hospitality, but often reduced him to the greatest embarrassment by signs of honour and ceremonial respect which did not correspond to his rank. The grand-duke tried every expedient to escape from these testimonies of deference, and begged to be relieved from a degree of respect which

sometimes almost took the form of extravagance and caricature; but the elder brother excused himself by saying jestingly, 'This is all because you are Tsar of Mirlikii,'—the town of which St. Nicholas was bishop,—“a sort of nickname which he from that time forward began to employ frequently in speaking of Nicholas Paulovitch.”

The mention of this curious scene at Warsaw, as told in the recently published official narrative, leads us to consider the complex circumstances attending the renunciation of Constantine, and the promotion of the “Tsar of Mirlikii” to a greater czarate. The facts themselves are not very clear or consistent in this *authorised* account, and the inferences to be drawn therefrom are still more doubtful. It is asserted, that as long ago as this visit of Michael to Warsaw, the Cesarevitch had resolved to waive his right; and that this resolution was then communicated by him confidentially to his youngest brother. In January 1822 following, the act itself is asserted to have taken place, so far as Constantine himself was concerned; though the formal document embodying and confirming it was not drawn up by the Emperor Alexander till some time afterwards. Nicholas himself is said to have received, together with his wife, an intimation from the Emperor of the honour in store for him; but no formal communication on the subject. On the point of the exact extent of the knowledge of Nicholas at the death of Alexander, there is a contradiction between the statements of the memorialist and the written declaration of the former prince himself in the *procès-verbal* of the meeting of the senate in which the question who was actually emperor was fully discussed. However this may be, it was understood that there was some difficulty in determining whether the will of Peter the Great, fixing definitely the rule of succession, could be overridden by a disposition of the reigning sovereign, if founded on a mere communication of the wish of the person renouncing. The long delay on the part of Alexander, the secrecy observed by him in the matter, and the hap-hazard manner in which the circumstances of the hour were eventually left to work out for themselves the destiny of Russia, if not to be explained by this legal doubt, have received as yet no satisfactory commentary. The reasons for this step—setting aside the decent plea of inferior abilities—were understood to be the Polish marriage of Constantine, and the superior guarantees in the happy marriage and large family of Nicholas for an uninterrupted succession. The eccentric character of Constantine, and the remembrance of the reign and fate of Paul, no doubt weighed considerably with Alexander and his advisers. How far Constantine really entered cordially into the idea of abdication will perhaps never be ascertained; nor, indeed, is it likely that his feelings on the point

were very definite or constant. There was no proportion in his wishes and their gratification. He would willingly abandon the greater object under the impulse of the present gratification of the less; and he was quite as likely to have sacrificed a throne to his affection for his beautiful Polish wife, as to have shrunk from encountering the risks and labours of so great a position. He probably would not have remained very obstinate in his refusal, had events themselves called him to it without embarrassment or difficulty on his own side, and was willing enough that the Tsar of Mirlikii should prove his capacity for government by taking upon his own shoulders the dangers and responsibility of the first step of assumption; but he had become estranged from Russia by long absence and different ties, and he was perhaps not too ambitious of entering on the task of regenerating Russia, of the extent and difficulty of which he must have long had ocular proof.

When the time, however, arrived that his resolution was to be put to the test, circumstances seemed determined to play into his hands notwithstanding his own *insouciance*. The Emperor Alexander, we have said, was no great favourite in the army. Essentially a man of the closet, he could not vie with his brothers Constantine and Michael in the affections of the soldiery. Whatever may have been its exact causes or objects, it is certain that at the time of the death of Alexander, a dangerous and widely-spread military revolt was on the point of explosion in the south of Russia. Ultimately this movement took the form of a demonstration in favour of a constitution; but whether that was its primary and simple object we cannot, in the silence of the conspirators, and with only the *ex-parte* statements of the government, pretend to determine. It was even said to have been directed against the life of the Emperor Alexander. Whether this military conspiracy was connected with, and identical in its direction with, the plans of the secret societies, which included men of the highest character and ability as well as rank, is also a moot-point. M. Tourgueneff, himself one of the principal members of these clubs, and during the whole reign of Nicholas a proscribed exile through participation in their alleged seditious intentions, denies altogether the connection of the two movements; and his recall by the present Emperor seems to lend credit to the denial. They both, however, virtually coöperated to render the position of Nicholas a very precarious one at the death of his brother, and to give to Constantine a chance, if he chose to avail himself of it, of withdrawing from his abdication. The conduct of Nicholas when made definitely acquainted with the disposition of Alexander in his favour, deposited in the cathedral at Moscow and the senate-house at St. Petersburg, was unexceptionable,

so far as the simple rules of private honour were concerned. Whether in a broader and patriotic sense it did not exhibit a desire to shield himself behind the personal action of Constantine at the expense of public order, and with the chance (which was unluckily realised) of exposing the common soldiers to the demoralising effects of a mystification, is perhaps a fair question for the casuist. Constantine, however, declined to take upon himself the part assigned by his brother in either alternative. He persisted in writing from Warsaw to confirm his renunciation; he persisted in refusing to come to St. Petersburg to lend this abdication the weight of his personal attestation to its voluntary character. Michael contrived to be sent on a mission between the two brothers, and remained half-way between the two capitals, waiting to see what course events would take, and which brother would prevail in the cross game of personal disinterestedness and prudent selfishness. At last Nicholas had to take the step himself, and by himself; and now all accounts agree in admiration of his firm, dignified, and self-possessed demeanour. Whether he actually possessed much physical courage, is a disputed point between his detractors and his friends. Moral courage, however, he certainly possessed to an extent quite sufficient to compensate for and cover any want of the less noble quality. He proceeded calmly to take measures for public order; and so far as these could be looked to by himself, they were effective. The commandant of the city, however, was over-confident of tranquillity. The military conspirators, half betrayed already, thought it their wisest plan to seize the opportunity which events had made for them, and to raise the standard of a legitimate and reforming cry for "Constantine and the constitution." The troops, already sworn to Constantine as their czar, wavered; and many of them, refusing the new oath to Nicholas, seized their arms and flocked to the great square in front of the senate-house. Thither came the principal conspirators, bringing reinforcements as fast as they could collect them; and thither with a rapid levy of faithful soldiers Nicholas himself proceeded, and, face to face with the insurgents, watched the progress of negotiations with them, and the arrival of fresh troops to his own standard. Michael now appeared on the scene, and at length took his side openly with Nicholas. The result is well known. Surrounded by the troops of the Nicholas, the insurgents repelled all attacks with loss; until the artillery—first directed, it is said (for lack of another initiative), by the hand of Michael himself—swept through their ranks a storm of death before which they succumbed, and Nicholas became master of Russia in fact as well as name.

The troubled days of December 1825 had come to an end,

and the new Emperor inaugurated his reign by a strict examination into the views and conduct of the captured insurgents, if such, under the circumstances of the case, they could properly be called. Justice or vengeance did its work on many of them—that is to say, they were either shot or sent off to spend an indefinite portion, if not the remainder, of their lives in the dismal climate of Siberia. The new Czar showed much personal interest in the examinations; but a total disregard to the sentimental, apart from political, considerations which had distinguished his brother Alexander. Perhaps this was as well in the end, although the immediate consequences were harsh and unpleasing. The mixture of vague and feeble sentimentality with the caprices of despotism is a doubtful improvement upon the cold formality of avowed political expediency. From the first it became apparent that Nicholas was a man who, without being naturally cruel, was devoid of those impulses of feeling, either one way or the other, by which the character of his brother Constantine had been raised to heroism or depressed to brutality, and by which in a milder and more intellectual fashion the susceptible heart and brain of Alexander had been affected. Kindness was not alien to his disposition, and in his own family he gave little reason for reproach in that respect. Towards those friends whom he respected he displayed lasting and firm attachments. But he had little respect (intellectually) for weakness or folly of any kind, least of all for that which subordinated the seeming necessities of State policy to the romantic and generous impulse of the individual. This hard cast of mind—or rather this too well guarded sensibility—coloured even his more trifling actions, and gave an appearance of want of delicacy to what would otherwise in themselves have been unexceptionable proceedings enough. When to this peculiar character was added the known possession of absolute power, no wonder that pleasant jests became formidable matters to those who had the honour, or misery, of being their subjects. A story is told in one or two works which exhibits the peculiar sardonic humour of the Czar in so curious a light with reference to this point, and so broadly distinguishes it from the pleasantry of a man of more genial temperament, that we may perhaps hazard the imputation of telling again a thrice-told tale, and repeat it. A certain Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of one of the most productive iron-works, was supposed to have presumed on his wealth, and shown too independent a spirit by evading the load of honours and offices which a man in his position was expected to seek. Among other slights consequent therefrom, he was refused permission to travel; and for consolation, indulged himself on the Newsky parade at St. Petersburg in the most *outré* foreign costume which

his fancy could devise. On his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed; a handkerchief with a gigantic bow was tied round his neck; a cloak reduced to the dimensions of a cape was thrown over his shoulders; and on his chin he wore a beard *à la Henri Quatre*. An enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels, made a *tout ensemble* fit, one would suppose, "to set before a king." And so it did befall M. Jakovleff that, while sauntering along, he encountered the Emperor's carriage. The equipage was abruptly stopped; the Emperor himself leaned forward, and beckoning the exquisite to approach him, "Pray," said Nicholas, eyeing him with affected curiosity, "who in God's name are you, and where do you come from?" "May it please your majesty, I have the honour to be your majesty's faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jakovleff." "Indeed," replied the Emperor, "we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, Save Saveitch. Oblige us by just stepping up and taking a seat beside us." Jakovleff slyly let drop his cudgel, and with some misgivings took his seat. "But stop," said the Emperor, when they had driven on a little way, "where is your stick, Save Saveitch?" "O, never mind the stick, your majesty." "O, we must have your stick, Save Saveitch. Turn back," he said to the coachman. The stick picked up, they drove on straight to the palace. Nicholas alighted, and beckoned to Jakovleff to follow him. "O no, Save Saveitch, don't take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are—hat, and stick, and cloak, and all." The Emperor led the way straight to the apartment of the Empress. "Pray, my dear," he inquired of her, "do you know who this is?" "No," replied the Empress, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Then allow me to inform you that this is our faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jakovleff. What do you think of him? Is he not a pretty fellow?" The unfortunate exquisite, after furnishing food for some minutes' merriment, was dismissed, half-dead with terror and confusion. But before he departed, he was admonished that the Emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. The man went home, took to his bed, and fell very dangerously ill. Whether the story be circumstantially true or not, there is little doubt that it reproduces accurately the temperament of the Czar.

In one direction, the Czar's want of sympathy for the more romantic and delicate considerations which other princes have admitted into their gravest counsels, had an unfortunate effect. Poland had, in the eyes of Europe generally, claims of a peculiar character to consideration, apart from mere political projects. The traditional heroism of the Poles in past days, and the deli-

verance of Western Europe from the Ottoman arms wrought by their great king before the walls of Vienna, had invested that country with a romantic interest, which had mitigated to some extent her unhappy lot in later times. Frederick of Prussia was, indeed, not a man to entertain such feelings; but even the cold-blooded Maria Theresa had admitted them in her conscience, though she had not firmness to act upon its dictates. Alexander of Russia had amused himself, edified the liberal party in Europe, and raised the hopes of the Poles themselves, with ideas of a revived nationality apart from Russia, and a perfect restitution of Polish liberty and independence. That he at one time seriously entertained this project, seems certain; and he went so far as to include the older provinces of Poland in his paper generosity. But the liberal outbursts in Southern Europe alarmed him into the extremest absolutism; and with his entrance into the Holy Alliance, disappeared his dreams about Poland. Not so with the Poles themselves. The national aspirations thus awakened went on growing in strength, until at length they imparted some degree of turbulence to the small amount of freedom still left in that country, and roused the jealous police-fears of Constantine. This ungrateful people, for whom he had done and sacrificed so much, seemed to be only desirous of getting rid of his fatherly surveillance. Distrust provoked tyranny, and tyranny with Constantine was another name for every excess of brutality; until at length, goaded to madness, the students and army rose, were joined by the middle and upper classes, and his *congé* was quietly given to the Csesarevitch. It is not necessary to recall the struggle which ensued. Once reconquered, Nicholas was not the man to allow mere romantic recollections of the past to weigh against present sins and future security. Sternly, and with cold-blooded cruelty, the remains of the insurrection were stamped out, and the unfortunate participators in it either subjected to the *pœnæ duræ* of Siberia, or scattered over the face of Western Europe—noble petitioners for justice before every European nation, and dependents on their own industry or the unpleasingly ostentatious charity of others. Whatever their faults may have been, and however deficient their national character may be in the elements of stability and order, the returns of our criminal courts at least offer a noble testimony to the unoffending lives which they have led in their adopted countries; and if the interest once professed, if not felt, in their cause has somewhat abated with the mass, it will not have lost any thing with those who are capable of estimating broader political considerations, or who do not think the less of noble and patient endurance when not paraded as a merit before public meetings, and celebrated in Guildhall charitable festivities by

city magnates. Upon the character of Nicholas the fate of Poland fixed a stain in the eyes of free Europe which has never been completely effaced; and never, perhaps, was his calculating policy less wise in its generation than in this instance. He gave, what he should have been most on his guard against giving, an alarm to Western Europe as to the possible fate of the countries bordering on Russia; and he brought before them in strong colours the autocratic tyranny congenial to, and only explained by, Russian society.

The same unshrinking resolution, however, which operated so unpleasingly in this quarter, appeared to great advantage in other crises. Upon the heels of the Polish war came the cholera—not merely destroying in its direct agencies, but demoralising the minds of the population, and rousing their ignorant fears into the most fanatical excesses. The mysterious disease was attributed to poison, distributed by Poles, foreigners, or the authorities themselves, through the agency of the medical profession. Throughout Russia, but at St. Petersburg especially, an indiscriminate massacre of all connected with the medical profession took place; they were hurled out of windows, their heads carried on pikes, and their bodies torn to shreds. The police sought safety in concealment; and the mob proceeded from one extravagance to another, till the Emperor rode out alone into the midst of the infuriated ranks of the soldiery (who had been affected by the general madness), addressed the rioters in the sternest tones of his sonorous voice, and commanded them to kneel in the dust, and endeavour to propitiate the wrath of the Almighty, who had sent this visitation for their sins, and not increase His anger by their lawless conduct. The crowd, awed by his imposing and majestic manner, kneeled down as one man, followed him in the prayer which he offered up, and, quite humbled by his subsequent reprimand, returned to order and obedience.

The indignation of Western Europe at his treatment of Poland may have had some effect in turning the thoughts of Nicholas more especially to the development of the national, as opposed to the exotic, European element in his empire. But it is certain that he had already entered on this task; and that from the beginning of his reign he had committed himself to the wise, though to observers perplexing, plan of working out a Russian national policy through the medium of German advisers. The laws of Russia were, at his accession, in a most confused and heterogeneous state, and codification of some sort seemed imperatively called for. Alexander, who had perceived this necessity, had thrown the labour on various commissions, which, without single directing energy, and composed of men destitute of independent energies, lingered on without resulting in any legis-

lative production. The commissioners had vacillated between a digest of existing laws and usages, and a new philosophical system of legislation. Between these there was a wider dissidence in this country than elsewhere on the continent of Europe; for Russia, to use the words of a Russian, "had received no part of the Roman inheritance" of jurisprudence. "We have been obliged," he continues, "to derive our whole legislation from our national sources—from our customs, traditions, and experience. Civil laws, criminal laws, laws of administration and interior police—every thing had to be erected and constructed anew, and with our own materials." Nicholas, guided by his counsellor Speranski, did not hesitate for a moment between the task of this reconstruction from existing materials and a new code, but decided for the former, and thus put himself in harmony with the real usages of Russia. He gave orders for the immediate completion of a preliminary *collection* of the existing laws. Many of these were no doubt exotic in their character; but some preserved the national spirit, and all had gained the *prestige* of time and custom. The printing of this collection began on the 1st of May 1828, and was finished (in its first stage) on the 1st of April 1830. Besides the titles of the code of 1643, it was composed of 35,993 acts, of which 30,920 were anterior to the accession of Nicholas, whilst no less than 5073 belonged to the seven years from 1825 to 1832, the date of its publication. This first labour finished, there ensued a second, that of co-ordination, which was performed with similar diligence. They were directed to restore with all speed the primitive text, even at the expense of conciseness; to curtail the preambles of every ukase and act whatever; to expunge all the acts positively abrogated by subsequent enactments; to avoid tautology; to arrange all the laws in force, in order of subject-matter, methodically, and so as to form several codes; to give separately such as govern certain provinces, to the exclusion of others, and thus to form codes of a local application apart; and, lastly, to submit every part of the work to the revision of competent authorities. Such was the concordance of the laws, called in Russian "*Svod*," which the genius of Nicholas conceived, and his energy alone carried to a successful and steady completion. As early as February 12, 1833, an imperial manifesto solemnly announced that the work was completed. It did not make the *Svod* immediately obligatory; but it prescribed that it should come into force on the 1st of January 1835. But the work of legislation did not end here. Provision was to be made for the codification of future legislative acts; and for this purpose a series of annual labours was appointed, to bring the new laws into the same system of order and uniformity.

If the existence of a system of positive laws could be in itself a sufficient protection to the citizen, here assuredly we might have expected to find it. Nor were, on the whole, the injunctions of the Czar himself to his judges and administrators less in accordance with a just regard to private rights. But, unfortunately, the commands of an autocrat are least obeyed where they would be attended with most benefit to a third party; nor can the most anxious introspection of the eye of an imperial master secure any thing like the same substantial realisation of the blessings he seeks to bestow on his people, that is attained by the subtle working, through continuous years, of the spirit of free institutions among a self-governing community. We have already alluded to the false surface of refinement which had been spread over Muscovite barbarism. Nurtured by this, and increased by the perpetual pressure of imperial authority, corruption had sunk too deeply into the very grain of official minds to be eradicated by an imperial ukase to deal justly between man and man, in simple accordance with the new Svod. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The Emperor might command and threaten, and, when he had the means of discovering the culprit, severely punish; but how futile and how few would these convictions be, in the face of a community of administrators bound together by the sure tie of common profits in roguery! A story in one of the volumes before us will illustrate the working of this system: A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years, when he received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal, that unless he paid over 10,000 roubles (450*l.*) to the president, the case would be decided against him. The unfortunate litigant, who could not raise as many pence, bethought him of applying to Count Benkendorff, the chief of the secret-service, who he had been led to believe was personally anxious to make an example of some of the delinquents, and who was one of the four or five men holding office in the empire who were deemed incorruptible by the common rumour. The party referred to offered the Count to furnish him with an unquestionable proof of the venality of the president of the court of appeal; and for that purpose, proposed that he should be intrusted with the amount of the bribe demanded in notes privately marked. He undertook that these notes should be found on the president's person. The Count consented. Since the good old times of Alexander I., the officials never make their bargains, or receive any money, before a third party. Their dread of the anger of Nicholas ever occasioned them to resort to many precautions formerly not dreamed of; and in this instance the president declined receiving the money in his house, but proposed that the litigant should invite him to dinner at a tavern which he indicated, and there pay over the

amount to him. The proposition was acceded to ; and his host caused an officer of *gendarmérie* to be stationed in an adjacent closet. The president made his appearance ; he signified by the action of his fingers that their pecuniary transaction had better precede the gastronomic entertainment : the host accordingly handed him a small roll of bank-notes ; the president counted them over in a very business-like way, and tossed them into his hat. As this was not yet quite satisfactory, in the hope that his guest would finally transfer the money to his person, his Amphitryon deferred giving the signal for the appearance of the secret-police agent, and they sat down to dinner. At this moment some one knocked ; it was the president's nephew, come to him with some trifling message from his lady. The judge gave him a brief answer, and bowed him out. At the conclusion of their dinner, he was preparing to depart ; he had pulled on his over-coat, and put his hat on his head, when, on the preconcerted signal, the officer of *gendarmérie* rushed into the apartment with an order from the Count Benkendorff to search his person. "Do not give yourself the trouble to search him," said the excited nobleman, "you will find the bank-notes in his hat." The president smiled blandly, and took his hat off at once ; it was empty : when his nephew went out, he had taken up his uncle's hat instead of his own. The judge thus not only avoided the trap laid for him, but secured the bait ; and doubly punished the informer,—firstly, by deciding the case against him ; and secondly, because, not having substantiated his charge, he was obliged to refund the 10,000 roubles advanced by the police. Can any one doubt, says the writer who supplies the anecdote, that this worthy minister of public justice had received a private hint from Count Benkendorff's office ? In any case, what a state of things must have existed, when such a story could be currently told, and generally accepted as true !

Some of the blame of interference with the legitimate consequences of his own legislative efforts must be shared by the Czar Nicholas himself with his corrupt officials. In calling into existence a fixed rule of justice, the Emperor had given new authority to a power inconsistent with pure autocracy. Nicholas, however, was not very much troubled at this ; and leaving the general operation of justice to be guided by law, never scrupled himself to interpose his own will, in utter defiance of law, whenever it suited his purposes or wishes. He might have remembered, and probably did remember, that such an evil example in the highest quarter would not be lost on the lower grades of authorities ; but he was conscious that this was one of the limitations which the preservation of his despotic authority imposed on his better plans for the welfare of his country. The same was

the case elsewhere;—in the military and commissariat departments of the State he was conscious of the government being grossly robbed and cheated, but found it necessary to wink at a large amount of peculation and deception, rather than hazard an entire reform which might entail upon him the diminution of his personal authority by the interposition of other tribunals of account. Alexander, more amiable, but less sagacious, played with liberal ideas, and tampered with the structure of despotism, without having the courage to remove it entirely, and evoke a new organisation from the rising spirit of the nation. Nicholas saw clearly how much good he could effect without injury to his autocracy; and was not overpowered with anxious regret because he also saw the great imperfections which he must necessarily allow to remain. In considering the measures which he initiated or carried out, these facts should be remembered, or we may fall into the mistake of considering him much less far-sighted and well-intentioned than he really was. He endeavoured to the utmost of his physical and mental powers to supply the want of other supervision over the administration of the empire; and by rapid and sudden journeys from point to point, tried to impart a sense of that ubiquity in the censorship over abuses which it is the boast of popular systems of government to be able to supply.

It is generally allowed that the system and policy of Nicholas were much more Muscovite than that of any of his predecessors. This must be understood always, however, with reference to the double object which Peter the Great had in view, and which his successors still try to carry out, of civilising Russia somewhat after the standard of Western Europe, and of giving her a European territorial and moral preponderance. The leading idea of Slavism—the patriarchal authority—had been already introduced by the Czars into the modern system of government. Its rival, the ecclesiastical authority, had been effectually crushed by Peter, and has since become a pliant tool in the promulgation among the people of the Slavonic notion of the sacred character attaching to the person of the great father of the State. The nobility, originally military chiefs, had passed into the stage of proprietors of land—not landed proprietors in our sense of the term—city residents either at Moscow or St. Petersburg, dependent for their revenue on land in the country, but not resident on their estates, and having no territorial influence in their neighbourhoods corresponding to that of an English landed gentleman. Their lands are cultivated by the members of the communes, their serfs, whose allegiance easily passes from one proprietor of the soil and of themselves to another, without any feeling of attachment or fealty to their landlord's family.* Many of

* It is said, however, that a change is beginning to take place in the habits of

the nobility have become the heads of manufactories in the cities, and in that capacity have gathered around them bodies of workmen, often their own serfs; for the spirit of aggregation holds good as well in the city as in the country, and a Russian citizen of the upper middle-class, in our sense of the term, has been hitherto found to be an impossibility. The native private merchant degenerates rapidly into the mere huckster. Nicholas encouraged the manufactories, which seem more akin to the genius of the country; although they are still very deficient in internal organisation, and in giving that solidity and value to the articles manufactured which honesty and individual pride in the workman can alone secure. He also fostered, by every means in his power, the settlement of foreign merchants in St. Petersburg, either hoping that their spirit would become in time contagious, or wishing thereby to bind more firmly to Russia the commercial interests of the West. He has been accused, indeed, of sacrificing much of the Western trade to his jealousy of England; and in the same point of view, he is said to have endeavoured to establish an eastward trade, which might in time realise the favourite idea of Peter the Great, of a trade with India. Still there can be no doubt, that during his reign, and under the auspices of his general policy, the commercial interests of Russia and the West were much more closely intertwined, and that the fluctuations of the mercantile community in either were much more sensibly felt in the other than was wont to be the case. If projects of railways across Russia, after the English fashion, have been somewhat fallacious and double-faced in the more recent schemes, there can be little doubt that the Czar Nicholas had a more shrewd idea than most of his predecessors as to the best manner in which the arts and inventions of the West might have become acclimated on the soil of his empire.

The position of the serfs throughout the empire, with the exception of the Baltic provinces, in which the experiment of enfranchisement had been already tried, could not but arrest the attention of such a prince as Nicholas, and seems to have touched his sympathies more closely than most questions. He even dropped unguarded hints at one time of an enfranchisement, which led to melancholy consequences. Vague reports spread among the serfs that their great father wished to enfranchise them, nay, had even given the orders, but that the nobles withheld its execution. In several quarters the peasants flew to arms, massacred all of their masters whom they could come across, and looked for support and reward, instead of punishment and coercion, from the government of the Czar. Of course they were

the nobility in this respect, and that many of them have established themselves in the country, after the English fashion.

grievously disappointed; and after that time the Czar maintained a prudent reserve as to his intentions in this respect. He, however, made a considerable advance towards the enfranchisement of the serfs from slavery to individual masters, by increasing largely the number of State-peasants, who had especial privileges, though of course they also were affected by the despotic character of the State-government. The communistic principle is so strong in Russia, that individual enfranchisement becomes a less easy matter than elsewhere; and it is chiefly by moving the peasants forward into more privileged communes that the process of a general removal of serfdom can be satisfactorily achieved. Their personal slavery to their masters especially is being destroyed little by little; and one of the last announcements of the new reign is, that serfs are to be allowed to marry without the consent of their lords.

We have left ourselves little space to speak adequately of the increase and reorganisation of the military and naval strength of Russia under the late Czar, and of the foreign policy which the Court of St. Petersburg has pursued during the last quarter of a century. So far as the mind and eye of the Emperor could effect any thing, the army has been greatly improved. There has been (after the fashion of military autocrats) too much stress laid on the freedom of soldiers' coats from creases upon the parade-ground, and too little attention paid (from causes we have already alluded to) to the regulation of the commissariat. But on the whole, the experience of the last war, considering the nature of the materials from which the army was drawn, cannot be said to derogate from the reputation of the Russian army. Although they have found themselves unequal to the picked troops of Western Europe, they have not altogether failed in maintaining the honour of their country; and the forced marches and desperate aggressive movements, both so alien to the physical character of the Russian soldier, by which the struggle was marked, prove that the energy of the Czar had succeeded in calling into play new qualities in his army. It must be remembered, that the Russian army has been subdivided into several distinct portions; and that besides the army of reserve, there are distinct services for the frontiers of Western Europe, and for the southern provinces of the empire. The victories of Paskevitch in Hungary and in Persia were gained with quite distinct divisions of the service; and it was not until the last war that any thing like the whole of the military force of Russia was called into service at the same time. The navy has made less progress, although the exploits of one or two Russian captains would seem to imply that there also a new spirit has been called into existence.

The foreign policy of Russia requires less careful elucidation

on the present occasion, as it has of late years necessarily been the subject of much careful examination and comment. That Nicholas acted in the spirit of the famous will of Peter, there can be little doubt; but he was not hasty or indiscriminate in his plans of aggression. He was content to await the natural course of events; and if he assisted their progress towards the desired point where direct action became possible on his part, he seldom forcibly precipitated them towards it. His most wanton and least excusable aggressions on Turkey had generally some more or less plausible pretext in the ill-regulated councils of the Divan, or in the ambiguous movements of other "protecting" powers. In his Greek policy, he was eminently successful against some of the cleverest of European diplomatists. In the Egyptian affair he was less fortunate, owing probably rather to the subsequent turn of events, which displaced Louis Philippe from the throne of France, than to any other cause. His alliance with England on that occasion was rather a preliminary step towards the meditated attack on Turkey, by effecting a decided breach between the two Western powers, than a distinct policy in itself. In the Menschikoff demands, which precipitated the last European contest, there were good grounds for hoping that no firm alliance could be formed between England and France, and that Prussia would be neutralised by her family alliance, and Austria by the recent service in Hungary and the recollection of her still unsettled position in that country and in Italy. It is very doubtful whether, after all, the Czar was not right in his conjecture respecting the Western alliance; nor is it easy to decide the point whether, had his life been prolonged, and the genius which presided over the destinies of Russia had not been removed in the very crisis of the contest, the alliance between England and France—already growing lukewarm through mutual jealousies—would have outlasted the sustained determination of Nicholas. We must remember, in estimating the late Czar's merits as a foreign statesman, that he had throughout his entire Eastern policy to contend against the excess and hasty fervour of Muscovite zeal, and yet to retain this enthusiasm as a fitting agent in his ultimate design. Looked at in this point of view, his long self-command will probably seem as remarkable as his eventual boldness of action. Persia in a great degree provoked the contest which lost her some valuable provinces. The war in Hungary was a politic step and a politic degradation to Austria; and, as it seemed, at the same time a very convenient mode of getting some sort of footing in the Slavonic provinces along the Austrian portion of the Danube. The politic conduct of the Russian officers in the campaign did as much to weaken the respect of the population for their Austrian masters as it enhanced with

them the reputation of the northern invaders. This is not the only instance in which Nicholas contrived to intermix political diplomacy with the actual operations of war.

The private life of Nicholas may be treated of in a few words; and then our sketch, however imperfect, may be brought to a conclusion. His handsome person and stately demeanour have been spoken of. We believe that the general report of writers and travellers, that these personal advantages were not unattended by some of the sensual habits of his race, is not unfounded. There may be exaggeration in the stories told; but the fact of the infidelity of Nicholas to his marriage-vows, has been frequently commented on, and sometimes palliated by the infirm state of health of the Empress. It is agreed, however, that if not a faithful husband, the Czar was a kind one; and that he consulted the actual decencies of society out of regard to her feelings, concealing the extent, though not the fact, of his irregularities.

His sons had no reason to complain of a want of paternal affection; and if State considerations to some extent directed the choice of his daughters' consorts, they did not do so in every case. The imperial circle—so far as the tyranny of court etiquette would allow—was a happy one, and there were fewer scandals within its precincts than in many others. The same perhaps cannot be said of the wider circle of the court; but it must be borne in mind, that the corruptions of Western Europe received in this point a strengthening rather than a weakening influence in the natural temperament of the Slave.

As an administrator of that race, and the races associated with them on the extensive soil of Russia, the Czar Nicholas may, on the whole, challenge comparison with any sovereign placed in circumstances of similar difficulty. It would be folly to portray him as either a very mild or entirely just ruler. He has committed many crimes, in a position where the large majority of men would probably have committed many more. His crimes, as well as his errors, have been those of policy and a naturally cold temperament. If, on this account, his actions strike us occasionally with horror and indignation, they are not inconsistent with a large amount of beneficent and disinterested policy in other directions. His littlenesses sprang rather from the untoward position of autocrat than from his own particular character. He was certainly a worthy successor of Peter the Great, and the most successful of those who have endeavoured to perfect that monarch's ideas of empire. With the founder of St. Petersburg, and with Catherine II., he will be hereafter looked upon as one of the greatest, though not exactly one of the best, of Russia's sovereigns.

ART. VII.—THE WORLD OF MIND BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

The World of Mind: an Elementary Book. By Isaac Taylor.
London: Jackson and Walford, 1857.

THE description which Mr. Taylor gives of his own book on its title-page is expressive rather of his aim in producing it than of its actual character and contents. It is not an elementary treatise on psychology, if we are to understand by those terms a popular exposition of the leading principles and general results of that science, so far as they have been yet discovered,—an introduction to its profounder and more systematic study. It is an original disquisition, peculiar in its plan and arrangement. It embraces more than is ordinarily comprised in works on mental science. They for the most part concern themselves only with the philosophy of the human mind; Mr. Taylor takes in the lower animal races also. This inclusion, indeed, is intended to be conveyed in the title of his book, which is somewhat ambiguous. “The World of Mind” may either mean, as it is generally interpreted, the inner universe, which is revealed to every man by self-consciousness, in the sense of the old poet, “My mind to me a kingdom is;” or it may be taken more objectively, as we use the phrases, “mineral kingdom,” “vegetable kingdom,” to denote the several orders of being endowed with the qualities in virtue of which these names are bestowed. It is in this second sense that it is used by our author.

The design of his work is thus expressed: “Much of that which is to invite attention in this elementary book will consist of an exhibition—first, of what is common to all orders of living beings; and then a setting forth of what is peculiar to the human mind, and which is the ground of its immeasurable superiority.” The subject thus stated affords the materials for a valuable and instructive work; and with such a one Mr. Taylor has presented us. But we very much doubt whether the procedure he has adopted is likely to produce a volume fitted to occupy the first “place in a course of elementary reading in mental philosophy.” Mr. Taylor seems to have been misled by the analogy of the physical sciences. In physiology, for example, it would be worse than useless to confine ourselves to the study of the frame of man, with its organs and functions, and to exclude from attention the related forms of lower animals. Little could be learned in this way. It may be practicable and convenient here to commence with the study of the laws and conditions of life as they manifest themselves in the lowest zoophyte;

and to trace them up, in their widening range and increasing complexity, to their development in man. The higher and the lower structures mutually give and receive light. And if mind exhibits itself, in different orders of being, in a similarly ascending scale, why should not the same procedure be applicable here? Why should we not have a *comparative psychology*? The difference, though often overlooked in the interests of theories, is perfectly obvious. External objects are known to us by outward observation and experiment; they can be directly compared and classified. The human body is an organisation as foreign to the examining mind as that of the ape or the tiger. It is not his own body that the anatomist dissects, or the physiologist speculates upon. On the other hand, no man has direct knowledge of any other mind than his own. The philosophy of the human mind is, in every case, neither more nor less than the philosophy of the particular mind then speculating. Nothing here can be taken on testimony. The experience and results of others are of no avail to us until they become our own; and we reject or accept them, according as they recommend or fail to recommend themselves to our individual consciousness. *Self*, as contrasted with what is not oneself,—the facts made known to the mind, “turned inward on its own mysteries,” as opposed to those which the senses teach us to apprehend,—are the proper objects of psychology. It is an egotistic science. In its own barbarous language, it deals with “the me;” all that belongs to the “not me” is beyond its range. In proposing, then, to commence the study of it on any lower level than that of the human consciousness, to work a path upwards from the inferior animals to man, Mr. Taylor is ignoring the fundamental distinction on which his science depends, and without which it could not exist. Strongly and even vehemently opposed to all materialising tendencies, jealously guarding the frontier-territory of physiology and psychology against the encroachments and usurpations of the former science, protesting wisely and well against the confusion of theories of organisation and theories of mind, he is yet, by the procedure we have criticised, all the while playing into the hands of the enemy, against whom on other points he does such service.

“When we attempt to mark off the world of Mind,” says Mr. Taylor, “on the side bordering towards the lower orders of life, namely, the vegetative, some ambiguity attaches to many of the instances which present themselves on that margin. But the question which often perplexes the physiologist, when he inquires concerning this or that species whether it should be accounted animal or vegetable, is wholly unimportant in relation to our present subject. We do not concern ourselves with Mind until it comes to manifest itself clearly by its own distinctive characteristics; and these, if we ascend a few

steps only on the scale of animated being, become so strongly marked as to preclude all uncertainty.

Then, as we ascend step by step upon this scale, we find ourselves in the company of beings whose actions and whose modes of adapting themselves to the influences and the accidents of the external world are readily interpretable by means of our own consciousness, and our own modes of action. This criterion, if there were no other, would sufficiently serve the purpose of assigning any particular class of beings to its due place, as belonging to the upper or to the lower orders. It is by this rule of analogy that we admit any species into the community of mind, or disallow its claims to that distinction."

If the actions and dispositions of animals are only so far to be understood by us as they "are readily interpretable by means of our own consciousness," it certainly seems a mistake, an inversion of the proper order, to commence the study of our own consciousness by examination into the habits and dispositions of the lower animals:

"Yea, sire, and is it thus?

This is *ignotum per ignotius*."

It is to attempt to illustrate the less by the more obscure topic; "to hold a farthing rushlight" (as yet unkindled) "to the sun." The science of the human mind must have attained a certain degree of completeness and certainty, before we can use it to explain the more difficult, because to us less accessible, subject of animal intelligence. It is, in fact, the application of a crude and ill-considered human psychology to the explication of the mental phenomena displayed by the lower orders of being that has involved the latter in more than their original obscurity.

Having thus stated our dissent from the conception of mental science which forms the ground-plan of Mr. Taylor's book, we proceed to consider in such detail as our space will admit the main doctrines and general spirit of his volume.

Our author declines any definition of his subject, because "a definition can be strictly applicable only when the subject to which it relates is thoroughly known to us;" and offers in its place "a descriptive statement," which "must not be regarded as if it were dependent, in any rigid manner, upon the precise words that may be employed to convey it." Without criticising this somewhat extraordinary condition, or stopping to inquire how far such "a descriptive statement" is likely "at least to serve to mark off our proper subject, and to keep it apart from other subjects to which it stands related, and with which it is very liable to be confounded;" or, again, if it does this, in what it differs from a *definition* properly so called,—we give Mr. Taylor's own exposition:

"MIND, so far as we are cognisant of it by our individual con-

sciousness, and by our intercourse with those like ourselves, and by observation of the various orders of animated beings around us, although it is conjoined with an animal organisation, is always clearly distinguishable therefrom as the subject of intellectual science. But when we attempt to describe it, we can do so only as if it were one with that animal framework, apart from which we have no direct knowledge of it in any way or in any single instance."

We do not know how to assent to this statement, which seems to us self-contradictory. If mind is "clearly distinguishable" from the animal organisation *in thought*, it is surely capable of being distinguished from it *in words*. Our author, however, having made the opposite assumption, goes on with it as follows :

"MIND, as conjoined with an animal organisation, is that which lives not merely as vegetable structures live, but more than this, for it is related to the outer world by organs of sensation ; it moves and moves from place to place by an impulse originating within itself : and it has also a consciousness more or less distinct of its own existence ; that is to say, it possesses, in a greater or less degree, a reflective life, and it is capable of enjoyment and suffering.

THE WORLD OF MIND comprehends all orders of beings that exhibit those conditions of life which we here specify."

In a later part of his work, Mr. Taylor endeavours to ascertain what is the "prime characteristic of Mind, and its FIRST RUDIMENT ;"* and determines what it is "in its essence,"† "its own nature—*itself*."‡ We shall have occasion afterwards to remark on this portion of his speculations. We refer to it now only because we are unable to reconcile it with the language of the descriptive statement already quoted, and with Mr. Taylor's apology for the absence of a definition.

His subject is distributed under the three heads of Psychology, Metaphysics, and Logic, of which only the first two are treated of in the volume before us ; Psychology, as it appears to us, with much greater success than Metaphysics. A reader whose conception of metaphysical science should be gathered exclusively from Mr. Taylor's book, would scarcely attain a more accurate notion of its real character and object than that it deals with abstractions and leads to scepticism. Mr. Taylor distinguishes it from psychology by the remark, that "the terms *space, time, cause, and effect*, belong to this department" (metaphysics). But they belong just as much to psychology. It is not in their subject-matter, but in their mode of viewing the same subject-matter, that these sciences differ. Let us take, for example, the notions to which Mr. Taylor refers as exclusively metaphysical.

They are facts of consciousness. Like all other phenomena,

* p. 141.

† p. 176.

‡ p. 175.

they can be submitted to the processes, and treated according to the laws, of inductive inquiry. And it is the business of psychology, as the positive science of consciousness, to do this—to find out their contents, to trace their origin and development, to assign them their proper place in the scheme of mind. But though in the mind they refer, as we are constrained to believe, to realities existing without it. Is then this belief trustworthy, this reference real? Are the conceptions which the words *space*, *time*, and *substance* suggest to us mere figments of the understanding; or do they correspond to, and represent, independent existences? To answer these questions, to bridge over the chasm which separates *thoughts* from *things*, the subjective from the objective, is the business of metaphysics.

From these considerations, it is obvious that the proper place of metaphysical science, as dependent on the results of psychology, is posterior to the latter. The goal of the one is the other's starting-point. In treating of it, first, Mr. Taylor sacrifices logical fitness to considerations of convenience. He is evidently anxious to get rid as soon as possible of an uncongenial topic, to hurry past "abysses" into which it is dizziness to look. Metaphysics and "mystification" seem to him one and the same thing. His footing is not sure, nor his eye clear, till he gets fairly to the region of concrete phenomena. We pass over some remarks, which seem to us far from sound, on the relation which physical, mathematical, and metaphysical science bear respectively to the philosophy of mind, as having been already partly answered in anticipation. Metaphysics being defined as the science of "abstractions," the abstractions with which it deals are classified as either "ultimate," "mixed," or "concrete." Under the first head, the notions of *space*, *time*, and *substance*, are discussed. We will briefly consider the conception of space; the origin and nature of which are thus set forth. On the presentation of a sphere to the observer, he learns by the sense of touch that it is solid and hard. By the exercise of abstraction, its sensible properties,—its colour, taste, and so on,—are one by one dismissed, till there remain only its solidity and its spherical shape. Its form, last of all, is discarded from thought. All that is now left is a vague notion; which we fail to realise to the mind, but which we seek to hold fast by means of the phrase *solid extension*. Having got safely thus far, our author proceeds:

"Solid extension—let us say that of the sphere—may be conceived as extending itself further and further, until it fills a planetary orbit, or until it embraces the starry universe; and it may go even beyond this limit. . . . At any one stage of its progress, what should forbid its advancing one other stage; and then why may it not do the like again? This supposition of an endless progress or movement onward,

though we fail to follow it conceptively, compacts itself into an abstract notion for which we require a name ;—and we call it the Infinite, or Infinitude.

But an event of another kind may be imagined as possible. In truth, it is an event which obtrudes itself upon our thoughts ; and which, when once it has occurred, we find it impossible to dismiss entirely. The solid sphere which just now I had before me, and which I felt and saw, may not only *disappear*, or cease to be felt and seen, but it may have *ceased to be*. We may imagine this, at least ; not that it has flown off, and so might be overtaken somewhere, but we may suppose that *it is not*. What is there, then, where it was, but where now it is not ? The answer may be, Nothing ; for I may imagine the atmosphere and every gas removed from where it was. But the word ‘nothing,’ if it be taken in its simple sense, does not quite satisfy the mind. The annihilated sphere has left a sort of residual meaning in its place, or a shadow of reality, which asks a name. This remainder of meaning is symbolised or represented by the word *SPACE* ; and when we have accepted it, we feel as if an intellectual necessity had been supplied.

To the bare notion which the word ‘space’ enables us to retain some sort of hold of, we render back a portion of the properties of solid extension ; and on this foundation build the most certain of the sciences. Thus we allow ourselves to think (or to speak, if not to think) of space as divisible into parts, and as susceptible of measurement ; and also as capable of endless progression outwards from a centre. In this way we come to speak of INFINITE SPACE. Here, then, is an abstract notion, from which I have removed all sensible properties,—nay, all properties, whether sensible or only conceivable,—and yet I am not content to call it—nothing ; nor can I rid myself of it : it is like to nothing ; it clings to my consciousness ; it is or has become to me a law of my intellectual existence. I cannot think of myself or of any other existence otherwise than as occupying space.

Beyond this limit, and in this direction, no human mind has hitherto made any progress, or has shown us how we may analyse the notion represented by the word ‘space.’ The analytic faculty has at length fully done its office ; and the result is an ultimate abstraction” (pp. 31-33).

Those who admit the justice of Mr. Taylor’s previous reasoning, may perhaps on good grounds demur to this last assertion ; and allowing space to be an *abstraction*, deny that it is an *ultimate* abstraction. We do not conceive it as *simple*, but as *trinal* extension,—extension, that is, in the three coexistent modes of length, breadth, and thickness, any one of which we may abstract and consider apart from the rest. This, in fact, is done in the different branches of geometry, where a line is defined to be length without breadth ; a superficies, length and breadth without depth, and so on. We have no intention of allowing ourselves to be betrayed into any discussion of the unending question, whether space is an *à-priori* form of thought, or an *à-posteriori*

datum of experience, or both the one and the other; our present business is to criticise Mr. Taylor's book; and we confine ourselves to the examination of his doctrine, which appears open to many unanswerable objections. In almost every word of his statement *the previous existence* of the notion, which he strives to show us in the process of formation, is implied. We begin with imagining a solid body. But what do we mean by "a solid body"? What is a *solidity* but the property of *occupying space*? We can give no other definition; we have no other idea of it than this. We are told to fancy solid extension spreading itself out beyond the limits of the stellar universe, "without end and for ever;" and that then, by abstraction of the solidity from this conception, we shall come to the idea of space as infinite. But infinite *expansion* cannot take place, or be thought of as occurring, except in infinite space. The one idea, so far from being derived from the other, is logically prior to it, its necessary condition.

Mr. Taylor does not attempt to explain how it is that an abstract notion, without "properties sensible or conceivable," which is "like to nothing," and which he yet cannot make up his mind to "call nothing," should "cling to his consciousness," and become a "law of his intellectual existence." He is lost in wonder at the fact; but he makes no effort to account for it. If space be an abstraction, it ought to resemble other abstractions. We can abstract from red bodies, for example, their property of redness; but if we imagine all red bodies to be destroyed, we do not attribute to the quality of redness even any remaining "shadow of reality," any independent existence. If all *men die*, *humanity* dies with them. How is it, then, that after having annihilated in thought all extended matter, extension remains behind? We have *emptied* space, and not *destroyed* it; we cannot think it away. Why the character of "intellectual necessity" which, Mr. Taylor admits, attaches to this notion, and to those of time and substance, should not be found in the case of all other abstractions, neither his nor any other *merely* empirical theory makes any approach to explaining.

In the section on "Mixed Abstractions," our author discusses the notion represented by the word *power*, which he refers to the mind's consciousness of a self-determining force within itself, and from which he traces the origin of our ideas of *causation*, *liberty*, *necessity*, *freedom of the will*, &c. If we find little that is strictly speaking new here, we find much that is true, and stated with remarkable discrimination and eloquence, and with great ingenuity of illustration. The author, in his vindication of human freedom, throws himself confidently on those primal intuitions which, if they do not admit of logical proof, are yet superior to logical disproof, and can never be permanently kept

in abeyance. Of this part of his work we have only assent and admiration to express, which we regret that the space at our disposal does not enable us to justify by copious extract. We make room instead for a passage which brings us on a step further, introducing us to the field of what Mr. Taylor calls CONCRETIVE ABSTRACTIONS :

"In the exercise of this same faculty of abstraction, we may either, as in the various instances already mentioned, employ ourselves in setting off from some complex notion, one by one, its several constituents, until we arrive at that which admits of no further separation ; or otherwise, we may take up an abstract idea or a principle, whether it be of the simplest order or not, and then look about for the same idea or principle as it is to be met with elsewhere, embodied under very different conditions, and combined with other elements.

Instances of this kind meet us at every step throughout the circle of the physical sciences : in truth, such instances constitute the staple of these sciences ; and they are so abundant, that they need not be mentioned otherwise than briefly in illustration of what we now intend. The ' laws of nature,' as they are called, are, as to our mode of conceiving them, certain abstract notions, which we recognise as we find them taking effect in a multitude of diversified instances.

Newton's falling apple suggested to him a 'law,' which he perceived to take effect in determining the revolution of the moon in her orbit, and then again to prevail throughout the planetary system. When the ascent of water under a vacuum came to be truly understood, the rise of mercury in a tube, under the same conditions, was seen to be an instance explicable by means of the same law ; and then the heights respectively to which the two fluids will rise *in vacuo* were found to correspond to the specific gravity of the two as weighed against the terrestrial atmosphere, thus confirming the principle that had been assumed. Those innumerable analogies which are found to prevail between vegetable and animal organisations, are instances of the same kind ; as, for example, the several processes of nutrition, excretion, respiration, secretion, are found to be, *to a certain extent*, identical in principle ; that is to say, a law which, as we apprehend it, is not a reality any where existing, but is a pure abstraction, is recognised in this, in that, in many instances, which at the first view of them differ in many respects ; and they so differ, that it is with an emotion, first of surprise, and then of pleasure, that we catch the identity which has been concealed, as we might say, hitherto within the folds of many exterior diversities.

Abstractions of this kind may properly be called CONCRETIVE, because their tendency is to gather around themselves other adjuncts than those with which they may at first have presented themselves to our view.

In those departments of science which are observational and experimental, we *find* what we are seeking for. In those which are inventive and constructive, we *make* what we are seeking for. In chemistry, for

example, we *find* the laws of definite proportions in the combination of elements. In mechanics, when its principles are apprehended, we create the applications of them in such forms as may suit our purpose" (pp. 54-57).

The substance of these remarks applies with no less force to the recognition and discrimination of *moral* qualities, under their various manifestations and disguises in actual life, and to their versatile embodiment in the several poetic arts, than to the instances just cited. When the fundamental idea which animates any work is once apprehended, the value of its several parts is tested by their bearing upon this idea, by the degree in which they contribute to carry out and convey it. In this criticism of means in their relation to an end, of single conceptions in respect of a larger design that includes them, "the sense of fitness and order" takes its rise. It is satisfied by simple sufficiency; it is wounded alike by defeat and redundancy. Exertions which go beyond, and exertions which fail to reach, their aim equally shock it. It is in it that our author finds an escape from the perplexities and scepticisms which follow on too much metaphysics, and attains "grounds of certainty,"—a sure pathway of transition to the highest and most guiding truths of morals and religion. "The very structure of the mind," he maintains, compels it "to accept as true and real that which bears upon itself the characteristics of coherence, congruity, fitness, order." This principle, which in another work—*The Restoration of Belief*—Mr. Taylor had ingeniously applied to the confirmation of the historical evidences of Christianity, is here made the basis of a pure moral theology. In barest outline, his argument may be stated thus. We shall use, where we can incorporate them, the author's own words. "The sense of fitness and order may be disturbed as well by a redundancy in any organism as by a deficiency. If there be a wheel in a machine which has no duty to perform, or if a wheel be wanting at any point on the pathway of motion, we disallow the unity of the whole" (p. 91). On the supposition that man is not a free agent,—the master of his own sentiments and conduct, but on the contrary subject to those laws of physical causation which rule in the material world,—conscience, the moral sense, though an essential part of his nature, has no function in it. It bids him do this, and refrain from that; though he has no power to determine what he shall do, being himself absolutely disposed of by laws as inviolable as those which keep the earth in her orbit, and provide that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, shall not fail. Any theory which fails to recognise man's moral freedom converts his nature into an incoherent delusion, to which we find nothing analogous in the other arrangements of the universe. Admit, however, human free

agency, and this incongruity vanishes. Conscience ceases to be "a redundant endowment."

"Now," says our author, "the moral sense leads us directly to the conception, however vague, of AN AUTHORITY to which we are related. . . . The idea of an authority beyond and above us conjoins itself with the conception of a POWER, and of a purpose too, to vindicate itself, whether immediately or at some future time. It is this set of notions which gives coherence to the moral sense. Without them, no aspect of fitness presents itself on this side of human nature. . . . The idea of *authority* or of a relationship between two beings—each endowed with intelligence and moral feeling—supposes that the will of the one who is the more powerful of the two has been in some way declared. It also demands an independence of some kind in the other nature, intervening between the one will and the other will. Where the relationship of law, not as a physical principle, but as a *rule* and *motive* is brought in, there we must find a break—an interval,—and a reciprocal counteraction. . . . A scheme of government taking its bearing upon the moral sense is not a chain along which sequences follow in a constant order; but it is—a standing on the one side and a standing on the other side, with a clear distance interposed. If we take fewer elements than these as the ground of moral government, the entire vocabulary of morals—popular and scientific—loses its significance."

From all this the conclusion is drawn, that

"a system of government has no completeness or reason, it exhibits no fitness or order, until we recognise its source in the SOVEREIGN RECTITUDE—the DIVINE PERSONAL WISDOM and GOODNESS."

This brief abstract conveys no adequate idea of the telling argument of which it is a summary. The two sections in which it is developed, on "the Sense of Fitness and Order," and "the Grounds of Certainty," are models of moral reasoning; and the thoughtful and sober eloquence of the style is in perfect keeping with the character of the subjects. At the same time, we are not able to assent without qualification to all that is advanced, even in the passage we have quoted, if we are strictly to interpret its every word. If we are to understand by the Moral Sense a conviction of the ineffaceable distinction between right and wrong, and of the intrinsic obligation of rectitude, we must demur to the assertion that—if taken absolutely alone, and separated from the framework of *actual* human experience—it necessarily "indicates that which is above itself and beyond itself," or "leads directly to the conception of an AUTHORITY," to which the mind experiencing it is subject. For such a moral sense we must attribute to God himself. And this Mr. Taylor, we presume, intends to do when he speaks of the Divine Being and man as "each endowed with intelligence and moral feeling,"—or else he is using the same phrase in the same connection in a

different signification in the two cases. Then, on his principle, the search after a *paramount* moral Governor of the Universe would become as futile as the quest of natural theology after a First Cause,—the “moral feeling” of each being indicating an authority above it, and so on for ever; just as in the parallel instance, what we call the “First Cause” logically demands a prior, quite as much as any of those earlier in the series. It is not (we may venture to suggest) the mere discrimination of right and wrong, and of the supreme claim over us of the former, which leads us to consider ourselves subjects of a higher power. For —if we attribute moral qualities to God at all, and without them He can scarcely be a moral ruler—that discrimination must exist in Him far more perfectly than in ourselves. By the special experience of human nature, we should rather think, and not by any intellectual necessity, this feeling of subjection to a divine authority comes in with the consciousness of *defective* moral power, and *violated* obligation, and expresses itself in trust, remorse, and the instinctive fear of retribution. Again, it rather jars with the lofty and ethical tone of the rest of the argument, to read that “the idea of AUTHORITY, or of a relationship between two beings, each endowed with intelligence and moral feeling, supposes that the *will of the one who is the more POWERFUL of the two* has been in some way declared.” Moral authority is the ascendancy of the better, *as such*; and not of the “more powerful.” It does not depend on relative degrees of strength. It is not as the *All-mighty*, but as the *All-good*, that the Divine Being has authority over the free souls of His children. Indeed, “this independence,” which Mr. Taylor insists upon as “intervening between one will and the other will,” of itself implies this. The points to which we have taken exception may be mere oversights, simply flaws of statement. Their removal would strengthen, as their presence tends to invalidate, an argument in which they have place, by contradicting its essential spirit.

Having led us to this crowning truth, in which metaphysics passes into theology, Mr. Taylor brings to a close the first division of his work, and enters upon the science of mind properly so called. In a few pithy and pointed pages, he distinguishes its sphere from that of animal physiology, and illustrates the impossibility of solving mental problems by reference to physical conditions. The (animated) “world, as known to the ancients,” is there eloquently contrasted with the conception of it which the revelations of the microscope on the one hand, and the discoveries of geology upon the other, force on the cultivated modern intelligence. They compel us to take into account, and recognise our partnership with, the creatures around us. We

do not share in that feeling of annoyance which the contemplation of human affinity with other orders of animal being, seems to awaken in many minds that we should have thought superior to such emotion. We entirely sympathise with Mr. Taylor's rebuke and exposure of it. It is simply on the ground of irrelevance to the topic he is discussing, when correctly viewed, and of special unfitness for the purposes of an elementary treatise, that we have felt constrained to protest against the inclusion of matters remote from consciousness within the limits of a dissertation on a subject known to us exclusively through consciousness. We therefore decline to be delayed by the hazy and eloquent passage, in which he aims to "look abroad upon the field of animal life away from that point of view from which it is only seen in contrast with the more highly developed faculties of the human species;—to think of it in its absolute quality, or such *as it is*; or such as it would seem to be, if we could take a positive fear out of humanity." All that is said in this connection may be very true; but it cannot be proved to be so. Alike in what is affirmed and what is denied of the prerogatives of the lower animal races, we feel the want of verification. It is simple conjecture, more or less plausible. The degree in which the different orders of animated being are susceptible of pleasure from colour and sound,—whether this pleasure ever amounts to a perception of beauty and an ear for music,—how far their moral and affectional emotions rise above the level of instinct, and fall below that characteristic of human nature,—the sources and extent of the happiness they enjoy, and its disturbances,—all these are questions which we are never likely to have any *data* for solving satisfactorily. They resemble the speculations of *savans* as to the plurality of worlds. They are interesting and ingenious, but they settle nothing. At any rate, they are out of place where we find them.

More legitimate are our author's speculations as to the primal rudiment of mind, which he determines to be Power; or, as he oddly phrases it, *Mind-in-act toward matter*. He is led to this conclusion by two separate, but, as he thinks, converging lines of argument. Taking the chronological path, he borrows from the animal physiologist the fact, that muscular movement takes place in the embryo "long before the animal has conversed with the outer world, by the eye, or the ear, or other senses;" that it therefore "precedes sensation, unless it be some undefined consciousness that is earlier dated than parturition."

From the nature of the case, however, the external observer can have no cognisance of sensation in the embryo before parturition. We attribute sensation to other beings than ourselves only by noting in them muscular motions which suggest it, and

which, as we remember, have followed upon a particular feeling in ourselves. Action *must* be the first phenomenon *observed* by us in an organisation foreign to ourselves; but that it is the first phenomenon occurring in that organisation, it is altogether gratuitous to assume. Mr. Taylor's physiological fact is worth nothing. In admitting the possibility of "some undefined consciousness" earlier than the first movement of the embryo, he deprives it of all its significance. Indeed, we can hardly conceive power, *i.e.* mind in act towards matter, except as the result of some prior condition, as the outcomes of feeling, or as the deliberate aim at a preconceived end, without falling into sheer casualism. In the one case we assign precedence in time to *thought*, in the other to *sensation*. It is not difficult to make our choice between these two in the instances under examination. Mr. Taylor's anxiety to vindicate a real causative power in man has led him into assumptions which cannot be maintained, and which moreover are not essential for his purpose. Indeed, we cannot reconcile the doctrine on which we are remarking with his admission towards the end of the volume, that the "inherent force," which he attributes to mind, requires to "be put in movement *from without*." An admirable mechanism is before us; but it is at rest, and will for ever remain at rest, unless a finger—a force foreign to itself—give the start to the pendulum" (p. 394).

The second method of arriving at the "rudimental in the constitution of things,"—*i.e.* power,—is by the path of analysis, in which case the simplest element must be considered as primal. Here we are led to the same conclusion as before. "Sensation," it is alleged, "is composite: it is the product of two or more (?) forces from without, acting upon an organisation that is complicated in its structure." The complication, however, of the organic frame is quite irrelevant to the matter in hand. Volition, as well as sensation, takes effect through a complex structure of nerves and muscles; and if this fact does not deprive it of *its* simplicity, neither does it interfere with that of sensation. In the same way, the number of forces which act upon the organisation from without is quite beside the question. The subjective character, and not the external conditions of sensation, are what we have to deal with. "There are five, six, or more kinds of sensation," we are told; "and when these are compared, any one of them with any other, or when, in turn, we compare one with all the others, we find room for distinctions and descriptive statements." There are of course distinctions which we feel, but which in many cases do not admit of being put into words. It would be impossible to *explain* to the blind man mentioned by Locke, who thought that the colour of scarlet was

like the sound of a trumpet, or to a seeing man either, who makes no such mistake, in what they differ. Sensation is, it is true, of many kinds; but individual sensations may be, and often are, uncompounded. We are not able to assent, therefore, to our author's conclusion, from the premises which we have given, that "in sensation more is implied than a single and simple rudiment." Sensibility to impressions from without, and an originating power within, are endowments neither of which can be analysed into any thing more elementary, and which manifest themselves together. In granting an independent and underived power to the will, all is conceded that an accurate psychology will allow, or that—though this is a consideration not scientifically admissible—the moralist can require. In this section, the author discusses, in the briefest form, the origin of our idea of externality, the process by which sensations are transformed into perceptions, the gradual development of the personal consciousness, and other moot-points of psychological inquiry. He passes over these subjects with so light and quick a hand, that it is not easy always to say precisely what his doctrine is; but, if we make allowance for an occasional want of precision in language, it seems to coincide in its main features with the views laid down in their clearest form in Sir William Hamilton's writings.

The point at which the human mind begins to diverge from the brute, is the entrance of a distinct feeling of individuality—a consciousness of personal identity, and with this of moral freedom. In childhood, "the mind itself, or, if we choose to say so, its active rudiment, is much in advance," Mr. Taylor urges, "of the appetites, wants, desires, of the animal nature. Man, at this spring-time, has very much more of a vague impulse to act than of any definite motive for acting. . . . It is now that he is learning to take his position as possessor of a freedom apart from which there could neither be intellectual expansion nor moral progress."

Again :

"In the absence, or during the abeyance, of powerful animal influences, and while there is a large suggestive fund of ever-shifting imaginations—as the incitements of volition, and an exuberance of energy which must be spent—the human mind is coming into the use of its inherent liberty; it is tasting the enjoyment of its birthright—its sovereignty in relation to motives of all kinds. Among these motives, whether they be stronger or weaker in themselves, it takes its sport, refusing to be enthralled by any, and spurning every despotism : 'it is learning to be free.'"

It is impossible to sound the depths of the problems here started. But we confess that the presence "of a vague impulse to act," and the absence, or faint urgency, "of the appetites,

wants, desires, of the animal nature," do not seem to us the conditions of freedom, unless we are to say that the feather, blown lightly hither and thither by every stirring of the air, is *freer* than the stone which falls, at once and without deflection, earthwards. The state which Mr. Taylor describes is one of anarchy rather than of incipient liberty. It is only in the presence of "definite motives for acting,"—in the choice between two or more determinate courses,—that we become conscious of a self-directing power superior to the solicitations of circumstances, and learn to discipline ourselves to its exercise. Indeed, it is significant that we always think and speak of the freedom of the will as *moral* liberty. Until considerations of right and wrong enter, we are not conscious of its possession; till then, the most pleasurable sensation or the most powerful impulse has undisputed mastery over us. There is no question of an alternative. When, however, *this* is discerned to be *right*, and *that* *wrong*,—when what is pleasurable is forbidden, and that from which we shrink urged upon us, by a mysterious voice, which yet *only* enjoins and does not constrain,—we become aware that it is in our power to obey or to disobey. In the first conflict between natural desire and the moral sense, human nature at once learns and vindicates its freedom. It is raised from the level of a *conscious* thing to that of a *person*, and enters upon the prerogatives which, so far as we know, mark it off from all other orders of animal being. We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Taylor as he traces the various features and achievements of human nature, in its highest development, to its possession of the spontaneous, underrived, and self-directing power of the will, acting upon the impressions communicated from the outer world. It would require an essay as long as his own to discuss them worthily: and to reproduce the ideas of another in any other words than those in which he has thought out and embodied them, and deprived of the illustrations which give them vitality, is to do them injustice. The postulates, we may briefly state, on which he bases his philosophy of mind, are (1), the independent and real existence of the outer world; (2) the genuine causative power of the will; and (3) the assumption, "that in the original structure of the mind there is nothing fallacious, nothing contrary to the reality of things, nothing that is spurious or factitious, and which, when we come to be better informed, we shall reject or denounce as a disguise of which the human race, or the uninstructed many, is doomed to be always the dupe and victim." These principles command our fullest acceptance. To the first of them Mr. Taylor is scarcely faithful, at least in some of his expressions. His language often slides into that of "cosmothetic idealism." He speaks of our "notions," our "conceptions," of an outer world,

as if we had not a direct apprehension, but only a mental representation of it: and his doctrine of space as an abstraction implies the same thing. It is strange, that after the researches and criticisms of Sir William Hamilton, this ambiguity should characterise the language of well-informed writers, who certainly in substance and in spirit adhere to the doctrines of "natural realism." The use which is made of the second postulate as the basis of morals and theology, so far as their speculative foundation is concerned, has already been seen. The third (which, properly speaking, includes the former two) is applied to the refutation of the selfish and utilitarian theories of the social emotions, and to the determination of man's relations to the unknown and infinite. This enumeration presents but a few of the topics discussed. In dwelling as we have done on the small points of difference which divide us from the author, we have principally had regard to the claims of his work as "an elementary book." We have, therefore, animadverted principally on those portions of it which seemed to us likely to lead to misconception on the part of those using it as an introduction to mental science. But in quitting it, we desire to express our conviction that, if not precisely fitted to answer the purpose intended, it will discharge a function yet more important. Within the same bulk, we know of no work on the higher philosophy abounding more in veracious, subtle, and suggestive thought, clothed in a style which, if occasionally somewhat too elaborate and involved, wanting in simplicity and directness, yet well reflects the finer and more delicate shades of the meaning it conveys.

ART. VIII.—MR. COVENTRY PATMORE'S POEMS.

The Angel in the House: Book I. The Betrothal. Book II. The Espousals. By Coventry Patmore. Second Edition. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1857.

Tamerton Church-tower, and other Poems. By Coventry Patmore. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1857:

It is impossible to imagine any works, admitting of comparison at all, more remarkably contrasted than those of Mr. Alexander Smith, reviewed in our last Number, and those of Mr. Coventry Patmore, which we propose briefly to notice in this. They differ not only in merit, but in all those qualities which leave the question of merit undetermined. They are each the other's antithesis. What Mr. Smith is, that Mr. Patmore emphatically is not. Inferior in command of words, in richness of imagery,

in the music of his rhythms, in all, in fact, that constitutes the mere vesture of poetry, to the author of the *Life Drama* and the *City Poems*, Mr. Patmore is infinitely superior to him in all that is essential. His fancies are not, like Mr. Smith's, and the earth, "upon nothing hung." He has thoughts to express, a definite meaning to convey, often subtle and suggestive, and sometimes deep and true. And his language is transparent to his thought. It fits it closely, like hand and glove. It is free from all meretricious ornament. Simplicity is its characteristic. His muse is not clad in a coat of many colours, but "white-robed and pure."

Nor does he differ more from Mr. Smith, and the spasmodic school generally, in the characteristics we have named than in his views of art and of human life. With genuine poetic gifts, he has improved them by sedulous culture and study. He is not eaten up with an ambition to produce a poem which shall "make pale the braggart cheek of the world," nor a victim of the delusion that such a poem can be produced "at a dash." His aim is rather to "instruct and warn." He feels that a worthy muse should be employed upon some worthy subject. The poets of the spasmodic school appear to think that the greatness of their powers will be best shown in contrast with the meanness of the topic on which they employ them; just as the alchemist's triumph would be the greater, the baser the metal which he converted into gold. And if self-display is their object, they may be right. Mr. Patmore has expressed a different doctrine in the following lines, which stand near the commencement of his last poem, and embody its distinguishing tone and spirit:

"How vilely 'twere to misdeserve
The poet's gift of perfect speech,
In song to try, with trembling nerve,
The limit of its utmost reach,
Only to sound the wretched praise
Of what to-morrow shall not be,
So mocking with immortal bays
The cross-bones of mortality!
I do not thus. My faith is fast
That all the loveliness I sing
Is made to bear the mortal blast,
And blossom in a better Spring.
My creed declares the ceaseless pact
Of body and spirit, soul and sense;
Nor can my faith accept the fact,
And disavow the consequence."

We have said that his views of human life are in contrast with those of the spasmodic school. In Mr. Dobell's *Balder*, the hero,—who, so far as serious intention can be ascribed to the author at all, is evidently designed to be the type of poetic

genius,—is anxious to enrich himself with a varied and Goethe-like experience of human nature. He is desirous of tasting

“*All thoughts, all passions, all desires,
Whatever thrills this mortal frame.*”

But to do this, it is necessary that he should know what *remorse* is. Therefore, to gratify himself with that sensation, he kills his innocent wife and (we believe) her infant child. And all this in the interests of high art. Mr. Patmore's conceptions of the moral discipline of the poet are very different. He should be “girt with thought and prayer” for his task. To him “strong passions mean weak will;” while

“*He safest walks in darkest ways
Whose youth is lighted from above.*”

Like those of most young poets, his earlier productions were of a somewhat dolorous cast. His heroes were sadly unfortunate, mostly in their love affairs. But there is nothing of the “curse God and die” style of sentiment, which seems to be considered natural and impressive under such circumstances. On the contrary, the one lesson is variously enforced:

“*Best fruits come not of sunniest years;
Good use have griefs; they try
The sacred faculty of tears,
And man with men ally.*”

We are aware that it is asserted by many that the poet has nothing to do with moral considerations; that art cannot have an ethical purpose without forfeiting its own proper character. And examples enough can be quoted of great poems—though not the greatest—which seem to show that the two are not necessarily connected; that views of life little pure and elevated are compatible with the loftiest imaginative genius. On the other hand, the proof is yet more abundant that the most excellent morality may be embodied in very wretched verse. But, of course, if the essence of poetry is truth, the more and the deeper the truth it teaches, the higher, other things being equal, will be the poetry. The moralist starts from certain principles and convictions, and looks about him for the means of most powerfully enforcing them. The poet is possessed with a conception, the ideal of a character, the picture of a scene, the grouping and mutual action of various connected circumstances and persons. He will be able to embody them with most effect in proportion as he sees *all* the relations that are involved in them, and can make the visible symbolise the invisible. And as there are few things which do not involve ethical considerations, or considerations still higher, so there are few topics to which such considerations will be foreign. Only they should appear as a part of

the work, involved in its completeness, and not as an inference syllogistically deducible from it. They should shape and inform it like a pervading spirit, rather than enter any separate appearance for themselves. Mr. Patmore is far from being a didactic poet,—a phrase which involves a combination of ideas that we find difficult to realise at all; but pure and high aims and convictions breathe through all he writes.

The "spasmodic school" is so widely and deeply influencing our contemporary literature, that Mr. Patmore's freedom from its characteristic vices is worthy of distinct record and commendation. Of living writers, if we except Carlyle, none has impressed himself so powerfully on the age as Tennyson. His genius and spirit, if they have not yet sunk down into the lower strata of society, have been absorbed into, and have thoroughly interpenetrated—or, perhaps, rather have expressed and consciously represented—the mind of all classes partaking even the least tincture of cultivation. Not only are his minutest peculiarities of thought and phrase echoed back upon us from almost every volume of verse that issues from the press, but works of the highest scholarship and philosophy find in his nobler lines the fitting illustration and embodiment of their views. Yet Tennyson's latest poem must be pronounced spasmodic. That he should have influenced the school so named, is not to be wondered at; we may "trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole." But that he should be influenced by them in return, or even seem to have been so, is a phenomenon worthy of brief consideration, and not so remote as it may appear from the criticism of Mr. Patmore's writings. The origin and popularity of the spasmodic school have had their causes, and these causes may be discovered. They are the natural result of tendencies long working in the English mind. Paradox as it may appear, that school is the direct though degenerate offspring of the meditative and philosophical poetry of the last generation; it does not trace its lineage through Byron and Shelley, with whom it has obvious affinities, but through Wordsworth and Coleridge, with whom it seems to have nothing in common. A few words may make this clear.

The more popular, and, in their several ways, not less illustrious contemporaries of these great poets,—Scott and Crabbe and Moore, and the others we have named,—deal with romantic adventure, with vigorous and pathetic delineation of human action and suffering, with the strong utterances of individual passion or the lighter play of fancy. There is scarcely a trace in their writings of *thought*, technically so called. The universe and its mysterious allotments do not press on them as problems needing and demanding solution. They are not "full of the riddle of the pain-

ful earth." Shelley may seem an exception to this remark. But he is so only in appearance. He did not doubt. There is no trace of perplexed hesitancy in him. Definite, and even fierce, convictions (negative though they were) underlie all that he wrote. He is essentially dogmatic,—the propagandist of a creed into which an impulsive nature and untoward circumstances drove him, rather than the meditative and open-minded student of nature and of life. Almost equally with those whom we have named with him, he was a stranger to

"those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,"

which haunt the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

From the conscientious and reverent meditation of these transcendent themes, a certain amount, at best a passing and recurring shade, of scepticism is scarcely separable. And generally they bring with them a period of desolating doubt of all that it is most sacred and essential to believe, under the shadow of which nature and life lose all their glory and peace. It was Hamlet's scepticism which coloured the universe with the melancholy hues in which to his eyes it was clothed. There are few minds which have not at some time or other seen the expression of their own saddest moods in these well-known words,—“This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o’erhanging,—this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights me not; no nor woman neither.” In closest connection with this frame of mind are the bursts of passion which urge Hamlet (like a spasmodic poet) to

“unpack his heart in words,
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion;”

and the practical irresolution “which debars him from enterprises of great pith and moment,” and even from the single clear duty, to which a voice from the dead has summoned him.

Just in the same way, the feverish exaggerations and petulant complaints that make up so large a portion of Mr. Tennyson's *Maud* are a not unnatural (though by no means the inevitable)

issue of the lofty and unanswered questionings of *In Memoriam*. There is a logical as well as a chronological connection between the two works. There was, however, an alternative, which we hope may be yet realised. It may yet be given to Mr. Tennyson to teach us how a shelter may be found from "the doubts, disputes, distractions, fears" to which he has given such impressive utterance,

" In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

If Mr. Patmore does not solve this problem for us, he abstains at least from setting it. Many popular writers, in whom there is no trace of any real experience of the perplexities and sorrows spoken of, seem to assume them as a prevalent literary fashion—as being (what is called in theatrical parlance) "good business," and affording opportunity for many telling points. From this affectation he is altogether free.

It is a remark of Coleridge's, that all men of genius have what he calls a *feminine* element in their characters. If we have any complaint to make of Mr. Patmore, it is that this feminine element is somewhat in excess in him; or, at any rate, that it is not sufficiently balanced by more masculine qualities. He proscribes war,—“hasty, home-destroying war,”—as a subject of poetry; and sees in Inkermann and Balaclava only

“ The courage corporate that leads
The coward to heroic death.”

Although it is impossible for any one of refined and cultured taste to read *The Angel in the House* without sincere admiration, without recognising in it the hand of a true poet, a correct instinct tells the author where he will find the fullest echo of his own thoughts:

“ Praise then my Song where'er it comes,
Ladies, whose innocence makes bright
England, the land of courtly homes,
The world's exemplar and delight.”

We do not say this at all in the way of disparagement. Indeed Mr. Patmore, with his delicate insight into the relative excellence of the sexes, must consider it as the highest compliment that could be paid him. But perhaps his feminine readers are too conscious of his non-intellectual estimate of them to accord him very fully the praise he asks.

His muse, like the love it sings, is essentially the “nursling of civility.” The graces and courtesies of a refined English home, which are not the less natural in that they are touched by a delicate art,—fenced round by decorous ceremonial,—are the themes

on which he delights to dwell. It is one which poetry has been somewhat shy of touching,—which she has rather proscribed as common. Generally, when she has dealt with it, she has become sophisticated and conventional, giving us nothing better than light *vers de société*, or the brilliant, satiric, surface-delineations of Pope and his school. As Crabbe pictured the life of the poor, showing us little more than its hard and degrading accessories, the tragedy of the outer lot; so writers of this class have never penetrated below the exterior life of the rich, and have shown only the follies and affectations, the pharisaisms and stifling formalities, which mark it. It was a part of Wordsworth's much larger mission to reveal to us the real poetry of feeling, which may inspire even "the poorest poor," and to bind them to us as by the conviction that "we have all of us one common heart." Mr. Patmore has aimed at something of the same sort for certain aspects of life among the rich and well-endowed. Few will deny that the qualities indicated in the following graceful lines are fitting subjects of poetry. They possess an intrinsic beauty and fascination, which simply requires to be fairly set forth:

AN ENGLISH HOME.

" . . . something that abode endued
 With temple-like repose, an air
 Of life's kind purposes pursued
 With order'd freedom sweet and fair.
 A tent pitch'd in a world not right
 It seem'd, whose inmates, every one,
 On tranquil faces bore the light
 Of duties beautifully done,
 And humbly, though they had few peers,
 Kept their own laws, which seem'd to be
 The fair sum of six thousand years'
 Traditions of civility."

Where there is this essential dignity and purity of character, it gives grace to all the media, commonplace and artificial though they be, through which it expresses itself.

The Angel in the House is the history of a love-suit, from its commencement to the wedding. The progress of the passion which the author depicts is related with delicacy and spirit, and with a subtle insight into the moods and sentiments, the lights and shadows, of that most sensitive and capricious of human affections. Mr. Patmore has, what very few of his contemporaries appear to possess, a keen eye for individualities of character, especially of feminine character. His women, though sketched in the merest outline, suggested rather than delineated, are living personalities. In this respect he differs from, and has the advantage over, Tennyson. The Adelines, and Madelines, and Claribels of that great poet's earlier effusions are scarcely more real and hu-

man than the merwoman whom he celebrates in not dissimilar strains. The Amy of "Locksley Hall" has no definite personal characteristics. But in "Tamerton Church-Tower," in the "Yewberry," "The Falcon," and the "Woodman's Daughter," of our author's earlier volume, and in the three sisters of *The Angel in the House*, we feel that we have distinct and individual portraits, of whose originals we can shape images to ourselves. They live and move; they are not mere abstractions.

Interspersed between the several portions of narrative verse, which tell the story of the wooing of *The Angel in the House*,—prefixed to each section of it,—are short poems which the author styles "preludes." They are indisputably the finest portions of the work. They bear much the same relation to their more happy theme as the mournful lays in *In Memoriam* do to sorrow and the sense of bereavement, painting it in all its changing hues and aspects,—at least in all the gentler ones. The author touches often a deep truth with a delicacy of touch and beauty which it would not be easy to excel. The brief passages which follow will partly, and only in part, illustrate this; though we quote them rather for their brevity than for their superiority over many others that might have been chosen:

"An idle Poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a life-time each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day."

"Till Eve was brought to Adam, he
A solitary desert trod,
Though in the great society
Of Nature, angels, and of God.
If one slight column counterweighs
The ocean, 'tis the Maker's law,
Who deems obedience better praise
Than sacrifice of erring awe."

Mr. Patmore has probably seen in too many homes the unhappy effects of a neglect of the wise counsel thus given:

LOVE CEREMONIOUS.

"Keep your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honour without end.

'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
 That life from love's allegiance flags,
 When love forgets his majesty
 In sloth's uncereemonious rags.
 Let love make home a gracious Court;
 There let the world's rude, hasty ways
 Be fashion'd to a loftier port,
 And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
 And let the sweet respective sphere
 Of personal worship there obtain
 Circumference for moving clear,
 None treading on another's train.
 This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
 And dignifies our mortal strife
 With calmness and considerate joy,
 Befitting our immortal life."

It was necessary, in order to preserve the unity of his work, that Mr. Patmore should confine himself to the one affection whose rise, growth, and progress he set himself to delineate, and whose purity and worth he nobly vindicates. But the effect of the exclusion of all reference to the incidents and interests of other kinds which must always co-exist even with the most absorbing passion, gives a somewhat effeminate tone to at least parts of the poem. He seems to take a too "fond" view of human life. This impression is aided by the metre, which, though correct and smooth, is monotonous. Reading considerable portions of it, it is impossible to avoid falling into a kind of sing-song, which, however appropriate to such passages as this,—and there are many like,—does injustice to others:

"'Dear Felix!' 'Dearest Honor! There
 Was Aunt Maud's noisy knock and ring!
 'Stay, Felix; you have caught my hair.
 Thanks. Is it smooth? Now will you bring
 My work? Good morning, Aunt.' 'Why, Puss,
 You look magnificent to-day.'
 'Here's Felix, Aunt. 'Fox and green goose!
 Who handsome gets, should handsome pay.'
 'You're friends, dear Aunt!' 'O, to be sure!
 Good morning! Go on flattering, Sir;
 A woman's like the Koh-i-nohr,
 Just worth the price that's put on her.'"

Indeed, mastery of metrical forms is not one of Mr. Patmore's excellences. He has no ear apparently for the finer cadences, the "dying falls," "the linked sweetness long drawn out," which in some poets make the sound a subtle echo of the sense, and spiritualise the mere mechanism of verse. Some of his poems are written in long lines, and some in short ones, some with alternate, and others in immediately recurring rhymes; but this is all the difference. There is scarcely a variation of the accent throughout the two volumes. "Tamerton Church-Tower" is a tale well told,

containing many fine passages. But it is impossible to read it without profane recollections of "John Gilpin," which do much to reduce it to a burlesque. Take one verse:

"Quoth Frank, 'I do: and thence foresee
And all too plainly scan
Some sentimental homily
On Duty, Death, or Man.'"

Nor has Mr. Patmore the power, so remarkable in Tennyson, of colouring the scenery he describes with the mood of mind to which he wishes to make it subordinate; of grouping external objects as accessories to his main idea. This idea, indeed, Tennyson often gives merely through the accessories; it is the resultant of their several forces, a kind of exhalation or efflorescence from them, without any separate substantive expression of its own. There are many illustrations of this in *In Memoriam*. When independent utterance is given to both, it is of the briefest kind, at a flash, as it were; as in an outburst in "Locksley Hall:"

"O my Amy, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!"

This *instantaneity* is needful to effective comparison. If the symbol is dwelt on too long, it loses its symbolic character, and distracts the attention from its own purport. Mr. Patmore has not sufficiently guarded against this error. In "Tamerton Church-Tower," and, to a less extent, in other of his poems, we have the state of mind of the hero described at considerable length, and then the scenery minutely painted to correspond. These rapid and frequent transitions from the "subjective" to the "objective" are occasionally a little bewildering. It is only on repeated perusal that we see their significance, and the effect they were intended to produce. The name of the poem to which these remarks are principally applicable is a case in point. The piece, we should premise, extends over fifty-three pages. At the commencement the narrator leaves

"... the Church at Tamerton
In gloomy western air."

We do not hear of it again till the last verse, when

"O'erhead the perfect moon kept pace,
In meek and brilliant power,
And lit, ere long, the eastern face
Of Tamerton Church-Tower."

The church symbolises his own fortunes; but it has been so lost sight of in the course of the story, that its reappearance hardly serves any purpose of illustration or deeper impression. But we do not wish to part with Mr. Patmore in a carping or

detracting spirit. In *The Angel in the House* he has written a work which, if not marked by the attributes of the highest genius, is yet, in its way, a genuine poem. He has been happy in the choice of a subject which is interesting to all men at least once in their lives, and to most women during the whole of their lives; and which, whatever other changes the world may see, is not likely to grow obsolete. And his gifts are just those which fit him for the appropriate treatment of his theme. If we can scarcely venture to prophesy with him that he will rival the fame of Petrarch and Dante,—will live, in his own words,

“To be delight to future days,
And into silence only cease
With those who loved and shared their bays
With Laura and with Beatrice,”—

we think that he has a fair likelihood of a more modest immortality. For the permanence of a work does not altogether depend on the magnitude of the powers which have been expended upon it; but on the correspondence of the powers to their task, and their faithful and conscientious devotion to it. An unassuming vignette, minutely finished in its every detail, may outlast gigantic historic pictures, which exhibit only great and unrealised designs. *The Angel in the House* will, in any case, carry purifying and elevating influences into many existing homes, and help to impart a healthier tone to the poetic literature of the day. This surely should be to the author a sufficient, if there be no further, recompense.

ART. IX.—CIVILISATION AND FAITH.

History of Civilisation in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle.
Vol. I. J. W. Parker. 1857.

THE author of this very learned and remarkable volume has elaborated and defended in his introductory chapters a very startling theory of civilisation. The civilisation of tropical and arctic countries, he remarks, has been retarded by the dominating influence of physical nature over man; in the former case through the excess of her productiveness, in the latter case through the excess of her sterility. In Europe alone has there been a fair equipoise between human and natural forces; and in Europe alone has civilisation been progressive and permanent. Turning then to Europe, Mr. Buckle finds that mental laws have rapidly gained upon the physical; so that the history of European civilisation

becomes a history of the progress of the human mind. Further, when, looking into the mind itself, we distinguish between those elements which have been stationary and unimportant, and those which have been cumulative and progressive, he finds that the moral and religious nature of man may be eliminated from this inquiry. The religion of a nation is a symptom of its state, not an influence changing that state. Even Christianity was too "mild and philosophic" for the world; and it quickly appeared, after it "had received the homage of the best part of Europe, and seemed to have carried all before it," that "nothing had been done." The only *moulding* influence which changes man, Mr. Buckle asserts, and which refuses to be changed by man, is intellectual knowledge. The history of Europe is a history of the European intellect. If, startled by this assertion, you point out that civilisation is to some extent a matter of individual experience; that every man well knows what it is within him that makes him a better member of society, more of a true *citizen*, and what it is which resists the true laws of social unity; and that the result of such experience is by no means favourable to the supposition that the binding force is purely intellectual, nay, that social obligation is intellectual at all,—he will simply reply, that you are on a completely wrong track; that it is a complete and fundamental mistake for a man to imagine that individual experience can throw any but a misleading light on the greater movements of human society; that history and statistics are your only safe guide. The ground of this strange refusal to look *within* the nature of man for any key to the problems of his history we must briefly state and criticise. It seems to us to be so deep and so pregnant with false conclusions, that it vitiates Mr. Buckle's whole conception of history; and if logically carried out, will compel him to distort the history of civilisation into a history of the merest *surface* of civilisation. He deliberately maintains, first, that the deeper you plunge into the *individual* life of man, the farther you are from any thing that affects his social history; and next, that it is a most fortunate circumstance that this should be so, inasmuch as the only kind of observation which is scientifically worthless and fruitless of all result is individual self-observation. These are Mr. Buckle's deliberate convictions:—that what most people call the *deeper* part of man, his affections, moral nature, faith, are eliminated as mere "disturbing influences" by any comprehensive survey of his history; while the only part of human life which is constantly affecting the history of the race (in temperate climates) more and more, is the intellectual part. More than ordinarily good desires in one section of society cancel more than ordinarily bad desires in another section; temporary impulses of fanaticism in one age cancel temporary impulses of doubt in

another. Take European society as a whole, and while other elements fluctuate, only one element changes according to any law of progressive increase, and that is the intellectual life and acquisitions of man. "We are all sensible," he concedes, "that moral principles do affect nearly the whole of our actions; but we have incontrovertible proof that they do not produce the least effect upon mankind in the aggregate, or even on men in very large masses, provided that we take the precaution of studying social phenomena for a period sufficiently long, and on a scale sufficiently great, to enable the superior laws to come into uncontrolled operation." And again, he argues, "In reference to our moral conduct, there is not a single principle now known to the most cultivated Europeans which was not likewise known to the ancients." "Now," he adds, "since civilisation is the product of moral and intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing, it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent; because, when surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect. The only other agent is the intellectual one." And on this one argument alone he bases the very startling proposal to eliminate all moral and religious influences from his enumeration and history of the determining causes of civilisation. "I pledge myself," he adds,—surely somewhat rashly,—“to show that the progress Europe has made from barbarism to civilisation is entirely due to its intellectual activity.” That a thinker so able as Mr. Buckle should so completely be imbued with the notion that knowledge, in some shape or other, is the only power that can introduce any new force into human life, as to overlook quite unconsciously the very transparent confusion in the solitary argument we have quoted between the stationary character of man's *knowledge* of moral principles and the stationary character of man's *obedience* to moral principles, and of their living *influence* over him, is one of the most surprising testimonies we have ever seen to the narrowing power of a school of thought. The whole question at issue Mr. Buckle passes by without a sign of recognition; the question, we mean, whether or not civilisation depends, not on the "*discovery*" of moral truth, but on the fidelity to moral truth, and on the influx of new and powerful spiritual influences into human history, which, while adding nothing to the discoveries of truth, add infinitely to men's fidelity, and the willingness of their allegiance to truth. Quietly assuming that if there could be any new moral influence on society at all, it could be given-off only by new moral discoveries, he of course excludes at once the possibility of admitting volition, or sentiment, or trust, which can only add new force to old feelings, into his scheme of civilisation.

He easily leads us, therefore, to the conclusion that the "totality of human actions" depends entirely from age to age on the successive "totalities of human knowledge,"—action, so far as it is not governed by knowledge, succeeding in cancelling itself.

"The gigantic crimes of Alexander or Napoleon become, after a time, void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level. This is the ebb and flow of history, the perpetual flux to which by the laws of our nature we are subject. Above all this, there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is, amid its endless fluctuations, one thing, and one alone, which endures for ever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralised by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision, which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe all that we now have, they are for all ages and all times; never young, and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and, giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation."

But Mr. Buckle's most characteristic application of this doctrine is to his conception of what history is and should be. Having laid the foundation by eliminating moral elements—not, we must carefully remember, from human society itself, but from the law of social *change*—he goes on to argue, that history ought to record those facts only which bring with them social variations; and should pass by as insignificant those which merely help us to realise the essential unity of the human race, and to see in the past the same hopes and fears, the same curiosity, and the same passions, and often too the same fluctuating faith, which constitute the essential parts of human life. The historian is not to paint the men of days gone by in their essential identity with, and their characteristic differences from, the living; it is his main duty to record these facts which are changing the social condition of nations, and to pass by all life and incident that is insignificant of progressive movement, as the mere anecdotes and gossip of the past. "In the study of the history of Man," he says, "the most important facts have been neglected, and the unimportant ones preserved. . . . The vast majority

of historians fill their works with the most trifling and miserable details; personal anecdotes of kings and courts; interminable relations of what was said by one minister and what was thought by another; and, worse than all, long accounts of campaigns, battles, and sieges, very interesting to those engaged in them, *but to us utterly useless, because they neither furnish new truths, nor do they supply the means by which new truths may be discovered.*" The last sentence goes to the root of Mr. Buckle's philosophy of history; what he principally values is the discovery of intellectual truth, not a deeper hold of *all* truth. He evidently conceives of man as an object of interest, because his history is capable of "successive generalisations," instead of holding that these generalisations (if true) derive their interest mainly from their remote connection with man. He does not care to know what a man was, what he felt, what he thought, how the world looked to him, how far he looked through the world to a divine life beyond it. Art, and we believe also literature, he expressly states to be "lower" than science.* History he indignantly hopes to rescue from the hands of "biographers." He warns us how apt is the historian to "sink into the annalist," and instead of solving a problem, merely to "paint a picture." Surely it depends something on the kind of problem solved, and the kind of picture painted, which is the higher work. Mr. Buckle cannot too deeply express his dignified satisfaction in the discovery of any of those "successive generalisations," by which it is, for instance, ascertained that "the number of marriages bears a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn;" or that the number of suicides in London attains a maximum in the hottest months of the year. But a historian who only fixes for the future the flying colours of the past, though breathing into it nevertheless the living spirit of the present,—who only tells us, for instance, how, at the Theban banquet before the battle of Plataeæ, the Persian officer, overpowered by strong forebodings, predicted with streaming eyes to him who sat next him at the feast the inevitable fate of the hosts of his countrymen, and his own helplessness to avert it; or who merely records how each of the Gracchi, in his own characteristic fashion, won the ear and heart of the Roman multitude,—the elder by his quiet authority and self-restraint, the younger by his restless and eloquent passion; or who only paints for us how Cromwell "turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor;" how Clive hesitated on the eve of Plassey; how, in the opening of the French Revolution, the moody and miserable women of Paris burst in upon the palace of Versailles; how Robespierre ruled, and how desperately he struggled before

* p. 648.

he fell;—historians who do this for us, and nothing more, are contemptuously classed by Mr. Buckle as “biographers, genealogists, collectors of anecdotes, chroniclers of courts,” or as mere compilers, who “trespass on a province far above their own.” We are not sure but that any painting which helps us to realise vividly one living crisis of past history is a deeper lesson in historic wisdom than to master the whole train of “successive generalisations,” which can be got exclusively by comparing the different “totalities of human knowledge” at different ages of the world. In fact, history does not its work for us at all unless it teaches us to distinguish between the variable and the essential in human existence; and this it cannot adequately do unless it makes us realise how the deeper life of the past had as vivid a ripple of temporary interest on its surface as our own. We are apt to lose half the wisdom that history might give us, by disconnecting the dim historic forms that flit before us from the detail and characteristic “anecdote” of outward and daily life. Perhaps Plutarch has taught the world full as much as Thucydides. We do not realise even what ancient vices and ancient virtues mean,—we do not see the significance of faith, or idolatry, or law,—until the minute biographic touches, which Mr. Buckle seems so much to despise, are added to those “generalisations” concerning the “totalities of human knowledge” which he appears to consider the exclusive work of the historian. Even, therefore, if the intellect *were* (which we do not in the least believe) the dynamic or moving principle in human history, we should utterly deny that a historian who should exclusively narrate those events which “furnish new truths, or the means by which new truths could be discovered,” had performed even the most essential portion of his task. We read history to see what man *was*, not only to see what he *became*.

But though this be true of history, is it equally true of the history of civilisation? Is not civilisation a state of *becoming*, not a state of being? Though our author does not take the distinction for himself, we may fairly take it for him. He might say truly enough that the historian of a nation's civilisation is not bound to give the picture of its whole life; but of the modifications only that arise from time to time in that life, as its society became more and more (or less and less) civilised. And this is true enough; but still these changes, as they arise, must be *connected* with the deeper workings of the national life, otherwise it is certain that they will not be truly recorded at all. According to Mr. Buckle's theory of civilisation, this is not in the least necessary; for the moral life of nations is eliminated when you look at them on a scale sufficiently large. The good and evil, the justice and the injustice, the humility and the ambition,

are, on the whole, in equilibrium ; and to write the history of a nation's civilisation is to write the history of its intellect, which alone can inherit the experience of the past, and alone, therefore, sways the social changes of the present. The intellect of past ages raises the platform on which the intellect of this age stands ; but it is not so with conscience and emotion. We do not distinguish right and wrong more vividly ; we do not love and hate more intensely ; we do not believe with increasing and more unquestioning trust,—because our fathers have weighed right and wrong, have loved and hated and trusted, before us. We can distance them more and more in knowledge ; but the moral level of age after age fluctuates between nearly the same limits.

This is Mr. Buckle's argument ; and we will willingly concede that the intellect is becoming a more and more powerful *instrument* in human civilisation. But the instrument of civilisation is one thing, and civilisation itself quite another. It is not in the least true, but the reverse of true, that the intellectual laws are the "superior" laws, which gain more and more upon the physical, moral, and spiritual laws. It is not in the least true that the intellect is the superior faculty,—the faculty that is capable of the most indefinite expansion, and which assumes therefore constantly increasing proportions to the physical, moral, and spiritual faculties. The intellect has not more expansive force than many other faculties of human nature, and not so much as some. When Mr. Buckle distinguishes between the intellectual nature of man and his moral and spiritual nature in this, that the first is more "essentially cumulative" in its influence on human history than the latter, no doubt he meant to express an observed fact. But what is the fact which he had observed ? No doubt this,—that all moral and spiritual truths need, as we may say, perpetual verification and re-discovery, in order to exert an influence at all ; while intellectual truths exert a large influence as mere machinery,—as fixed data which the practical man turns into practical convenience. Embody the discovery of the atmosphere's weight in a barometer ; and even if the truth on which it rests should ever be forgotten, the invention which was the offspring of that truth might still survive to accommodate mankind. But embody the truth that "the more familiar we are with moral evil, the less we know of it ;" or that "the word of God is quick and powerful as any two-edged sword ;"—in any form you will, and they convey no meaning at all, except so far as the spirit in which they were first recorded is still alive ; and if they are crystallised into moral or religious institutions, those institutions must become sheer dead weights on society in proportion as their spiritual significance dies away. This is clearly Mr. Buckle's meaning, and no doubt it is correct ; but it is very ill expressed by saying that

intellectual power is cumulative, and moral or spiritual power not so. For it is exactly in proportion as intellectual power is capable of yielding fruits which are non-intellectual, that it is more cumulative than moral or spiritual power. In other words, so far as the intellect can be made the effective instrument of other human desires and capacities beside the intellect, so far is it more cumulative than faculties which have no end out of themselves. But this is only saying that intellectual agencies are subsidiary and instrumental to moral and spiritual agencies, while the latter are not subsidiary and instrumental to the former. Suppose for a moment that it were necessary for all the intellectual processes which *lead to* scientific results,—to the telegraph, or to the manufacture of cotton, or to the cure of disease,—to be more or less adequately realised by all who benefit by them,—as it is in the case of moral and spiritual truth,—and we should soon find that intellectual truth was far less cumulative than moral or spiritual truth. It is not so with the *results* of intellectual discovery, simply because these results become subordinate agencies to other and more active portions of human nature. The intellectual laws are, in fact, immediately subordinated to the physical, moral, and spiritual desires. The results of intellectual discovery in the streets of London are accumulated, distributed, consumed, far less in accordance with intellectual laws than with those primitive wants and desires of human nature which they are the mere instruments of satisfying. For example, Mr. Buckle has formed the marvellous and, for a man of his intellectual attainment, almost incredible conviction, that Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* is "probably the most important book that has ever been written." Now, supposing it were so, how much could that book have effected through purely intellectual agency, if its conclusions had not been directly subsidiary to some of the strongest passions of human nature—the desire for subsistence and wealth, and all to which wealth is more or less subordinate? Much, no doubt, of the commercial greatness of this country is caused by the *clearer vision* which, through Adam Smith, these desires have attained. But what could the theory have done without the desires? Which was the cumulative, and which the merely subordinate, agent? The legislator learned of Adam Smith, and set commerce free. But this might have been done and not a step gained, had not the eager forces of physical and moral desire pushed in to fill at once the ground thus gained. The intellect is cumulative in Mr. Buckle's sense only because its results are fitly instrumental to desires that are other than intellectual; while the higher capacities of human nature have their fittest ends only in themselves, and are utterly distorted and defaced by being made the instru-

ments of lower capacities. The transit instrument, the church, the school, the shop, the locomotive, the organ, are all more or less results of intellectual power; but all, excepting only the first of the series, exhibit the intellectual power in service to other than intellectual desires; and it may be affirmed without hesitation, that it is rather the weakness or strength of these desires than any intellectual consideration which determines the civilisation of a nation. Why has India stood still for ages? Not for want of intellectual faculty, but for want of spiritual, moral, and physical energy,—from languor of wish, and languor of will, and languor of conscience, and languor of trust,—because the intellectual faculty has found no active employers,—because the “slave of the lamp” has never been summoned to his work. Why, too, did Mr. Buckle take no note of the decay of Greece and Rome, where the intellectual conditions were all present, and were not “cumulative” because the moral forces which used them were all in anarchy and selfish discord? It is worth noting, again, that there is no trace of any tendency in the intellectual faculties to gain way on the other elements of human nature. No doubt they are developed in a larger *proportion* of the people of modern days; but their intrinsic capacity for *relative* expansion is as limited by the pressure of other wants and desires as ever. No intellect of later days has ever equalled that of Plato. Probably in the intellectual classes of Greece the relative power of the intellect in proportion to the remainder of human nature attained its climax, because it was then *disproportionately* strong.

Mr. Buckle's deeply-rooted impression that the intellectual laws of society are the “superior laws,” that they exhibit the “dynamics” of social existence, the moving forces, instead of the merely facilitating conditions for other and deeper forces to work upon, is fostered by his extraordinary preference for statistics over psychology as an index to the real laws of the human mind. He tells us that self-observation can never lead to any accurate result, that it misleads metaphysicians into all sorts of falsehood,—that the observation is made through a disturbing medium, because the watching consciousness is subject to the very fluctuations of temper it needs to watch,—that, in short, the laws that statistics reveal are certain because they are laws independent of the accidents of individual character, while the individual observer must be in danger of generalising what is peculiar to himself. Thus he proves free-will to be a chimera by the statistics of crime and suicide, which show an unchanged average result for unchanged physical and social conditions; and he explains to us that “parallel chains of evidence” “force us to the conclusion that the offences of men result not so much from the vices of the individual offender as from the state of society into which that

individual is thrown." We must devote a few words to this statistical aspect of civilising causes, because we believe it to be one of the most telling fallacies which sustain Mr. Buckle and his school in the refusal to look *within* the mind, at the sources of volition, for the sources of national decay and national greatness; while it really is one of the very shallowest fallacies by which acute intellects can be deceived. The advocates of this theory do not see that statistics could not reveal the *real* laws of any phenomena at all unless the phenomena studied were subject only to one simple law of causation. No doubt statistics might and did reveal the law that falling bodies pass through spaces due to the earth's attraction in the successive seconds; but this is only because the attraction of the earth is the one force, totally overpowering all complicating and disturbing forces. But as applied to a complication of causes, all that statistics can possibly show is the *residual* force,—the feather that turns the scale. Statistics can indicate by no sort of sign the powerful forces which are counteracted by other powerful forces. If the opposite scales are weighted with powers that, uncounteracted, would move the world, the putting in of the feather will still be followed by the descent of the scale, just as if they had both been empty; and the statistician writes down the feather as the sole cause of the event. Now how such a process, which necessarily eliminates all the temporarily counterpoising forces of human nature from its consideration altogether, can be supposed to reveal the proper laws of the human mind seems marvellous enough. Statistics, if carefully drawn up, may be very useful in detecting slight *residual* influences; but as superseding investigation into the mass of the powers really at work, it leads to mere delusion; and as an attestation of the necessarian doctrine, it seems to us a thoroughly wonderful piece of juggling. No man supposes that the will is uninfluenced by motives, though he may believe that it has a power of determining to what solicitations it will surrender. No man denies that the more temptation there is, the more crime there is likely to be; the only question being, whether the proportionate increase is always so exact that it leaves no room for the intervention of a certain expense of resisting power. And if any man can speak certainly for himself that his pressing temptations have *ever* increased in a greater proportion than his moral restraints without producing a proportionate increase in his surrender to those temptations, he has solved the problem for himself at once and for ever. The indeterminate influence of the will, which, if really free to choose between opposite solicitations, might necessarily be thrown into either scale, could not possibly be discovered by statistics without a previous certainty of the equilibrium of other tendencies, which it is impossible to ascertain. And even

then, in judging for a large mass of men, the number of cases in which the will's casting vote went for right might be cancelled by the number of cases in which it went for wrong.

Mr. Buckle's objection to the medium of psychological investigation, on the old ground that the observing mind is clouded by the very intensity of the experience it wants to observe, is clearly not without weight; but, at all events, it is the only medium through which we can hope to get a scientific knowledge of the laws of mind at all: and against the special defects of the observing medium must be set off one or two special advantages which other sciences do not possess. When Mr. Buckle states, that except a few of the laws of association, vision, and touch, "there is not to be found in the whole compass of metaphysics a single principle of importance, and at the same time of incontestable truth," we can only say that we are quite unable to acquiesce in his arbitrary dictum, and that we believe the ethical school founded by Bishop Butler is destined to elaborate a genuine science of the moral and active affections of man. We are surprised to see that, in enumerating the ethical theorists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mr. Buckle completely passes over one so vastly superior to all those whom he enumerates, in depth, breadth, and, above all, reality of thought. And we are fully convinced that a little more sympathy with that great thinker's fundamental assumption of primitive forces proceeding from and original in the mind,—not mere reflex states (*παθη*) produced by the action of the external world, but impulses social and individual, *urging* man into an external world,—would have given a life and truth to our author's interpretations of national history, which must have rendered it far more worthy of the extraordinary learning and not ordinary generalising power that those interpretations evince. As it is, the active parts of national character vanish wholly away beneath Mr. Buckle's treatment; or are seen but dimly, as spiritual soils absorbing a gradually accumulating dew of knowledge, which gathers by its own beneficent laws, and somehow carries those beneficent laws with it into the formless national life into which it sinks.

We have analysed briefly our author's philosophy of civilisation, and shown what we believe to be its radical errors. Before touching on any of his historical illustrations of his theory, we shall, we think, best illustrate our theoretical criticisms by discussing what sort of strength or virtue it is that barbarism may lose, and often has lost, in passing into civilisation. It is a simple matter of fact, that barbarism has often degraded much by the steps which ought to have civilised, nay, which in some spurious sense did civilise; but which left men mutually

dependent without any mutual respect, because they left men in a social combination that had ceased to be life-giving and natural without ceasing to be needful. If we do but survey the history of the world, we shall undoubtedly find more cases of unsuccessful than of successful civilisation. Mr. Buckle has himself noted and discussed a few—not the most important—of these; and we shall have occasion to examine the partial solution he proposes. But he does not comment any where on the essential moral degeneracy which often marks the transition from barbarism to a more refined and complex social life. Yet it is obvious, that the various nations of Mahometan faith have every where seemed to part with their finest characteristics,—to lose the gleam of many stern and brilliant military virtues,—when exposed to an atmosphere of tranquil industry and accumulating wealth. The Turk, as we know, scarcely resists the decomposing power of that European civilisation into the heart of which he so successfully fought his way. The Turkoman Mussulman in India had virtue enough to conquer a country which he had not virtue enough to hold; and yet the dynasty which has just ended the foulest of imperial careers at Delhi gave promise of really great qualities when Baber was fresh from the wild regions of Transoxiana and Cabul. In China, too, the Northern Mongols have ever triumphed over the Chinese by a superiority which they immediately lose through mere contact with the civilisation they have beaten. It looks as if the life of the desert and the soldier were a needful preparatory school in the East for the life of the cities of the plain, and that not unfrequently the former stage of civilisation has been tempted too soon into the latter. But it is not perhaps till we come to the civilisation of Greece and Rome that we find any distinct and conscious expression of national distrust as to the tendencies of civilisation; and these cases Mr. Buckle utterly passes by. It is clear that, to the Greek and the Roman, civilisation, though an inevitable process, often seemed a very doubtful good, sometimes a very certain evil. They perhaps did not very clearly define to themselves what they meant by it. But though they would not have disputed Mr. Buckle's definition that it is measurable, in part at least, by "the triumph of mind over external agents," they certainly gave it a much fuller meaning, and saw clearly that it often ended in the triumph of external agents over mind. They thought of it as a centralising process, which tended to bring widely distant limits into the range of one similar and homogeneous social condition,—as a process which enabled men to interchange with greater ease the fruits of labour, which widened human resources, and enabled the many to avail themselves of the intelligence, ability, and wisdom of the few, and which enabled the few to avail

themselves more easily of the labour, strength, and reverence of the many. They thought of it as an influence which promoted thought; which gave those who had eyes to see, and ears to hear, a wider range of experience, and the opportunity of communicating what they saw and heard to others who had no such opportunity. They thought of it as a force favourable to the mere *administration* of justice, which did away with the necessity that every man must be able and willing to protect himself. And yet they also thought of it as a tendency promoting luxury, aggravating social inequalities, estranging the higher classes from habits of self-denial, estranging the lower classes from habits of self-respect, giving to society generally a tinge of effeminacy, and to all classes, even including the soldiers, a spirit of self-conscious license more dangerous than the ferocity of barbarous periods; and weakening in all classes the traditional faiths which, having been born of isolation and hardship and budding national ambition, lose all their reality amid the levelling influences of civic traffic, civic levity, and the contagious helplessness of civic fears.

It is a remarkable fact that, in every nation of classical antiquity, there was, at the height of their civilisation, a reactionary school which professed either scorn or dread of the main results of civilisation. Plutarch smiles at Cato the Censor for asserting that when the Romans had once thoroughly imbibed the literature of Greece they would "lose the empire of the world." Yet the event justified the fear, not because the Greek *literature* was especially dangerous, but because the Roman character was not sound enough to bear—and felt that it was not sound enough to bear—the enervation arising from a wide division of classes into classes of wealth and classes of labour, classes of literary leisure and luxury and classes of stern military enterprise. And thus, not only in Judea, where it was natural, and in Eastern countries, where such habits of thought are indigenous, but in Greece and Rome, there sprang up among the rich and educated a school of ascetic philosophy to express its profound fear of the moral dangers which civilisation had bred. The fact is more remarkable, because we must remember that it has no parallel in modern history, although in modern times the arts and luxuries known to the ancient world have been multiplied a hundredfold. And if we should now deem it a foolish and unmeaning anachronism for an emperor of France or Austria to lead the austere life and inculcate the ascetic doctrine of Aurelius,—if we should conceive an English statesman obviously insane, who should practise and recommend to the House of Commons as the best fruits of his wisdom the severe frugalities and physical self-denials of Phocion,—it seems clear that there is in the popular mind and heart of Europe less dread, and less reason for dread, of the moral dangers which civilisation

brings than there was in the ancient world. We recognise that as a mark of strength in them which would be a singular weakness in ourselves; and the reason is obvious, the world in which they lived was a world in which civilisation *needed to be undone*. It implied a loss of all the manliness and purity of the old traditions. The barbarous nations were no doubt still at the beginning of their career; but the civilised nations were, in moral condition, *behind* the beginning. They had to unravel the web of their civilisation before they could begin again. And we honour those therefore who, being the first to perceive this, strove, however fruitlessly with regard to others, to anticipate as it were in their own lives the subsequent history and discipline of their nation,—to keep personally clear of the staining impurity and practical paralysis of mind which the fiery adversity of centuries was scarcely able to eradicate from the national character of their fellow-countrymen.

What is it, then, which has done away in modern history with this fear of civilising agencies, which evidently possessed the highest minds of the highest nations of antiquity? What is it that makes us look upon this suspicion of the arts, and sciences, and literatures, and luxuries, of the modern world as something either ignorant, or at least essentially narrow and antique, and wholly unworthy to enter practically into the policy of a State? We cannot say that it is merely our superior knowledge which leads us to see—that what Sparta fought against by immemorial policy, what Rome dreaded, and Rome's most characteristic statesmen inveighed against by life and precept, what the deepest philosophic school of Athens rebuked as the root of political rottenness, what the religious enthusiasts of every Oriental nation renounced as by common consent,—was not really dangerous after all. For all these nations were, in fact, decomposed by the very influences against which their own teachers raised their fruitless testimony. They saw the process going on, and we see it complete. The fear with which it inspired them was by no means a confused fear of all new forces, such as we now see in the Conservatives of modern Europe: it was the instinctive fear of conscious decay. And in us it has no similar vitality, because it is not thus accompanied by dwindling strength and growing license; by the frightful antithesis of strong ignorant superstition in the multitude, and cultivated aristocratic scepticism in the few; by the relaxation of law, the despair of philosophy, and an intellectual development among the learned out of all proportion to their intellectual discoveries and convictions. But to say thus much, is only to state the problem in another form; and we may still ask, How could the very same agencies cause or aggravate the mortal diseases of ancient nations which at least co-exist with, if they do not tend

to produce, health in nations of modern days? Let us briefly note what *were* the recognised elements of evil and misery in all the ancient civilisations. This evil and misery showed itself, we believe, first in an exaggeration of the classifying tendency of civilisation, that is, by the rapid growth of impassable chasms between class and class; next in what we may call the *absorbent* power in the social influences of civilisation, or, in other words, in the tendency of general society to drain individual and domestic life and faith of all their distinctive strength and character; finally, by the general confusion and identification of social ends with the external pleasures which civilisation accumulated as occasions of social relaxation, the higher tie itself losing its binding power as the glow and enthusiasm of a common popular life became more and more dependent on the stimulating food which the tyrannic appetites of the multitude speedily craved. These, we take it, were the three stages of social decay, in one or other of which all the ancient civilisations were wrecked; in other words, first, the stage of class-hatreds, in which human nature shows itself too *selfish* for the larger claims of society; next, the stage of relaxed purity, in which it surrenders to social temptations the strength of individual character and fidelity proper to the primitive household traditions; finally, the stage of social corruption, in which even the social tie becomes utterly selfish, and the social body has become a sensual body without a soul. Mr. Buckle alludes only to the first, and to a very small part only of that stage of decay; but what he says upon that is very characteristic.

That civilisation begins at once with *classifying* men, our author sees clearly; and he has illustrated with much acuteness, and with his usual inexhaustible learning, the great influence which physical conditions have in exaggerating the divisions between wealth and poverty,—the class of masters and the class of slaves. But here, as throughout his book, he is content with exhibiting mere negative conditions favourable to the state of things he is describing, and yet speaking of them as the “dynamics” of society, while he entirely neglects positive causes. For example, he here refers the miserable results of almost all the Oriental and also of the old Mexican and Peruvian civilisations to one physical circumstance alone, the immense fruitfulness of the soil in proportion to the wants of the population. He points out that wherever this has been the case, accumulations of wealth are inevitable; so that civilisation, so far as regards the classification of society into labourers and capitalists, is certain to begin. But as a little labour yields a vast deal more than is needful to support itself in these warm climates and fruitful soils, it is at least possible for the capitalist to appropriate as profit a very large reward after the labour has been paid for. In climates where the

soil is less fruitful, and the physical wants of the labourer more extensive, this is no longer so easy. For industry yields a smaller produce, and at the same time absolutely requires a larger share of that produce. It is therefore obvious, *ceteris paribus*, that large and speedy accumulations of wealth by a very small class are far more natural in rich tropical countries than in Europe. And Mr. Buckle points out with great care that this state of things has been, as a matter of fact, favourable to what we may call a hothouse civilisation, of very rapid growth and very feeble stamina. In India, in Egypt, in Mexico, in Peru, the splendour of the rich was only matched by the helpless indigence and misery of the multitude; and it is clear that the enormous crops which rice and dates, and dhourra and maize yielded to the cultivator, were in this way extremely unfavourable to the slow and steady progress of the mass of the people.* But even in this case it is false, and in its consequences a falsehood of some importance, to say that these favouring physical conditions are the operative causes which produce this sort of result. It would be too self-evident a criticism, to point out in these cases that it is the selfishness or absence of self-restraint in human desire which, availing itself of these favouring conditions, really works out these results, were it not that the neglect of this very simple observation has vitiated the fundamental assumptions of Mr. Buckle's book. No doubt, in popular language, we call any thing a cause the removal of which would greatly vary the effect. But it is obvious enough, that without the active forces of human desire, the mere productiveness of the soil could have no effect whatever on the distribution of wealth. The products of the soil do not, we imagine, distribute themselves. Were there any prudent self-restraint among the labourers in adjusting their claims and employing their savings, or any benevolent self-restraint among the capitalists in enforcing their advantage, then, even in a tropical country and with a soil that produces four-hundredfold, there could not grow up such vast and impassable chasms between the various classes. It is the unrestrained desire on each side that really brings

* Mr. Buckle's book is very defective in method, or what Sir W. Hamilton used grandly to call "architectonic power." He frequently introduces thoughtful and valuable digressions quite irrelevant to his subject. For example, it is no doubt physiologically very interesting to show that in hot countries the human body needs "oxidised" food, which is almost entirely vegetable, and in cold countries "carbonised" food, which is almost entirely animal; but it is only at the next step, with regard, namely, to its plenty or scarcity, that this affects the history of the race. Men know if it is abundant; they do not know that it is "oxidised," nor would they be affected by it if they did. In like manner, we might say that the neighbourhood of the sea has a very important effect on human civilisation; would he on that account go a step back there also, and analyse carefully the scientific antecedents in the history of the globe which cut off England from the continent of Europe?

about this result,—the limitless and unscrupulous passion for gain on one side, the limitless fear of power and love of immediate gratification on the other. Now this would be a very trivial and carping criticism, did not the whole history of civilisation show that the great difference between the degraded and unstable civilisations and the stable civilisation of modern times lies, not in any difference of physical or intellectual conditions, but in controlled inclinations, in a new influence over men's impulses and wills.

The new element has been introduced through no channel of external opportunity, but at the deeper fountains of desire itself. The three ancient nations which have most influenced the history of the world—the Romans, the Greeks, and the Jews—all inhabited lands in which the unfavourable conditions of which Mr. Buckle speaks were not to be found. And, in point of fact, the vast chasms between class and class that did exist in each of these nations were not primarily due in any of them to rapid or vast accumulations of wealth. They were due to the unequal accumulation of privileges, but not of physical wealth. Throughout the greatest age of Rome, the political monopoly of the highest class was not grounded on riches at all; throughout the great intellectual age of Athens, the intellectual aristocracy was quite independent of any property-distinction; and through the long religious history of Judea, the theological oligarchy of the nation had no power that was founded in wealth. Yet we find that the selfishness and the unrestrained desires of men acted as powerfully in condensing into a very limited social area political, intellectual, and theological privileges, as they did in Oriental countries in aggregating physical wealth. There was the most genuine exclusiveness in each of these cases. The Roman patricians not only fought hard for their privileges, but they had no wish that any class should be *fit* for political power but themselves. The Athenian philosophers avowed their belief that the higher wisdom was not suitable for any but a select few; that action was vulgarising, and spoiled the mind for intellectual vision and meditation; that only the privileged golden natures were born for speculation, while the common artificers had souls of brass or iron, like the materials they used. The Jewish Pharisee, again, was "not as other men were;" and on the strength of his superior sanctity he did not scruple to say, "the people that know not the law are accursed." In none of these instances was it, perhaps, the class-divisions or class-spirit alone which ultimately undermined the constitution of society. For class-divisions as great, and a class-spirit even more bitter, has been overcome in modern times, when the exclusiveness of selfish privilege had to cope with the struggles of a popular life sound at the core. But

in these cases it was not so. The life which struggled to ascend was as corrupt and more ignorant than the power which struggled to keep it down. The truth seems to have been that, in the classical world, whatever purity and vigour there was belonged mainly to the most favoured classes; the close contact of the poorest classes of freemen with slavery poisoning completely the social atmosphere they breathed.

But though the wide class-chasms of the ancient world were not the main cause of the decay of ancient civilisation, yet the accumulation of each nation's highest function,—in the case of Rome, political and legislative power, in that of Athens, intellectual and literary ability, in that of Judea, the dogmatic authority—in the hands of a small and unrecruited section of the nation, was a sure sign of a tendency to decay. Even Mr. Buckle feels this. The only hint he gives us of the cause to which he ascribes the decomposition of Greek and Roman society, is in the following words: "The distance between the ignorant idolatry of the people and the refined system of the philosophers was altogether impassable; and this is the principal reason why the Greeks and Romans were unable to retain the civilisation which they for a short time possessed." No doubt; but why was that distance impassable? It cannot in this case be ascribed merely to the unfortunate conditions of the physical world. It was due to the same predominance of selfishness, the same absence of noble ambition and self-restraint, which we saw were the really active causes of the unequal distribution of wealth in tropical countries morally less favoured. The absence of any *diffusing force* to equalise spiritual, moral, intellectual, and physical blessings, is the one striking fact about these ancient civilisations; or rather, the presence of a steady selfish pressure and a steady stolid indifference *resisting* their diffusion. We see great national gifts quickly appropriated by a class; we see that the other classes have not even virtue enough to desire, for any true and unselfish reasons, a participation in those gifts. Surely it is evident that if civilisation is ever to be purified and deepened, the purifying power must be applied deep beneath the surface of the physical and intellectual life, among those hidden springs where alone the desire to give and the desire to take such blessings as these can have its source.

The second marked stage in the decay of the classical civilisation was a visible relaxation of the naturalness and reserve of individual and domestic life amid that strong fermentation of national habits which accompanied the first conscious awakening of the social intellect of the community. In Athens towards the time of the Peloponnesian war, in Rome during the last century of the Republic, the life of general society drained all the

interior and independent strength of domestic and personal morality ; and while increasing the splendour and literary activity of the social intellect, exhausted all the reserves of inward power from which the social intellect drew its life. It is no doubt the necessary tendency of all civilisation to drain off for general social purposes, whether of public business or amusement, the mental and moral energies which would otherwise find much of their natural exercise in individual and domestic life. The reserved strength is tempted *outwards*, often too rapidly for the health of the community, and social life becomes more vivid and brilliant at the expense of the ties which keep men in a narrower sphere. This process is of course much accelerated by the existence of slavery as an institution, especially in the form in which it existed in the Greek and Roman world. A much larger number of citizens were thereby set free for the indolent life of the agora or the forum. The public intellect and sentiment grew rapidly under the process ; but it consumed the life by which it should have been constantly fed. At Athens the development of this process was especially rapid ; and therefore the exhaustion of those narrower spheres of duty and self-discipline from which the public life was renewed was especially rapid also. Mr. Grote has shown, no doubt, how much public virtue remained in Athens after the traditions of private and domestic virtue had ceased to command general reverence. But even he cannot deny what Plato's dialogues incidentally prove, that, while so much generous and ardent public impulse still lingered in the brilliant republic, the deeper habits of private life were being poisoned from which those impulses could alone have drawn permanent strength.* The elasticity of their civilisation was giving way. The social life had still some nobility in it ; but the virtue and strength was rapidly drawing off from the interior reserves behind the social life. Whenever a calamity should come to shatter the general frame of *society*, there was no self-restoring power in the smaller elements of that society like that which so often enables semi-barbarous nations to recover from such a shock. It required but the concussion with a power so vigorous as Macedon to disorganise the Athenian civilisation for ever. And what is true of Athens, is true at a later date of Rome. During the later Republic, the class-barriers gave way ; but no new and purer power was poured into the State. The sacred simplicity of the old domestic life was fast disappearing ; slaves and slave-labour became more

* Mr. Grote says, that Plato's standard of criticism was as theoretic and dreamy for Athens as Mr. Owen's for London. As a political theorist, this may have been true. But we *know* what Plato's notions of license, and avarice, and fraud were ; and we know them to have been quite practical, and very far from strained. The facts Plato alleges as to the general private wickedness of Athens cannot therefore be reasoned away.

and more profitable; the free peasantry died away, or entered the army; the plebeians who rose into power degraded instead of invigorating the tone of public life; they came from a class in close contact with slavery, and tainted with all its vices; the small rural landed proprietors—almost the only respectable class left—were, as in almost all nations they generally are, an inactive-minded body of men, who influenced but little the social mind of the State, and though no doubt constituting a conservative power, yet quite incompetent to resist the corrupting influence of that slavery in the advantages of which they shared so largely: and thus, as in Athens, there was only weakness and corruption below to reinforce the decaying faith and simplicity of the ruling class. The nation was still great as a nation; but the elements of its greatness were decomposing fast. The elastic force was giving way within. The Jews cannot be said ever to have reached this stage. The character of that “ignorant and barbarous” people, as Mr. Buckle not untruly calls them, resisted too effectually the absorbent forces of social life ever to be in any danger of losing individuality and the strength of private ties. The individual passions were so much stronger than the social passions—the ties of family, and tribe, and nation, were so much stronger than those of intellectual interest and social sentiment—that they perished suddenly and violently as a nation, in the first stage of selfish and passionate class-conflicts, without experiencing the full dissolving power of selfish refinement on the national vitality. And yet it was from them that Civilisation derived that which afterwards rendered it as durable as it had hitherto been shortlived in its most brilliant efforts.

The last stage in the dissolution of the classical civilisations was that in which even the sense of social unity expired, and human nature may be said to have been almost dissolved again into the physical world, on which it had gradually become more and more grossly dependent. This was the stage in which the reaction of a small and helpless minority against the feebleness and degradation of the age became so loud and despairing; when the dying civilisation of Rome fairly absorbed the dying civilisation of Greece; and because it had lived a stronger and harder life, struggled harder at last against a harder death. Every symptom of political and social rottenness showed that the selfishness which had corrupted civilisation had at length destroyed it by reducing it to its lowest form,—the unrestrained subordination of the arts, of literature, of government, of social life, in short, of all the powers of man, to physical excitements, or the intellectual justification of physical excitements. The remaining teachers of the world fed men with empty words, the husks of *thought*; and their pupils learned to feed themselves gladly on the husks of

things, "the food that the swine did eat." That spurious school of philosophy that called itself Neo-Platonic attempted to show its reverence for the noblest and the most spacious intellect the world has ever known by stretching those few problems as to our human faculties which Plato had left as indeterminate till they covered with doubt all those far greater problems of which he had determined the solution; in short, by presenting his solutions as the only difficulties, and stating his difficulties as the only solutions. When the Neo-Platonist Carneades proved to the wondering youth of Rome that the most opposite moral convictions were equally true and equally false, no wonder that the old Roman censor had an indistinct feeling that Rome had never got her iron hold of the world by building on such sand as that; and no wonder that he asserted that the reception of such a creed (if it could be received) must undermine the empire. But even then it *was* undermined, and social corruption was making room for the intellectual unreality by which it is always followed. The young Romans drank in the verbiage of the Greek schools, and were now and then startled by the negative wisdom of the Stoic reaction. But even an Epictetus was a poor remedy for a Domitian; and in order to prevent the inordinate growth of human desire from resolving man back again into the literal dust of the earth, it required the intervention of a mightier faith than Stoicism, and stronger representatives than either Aurelius or Julian. And when, after the Christian faith had been preached for centuries, Justinian at length abolished together the nominal consulship of Rome and the schools of Athens, he did but take away what had long been the mere monuments of two extinct civilisations; for the faith of Christ had long proved itself stronger to construct civil order than Rome under her strongest consul, and more powerful to cope with the intoxicating selfishness of human society than the Academy under its greatest teacher. The wonderful political shell of the great Roman system had been entered and appropriated by a more enduring power; and the wonderful intellectual shell of the great Platonic system had been entered and appropriated by a more enduring genius.

We see, then, that civilisation—or the tendency which draws men into wider and more varied social intercourse—has no charter of indemnity against the morally corrupting influences which exist in uncivilised and civilised man alike, but rather that they act *more* powerfully through social channels. There are three marked stages in which these influences have been seen to disturb and decompose the social fabric which civilisation forms. First, the selfish desires of man resist the natural *distribution* of the physical, intellectual, nay, even the moral and spiritual, blessings that civilisation brings, and create the wide class-chasms of the first

stage of civilisation. Next, if these are broken down, the same disease has shown itself in exaggerating, if we may so say, the socialising force itself, and tempting men away from those inner spheres of life in which their fitness for society is formed, and thus sacrificing individual, domestic, and local obligations to a wider and more superficial, though more intoxicating, class of influences. And lastly, there is the stage in which society, thus decomposed within, becomes a social body without a soul; and recognising selfish need as its only remaining bond, gradually breaks up into destructive anarchy, and resigns back again to a state far worse than any barbarism, those whom it could never have drawn together at all but for their recognition of some higher law.

It is strange indeed, with such a history as this before him, that Mr. Buckle can suppose intellectual activity to be the real dynamics of society,—drawing men from barbarism into civilisation. Was there ever a day or a people whose intellectual activity was so marvellous, or the attempts of philosophy so full of promise, as in Greece in the time of Aristotle and Plato? The Greeks had the inductive method on which modern science builds so much; and Mr. Grote has told us what a revolution its first application by Socrates caused in the world of thought. They had the deductive method with which to reinforce and extend the results of inductions. They used both with brilliant success. True, replies our author, but there was no *diffusion*; the knowledge was not among the people, it was not the atmosphere they breathed, but in a separate stratum of society. What is this but to say that intellectual activity, taken alone, has no diffusive force adequate to its task of civilising man,—that it has not within itself any principle of contagion so strong as to “find its own level” in the great human society,—that it does not kindle, even in those of whom it does take strong hold, any enthusiasm for the work of carrying it abroad to the minds of the dull, the indifferent, and the ignorant lover of pleasure,—in short, that, as is the case with physical wealth, the ordinary forces of human nature tend to accumulate it in fixed masses, not to spread it equally over the race? But if intellectual activity does not counteract the selfish spirit of monopoly and the selfish spirit of inertia in human nature, far less does it counteract the other tendencies which we have noted in the decomposing stages of civilisation. The history of the revival of learning in Florence and Rome in the days of the Medicis would alone show, if the civilisation of Athens were not a sufficient example, how brilliant intellectual activity may in itself even *aid* that absorbing intoxication of society which trenches upon the strength of individual character, and breaks up the minuter circles and weakens the more primitive bonds of family life. It provides a common

source of enjoyment fitted for a wide social field, draws men out of their own narrow field of experience, and distracts them from haunting memories of broken purposes and neglected claims, just because it is not *mere* hollowness, because it is not so easily exhausted, as mere artificial social life. Nevertheless it fails utterly as a permanent bond even of the outer framework of society at large. For the passions, which it does not even strive to repress, soon snap the slender threads of intellectual esteem and sympathy; and the intellect is soon got under by coarser forces, from its pure lack of power to hold the reins of the mind.

The utter incoherence of all states of society in which the only unity was intellectual, is an historical fact which Mr. Buckle apparently regards as accidental. His three counter-statements appear to be—(1) that if civilisation require any other than an intellectual aid, the matter is hopeless, as religion, and every thing indeed except scientific truth, contracts immediately to the moral dimensions of the people to whom it is brought; (2) that what our author terms the *greatest* evils of the world's history, war and persecution on account of private opinion, have been lessened by the intellect, and by it alone—while the one has been fostered, the other almost produced, by religious faith; and (3) that in point of fact the periods of most rapidly advancing civilisation in modern history have been periods of sceptical inquiry. Here is a general issue enough, which no one who has a tenth part of Mr. Buckle's knowledge, without his somewhat antiquated prejudice for the mild gospel of the enlightened understanding, would hesitate for a moment to accept. He is perhaps nearly the only learned and moderately able thinker of the present day who still believes implicitly that "calm inquiry" is the one remedy for the manifold sins and miseries of social existence;* who still regards war as unmixed evil, and cannot see what a purifying discipline it may prove for deeper ills; or who would compare for a moment the evils of dogmatic persecution, frightful as they have been and are, with the putrid diseases of some really intellectual and many non-persecuting civilisations. If Mr. Buckle indeed thinks, as he would seem to think, that Marcus Aurelius and Julian were more mischievous to the civilisation of their day than Commodus and Heliogabalus, simply because the former were persecutors and the latter were not, we find his moral measure of things so totally different from our own, that there is scarcely a common basis for discussion.†

* Mr. Buckle's mild dogmatism is often very amusing. After a thin argument, demonstrating that intellectual excellence is "far more productive of real good" than moral excellence, he adds naively, "These conclusions are no doubt very unpalatable; and what makes them peculiarly offensive is, that it is impossible to refute them."

† See pp. 167, 168: "There is no instance on record of an ignorant man who,

Mr. Buckle's first plea, that faith, as a civilising agent, is zero; that it is not, and cannot be, a plus quantity in the agencies of the world at all; that it so immediately contracts to the shape and quality of the minds it enters as to become whatever they already are, no more and no less,—is not easy to refute, except by the facts of history. It arises, however, in the confusion, which is completely ingrained into Mr. Buckle's book, between an opinion and a trust. He would not deny, we imagine, that a real reliance, a *leaning* on a higher *human* being,—a being morally and spiritually higher than ourselves,—does affect the character, and draws it up *towards* that higher mind. It is because he regards a faith as a mere moral and intellectual product of the state of mind, spun like the spider's web out of the mind, that he doubts this in regard to religion. He would be very much surprised to hear it argued, that his own sympathy with, and reverence for, a friend could not change him, on the ground that his friend's image must be immediately coloured and affected with all his own characteristics of thought. He would reply at once, that if so, individual and social life are the same; that no man can change society, and that society can change no man. And yet that is his argument concerning religious trust; although, as is evident from one part of his book, he does not question the real existence of the object of faith.

But the only effectual answer to Mr. Buckle's argument, that Christian faith could not have done any thing for civilisation, is to take a little evidence as to what it did. He will scarcely deny that it did something for the societies of the early Christian church; that it did something for St. Paul, for instance, and for some of his followers. Finding such a society as we have described, during the downfall of Greek and Roman civilisation; finding a society stained by vices such as those with which Corinth and Rome were but too familiar, as we do not need St. Paul's letters to testify; finding a decaying body, full of all rotteness,—his faith restored to it, in St. Paul's mind and that of his disciples, a spiritual unity, a new life, a cohering power, which no human shock could destroy. Society reassumed, through their new trust, so far as their influence reached it, the

having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. But if you diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil that he works." And then Mr. Buckle instances the cases above mentioned. We do not suppose he means to weigh Aurelius and Julian, in their whole personal influence, against Commodus and Heliogabalus; but unless he means to weigh their respective influence on civilisation, there is no point or meaning in the illustration. There can be no doubt that the pure lives of Marcus Aurelius and Julian really did far more for Christianity, by showing the moral exhaustion of the noblest pagan philosophy, than they could possibly have effected had not their lives been so strenuous and faithful to their own standard.

unity it had lost; and St. Paul speaks of the various members of the "one body" as though he had again forgotten the utter corruptness he had so often alluded to, in the profligate Greek city to which he writes. The mere opening of a few Christian hearts to the trust that, amid all this confusion and evil, men were still capable of doing the will and receiving the purifying power of God, gave the system of society a new strength and soundness, and enabled them gradually to withdraw their life from the slavery to social impurities, in which they had plunged the deeper that they could never appease their hunger for something deeper and more exciting still. This sudden access of religious fervour, Mr. Buckle might say, is a well-known phenomenon,—the fanaticism of the world's reaction from its own excesses, assuming the form of a strict and visionary fraternity. No doubt; but nevertheless the phenomenon had a vitality; for from that time the history of social decay was measured back again in the reverse order. First, the social bond was renovated, assuming a purely religious character, and often renovated even at a temporary expense of other ties; then those other ties were gradually purified and strengthened; lastly, class-divisions were softened and shaded away. But, first of all, the new religious constitution of society bore down almost all other ties before it: "Those of one house were divided, the mother against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter against her mother-in-law." Secular social relations, too, were left untouched. This new faith had not yet strength to remodel the old civil ties on a new principle, or even to recognise their essential importance to the healthy action of social life. But when the religious tie became firm and indissoluble, Christian faith inevitably busied itself with the general secular relations of men, alleviating soonest those that were most obviously oppressive, recognising least completely the divine character of those that were most spoiled indeed, but spoiled by no outward wrong, and remediable rather by internal than by external influence. The Church soon became the richest power in the community, and very soon, therefore, possessed a large proportion of the slaves: she was the kindest power, and therefore soon raised their condition above that of slaves. A recent writer thus describes this state of things:

"She became rich; and her riches were not only calculated in provinces, but in hundreds of thousands of human beings. These beings were chained to her will as they had been chained to that of the Roman patrician or Frankish chief, who had bought them at Treves or London. She did not, however, manumit; for she could not do so without destroying the value of the property she had acquired. Her lands were worthless without cultivators; and none but slaves were left or adapted for that work. She, however, gave an earnest

that they had fallen into better hands, by ameliorating their servitude. She treated them mildly, remitted labour on Sunday, and brought the possibility of freedom within reach. . . . She began to teach boldly that the difference between the serf or slave and the proprietor was a social difference only; that the eternal particle of each was of equal value; and salvation, unlike worldly honour, was to be won by means which the slave, as well as the baron, could command. Her teachings were followed by actions. She began to plead the cause of the slave in her councils. At Orleans, in 538, she directs that serfs who have sought the church as an asylum against Jewish masters, shall be bought, not restored. Again, 541, if Christian slaves of the Jews have fled their masters and demanded liberty, having given just price, they shall be set at liberty. In the same council it is ordained that if a bishop has made a number of free men from serfs of the Church, they shall remain free. At Clermont, in 549, 'As we have discovered that several people reduce again to servitude those who have been set at liberty in the churches, we order that every one shall keep possession of the liberty he has received; and if this liberty is attacked, justice must be defended by the Church.' In the canons of a council at London, in 1102, it is ordered that 'no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute animals.' **

But it was not simply that Christian faith worked back from the religious renovation of the social tie to the renewal of secular ties; it gave a new life to that very literature which in Greece and Rome had died out from inanition. "If institutions could do all," says M. Guizot, contrasting the state of the civil or pagan with that of the Christian or religious society of Gaul in the fourth and fifth centuries, "the intellectual state of Gaulish civil society at this epoch would have been far superior to that of the religious society. . . . Roman Gaul was covered with large schools. . . . They were taught philosophy, medicine, jurisprudence, literature, grammar, astrology, all the sciences of the age." The Christians, he says, "had only their own ideas, the internal and personal movement of their thought." "Still the activity and intellectual strength of the two societies were prodigiously unequal. With its institutions, its professors, its privileges, the one was nothing and did nothing,—with its single ideas the other incessantly laboured, and seized every thing. All things in the fifth century attest the decay of the civil schools. The contemporary writers, Sidonius Apollinaris and Mamertius Claudianus, for example, deplore it in every page, saying that the young men no longer studied, that professions were without pupils, that science languished and was being lost." Compare with this the same writer's remarkable account of the healthy vigour

* *Influence of Christianity on Civilisation.* By Thomas Cradock. Longmans, 1856.

of Christian literature at the same time. There is no truer sign of the health of literature than this,—that its deepest things come out quite incidentally in the discussion of occasional questions. Then, and then only, can we be sure that they constantly occupy the mind. "Literature, properly so called, held but little place in the Christian world; men wrote very little for the sake of writing, for the mere pleasure of manifesting their ideas; some event broke forth, a question arose, and a book was often produced under the form of a letter to a Christian, to a friend, to a church. Politics, religion, controversy, spiritual and temporal interests, general and special councils,—all are met with in the letters of this time; and they are among the number of its most curious documents."

Now, does Mr. Buckle conceive that this is the picture of a life utterly unchanged by faith? Wherever we look,—to the decayed Roman, decayed Greek, or undecayed barbarian world,—the picture is the same—a new society, new morality, new institutions, new literature. The effete Greek philosophy takes a new life and power in the pages of Justin, Clement, and Origen. The effete Roman eloquence gives out a new warmth of conviction in Lactantius, and a new Roman force in Ambrose. Even the tropical African blood that beats passionately in the gross and virulent invectives of Tertullian, does not urge him to seek the conflicts of civil life; for he feels that the most real passions of that day, as well as its most real thoughts, concern the spiritual world, and touch eternity more than time. And here in Gaul it is still in the Christian church that the barbarians are learning eagerly and fast, while the Roman aristocracy are rapidly deserting the schools. Here is little enough sign that civilisation arises in intellectual activity. The new faith steals away Greek and Roman from their hollow intellectual discipline, and the barbarian from his servile toil; and after it has united them in a religious society, begins to organise a new law. It holds back the hand of the master; it stirs up the lethargy of the serf; and not only remodels the relations between the powerful and the poor, but opens their minds by a new literature. If this be the *spontaneous* progress of the popular mind, why did it not arise in the Roman schools? why did it not start from the last antecedents of the old world? why did it not build on the old foundations? Because men believed in a new bond, because they had a new vision. The "life" had been "manifested," they said; and they saw it. And much as they degraded and narrowed what they beheld, in the process of giving it the form of a practical creed, yet their trust was living enough to give it an influence on their life. The change was slow, and often retrograde; and after the outward church had given

much, she began to take away. She had had faith to loosen and dissolve some of the most galling oppressions of secular society; and now secular society had gained faith to loosen and dissolve the most galling oppressions of the church. In the North at least, Luther restored to political, secular, and family life the freedom, and ultimately the sacredness, of which Hildebrand and the sacerdotalists had striven to rob it. Nor was it intellectual activity which gave the strength for this encounter. In Italy, where opinion first became heretical, the moral scepticism and license had too much undermined social courage to admit of a revolt; and in Germany, when the conflict came,—the intellect was not the assailant. Long before Luther's time a religious fraternity had arisen in Germany, free rather in the freedom of their religious affections than in any audacity of thought. Nor could Luther have moved Germany as he did but for the moral and devotional reaction from formal and legal religion nourished in the popular school of Bonaventura, Gerson, and Tauler.* The assertion that all the civilisation of the last few centuries in England and abroad is due to sceptical inquiry is a mere confusion of terms. No doubt it is due to that sort of scepticism which challenges foreign and arbitrary authority to impose its dictum either as to right or truth on the human mind; but this is a scepticism rooted in a profound trust that self-attesting truth and right *are* accessible to human conscience and reason. When Mr. Buckle classes scepticism like that of Hobbes and Montaigne with scepticism like that of Chillingworth, or Locke, or even Bentham, he uses the same terms to denote opposite states of mind. The implicit belief of Locke and his school, and of many even of the grossest utilitarians in the absolute reality and attainability of truth, is utterly unsceptical. The one-sided and short-sighted externality of their views may have involved intellectual denials; but their method, their eagerness, their profound conviction that something was coming, is of the very essence of trust. The truly and profoundly sceptical schools are those of Hume and Montaigne,—schools founded in the belief that there is "nothing new, and nothing true, and no matter." And where or when was this ever found to be a bond of civilisation, or any thing but a source of indolence, apathy, and therefore of rapid corruption? Could Luther have done his work at all on Montaigne's moral ground? Was there ever yet a great social revolution effected in the face of such a storm without the help of the faith which carried Luther through?

Mr. Buckle's assertion, that faith has often fed dogmatism,

* Hallam's *Literature of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, vol. i. p. 135.

and sometimes leads to a military-despotic tone of mind, is true enough; and yet would seem strange enough at first sight. It would seem that nothing has so much tendency to frame a weak and ill-knitted socialism as the fervour of religious piety: yet it actually drew together the strongest, widest, and most elastic system of society the world has ever seen. While it purified society, it gave it radiating centres of strength. Instead of making the individual members of the social body lean too much on the general society, as is the case with all other socialisms, the general society received all its strength from the innumerable and impregnable spiritual strongholds which were garrisoned for it every where by a mere handful of sentinels. It was a system in which all the moral *nerve* that had left the old civilisations was suddenly restored a thousandfold. The new trust not only gave social strength, but solitary strength—strength to the smallest groups in a proportion as full as it gave to the largest. And this strength of trust often became confidence, audacity, zeal, intolerable dogmatism, iron cruelty. In truth, it gave all the military virtues; and these were often fostered into military vices. The process is clear enough. Men did not doubt, they *knew* that God was ruling the world and them. They leaned upon Him; they knew that He was. There is nothing that gives such edge, such keenness, such promptitude, to self-convictions of right and wrong as this. Till you believe that God is in you, you do not feel clear about your own convictions at all; you will take any one's word that you are right, any one's word that you are wrong, however much it confuses the simple undefined perceptions of your heart; you hope that you believe, you believe that you think, you think that you feel. All is in a mist. Any one's word is better than your own, for it adds more to the confusion. Suddenly trust comes; and then, "if your heart condemns you, God is greater than your heart, and knoweth all things." It is a word of command; if a rebuke, it is an inevitable condemnation,—a sentence to be executed and accepted. Every sentence that flashes through the heart is written also in the heavens; and, even if the sentence here is but half legible, still elsewhere—with God—it is clear as the sun. Here is the foundation of every military virtue,—of that instant and unflinching obedience, that sense that death itself is *service*, that uncriticising attitude of mind towards the superior, that severity of expectation from yourself and your subordinate,—which is the essence of manly conflict. And only add to it blind confidence that your conscience and spirit is the measure of every other man's; that you may judge *for him* what it is written for him to do,—and you have all the horrors of bigotry of which Mr. Buckle speaks as one of the two worst evils of human society. If evil be measured by suffering, no doubt it is evil

enough; but the most pitiless persecutor, who identifies for the time his own cruel will with that of God, strikes less severely at civilisation than many who help to spread the infection of a soft sneering renunciation of all law except the law of selfish pleasure. But fortunately there is no need to choose between the two. The highest trust essentially gives decision and sharpness, determination,—spring, in short, to civilisation: but not in any way at the expense of liberty; for in its most personal form it is inconsistent with judging others. The humility it cannot help inspiring, saves it from persecuting rigour. No era of intense personal trust has been a persecuting period. St. Paul persecuted while he was in the old pharisaic stage of belief in a rigid system; but trust in a living person made him the most large-minded of men. The most genuine school of personal religion throughout the history of the catholic church, up to the time of Fenelon and Madame Guyon, has been the school with a bias to mysticism—a school noted for its humility and charity. Dogmatism is utterly inconsistent with a living trust; for it believes that it is saved by the anxious elaboration of connected views; and only dogmatists have ever been persecutors. And yet we imagine the average “mystic,” George Fox, for example, who was far from enlightened, would be the very pattern Mr. Buckle desires of an ignorant and holy faith. It is only at the point where faith transcends the limits of its own experience,—the limits of personal trust,—that it hardens into a dogmatic standard for the belief of others.

Mr. Buckle's book is one of encyclopædic learning and great general ability. If we have seemed to depreciate it, it is only because we have dealt rather with the philosophy than the history; and that does seem to us pale, shallow, and almost pompous. But the power of seeing the right facts to classify, and the power of classifying them, which the book contains, gives much promise for the ability of the work as a whole. The great want of the book is a little more human nature; it is humane, but not human, and smiles on men and nations with the sort of benignity with which a kind-hearted person treats tame domestic animals. Mr. Buckle has no kind of perception how frightfully *dull* a thing civilisation would be if it were what he describes. The refutation of the main error of the book lies within the compass of every man's own nature. We *know* what it is that civilises us; and we know what it is in us that resists civilisation. Intellectual activity does neither the one nor the other. It is merely the instrument of discoveries which heighten social influences a thousandfold both for good and for evil. Railways and telegraphs would not be *used* much, we think, by pure intellects, though they had been invented by them. And were the intellect the overmastering power Mr. Buckle believes, the volcanic forces that tend so con-

stantly to break up social unities would not be possible. In fact, without the bond of a common trust, civilisation would be unendurable by strong minds, and would enslave weak minds. The fever of society, its superficial courtesies, its external smothering of passions which it gives no spiritual power to restrain, its half-latent pressure of opinion, its unsatisfying intercourse, its glimpses of higher things, would far oftener draw men into solitude, but for that faith which not only gives access to an eternal solitude, but habituates them to see in faint signs the images of deeper realities, and to recognise the apparently shallow channels of social life, as conveying to them an influence which is not measured by the light action and the passing word.

ART. X.—THE MONETARY CRISIS.

Report from the Select Committee on the Bank Acts; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, July 30, 1857.

Debate in the House of Lords on the Bank-Issues Indemnity Bill, on the 11th December 1857. Reported in *Times Newspaper* of December 12th.

Debate in the House of Commons on the Reappointment of the Bank-Charter Committee, on the same day, and reported in the same journal.

FOR once the serious attention of business-men is applied to the subject of the currency. The recent commercial crisis, bringing anxiety to all active merchants; the failure of many houses believed to be solvent, and of some who really were so; the suspension of the act of 1844, which, being a repetition of what happened in 1847, looks, to say the least, like an indication of defect in that famous piece of legislation,—these circumstances and others have called to the topic of the currency the real minds of many who generally regard it as the *peculium* of dry economists, and the puzzle of captious speculators. In Lombard Street, on Thursday the 12th of November, there was no denying that the bank-note question was a practical one. Some months ago, a parliamentary committee elaborately investigated much of the subject: it was curious to compare the listless curiosity of its speculative interest with the eager queries,—“Will the act be upset?” “What will the Govern-

ment do?" "Is the Governor come back from Downing Street?"

This crisis throws a more remarkable light on our banking practice and currency legislation, because it does not seem to be the result of any circumstances so peculiar that we may not often expect to see others of which the effects may be the same. The circumstances of 1847 have been put aside of late years as exceptional. The extreme errors of the Bank directors, the railway mania, the bad harvest, were singularities of that time, and might never be expected to recur; at least, not all of them at one time, or in so aggravated a form. The present year has no such peculiar features. Our domestic trade—the trades of banking and money-dealing perhaps in part excepted—is, on the whole, sound.* Considering the enormous development which our commerce, whether of export or import, has recently undergone, few thoughtful men looked without some apprehension at the probability of a severe pressure. Most of them perhaps really anticipated a good many mercantile failures from domestic and personal causes. There have scarcely been any; of large firms exceedingly few. The trade of two important foreign markets has been deranged by circumstances peculiar to them; we have been affected, naturally and inevitably, by these derangements; but, except among a few bill-brokers and money-lending companies, no one, even with the acute anger of disappointed theory, has been able to find blamable error in our national trade.

The time is not yet come for attempting to estimate or analyse the causes of the American panic, or of the extensive failures in the North of Europe. We have hardly as yet the facts before us. We have enough to refute a few old popular fallacies. We know that they did not arise from any excess of paper currency; for in Hamburg, where the disasters have been greater than any where else, they have a pure metallic currency; and in New York, which seems the centre of the monetary disasters of America, it has been proved by figures that there was no extension of the bank circulation of any importance at all.†

* The chief exception to the remark that our trade is of itself sound, occurs in the houses connected with the North of Europe, who, contrary to what might have been expected, have not stood so well as the American houses. This exception is not, however, one of sufficient importance to affect our general argument.

† The *Economist* of the 28th November 1857 gives the following figures as representing the state of the New-York banks at their respective dates:

	Capital.	Circulation.	Specie.
August 1847	43,214,000	25,098,000	11,983,000
June 1856	92,334,000	30,705,000	18,510,000
September 1857	107,507,000	27,122,000	14,321,000

Yet many considerate persons still impute the disasters of the country to the

Our knowledge is only as yet, however, sufficient for the purposes of refutation ; we do not know enough to advance a comprehensive and positive theory. We clearly discern, however, that the trade of the North of Europe has been conducted for a very considerable period on a most unwholesome system of fictitious credit. Houses in Hamburg have given their names to acceptances for which they did not know what was the equivalent—for which, in point of fact, there was no equivalent. These acceptances were discounted on the faith of the acceptor ; and, though with changes of amount and detail, in reality renewed whenever they became due. The acceptor of course ran a great risk, as his liability was for a very large sum ; but he considered that he was remunerated by a commission, of which doubtless the proceeds were considerable. Every system of renewed acceptance is, however, unpleasantly affected by a tightness in the discount market : the old bill becomes due with an unfailing rapidity, but the new bill which is to replace it can only be discounted slowly, after a hesitation, after a conversation with the banker—in the end, cannot be discounted at all. Such a pressure in the discount market was produced at Hamburg by the continued drain of silver to the East—silver being there the standard of value and the metal stored as bullion—and by the American panic, which largely affected the continental city most immediately connected with the Transatlantic trade. After all that has been said of the “dashing” system of Liverpool trade, after every concession to the opponents of “rediscount” and “fictitious” bills, it is nevertheless not without pride that we may compare the consequences of the American panic on the North of England with its effects at Hamburg. The stability of Liverpool, Manchester, and of the vast industrial region which is situated round them, can only be explained by a generally sound state of industry. At what former period could a great failure of remittances, a great contraction of accommodation, a ten-per-cent rate of discount, have been borne by the most enterprising of our traders with so few disasters ? We can only hope that the next time an American panic occurs, it may find us equally well prepared ; very much better, we fear, looking to the past experience of commerce, it would be over-sanguine to expect. That panics will occur every now and then in many of the countries with which in our ramified trade we largely deal, it is impossible to question. We may not in many cases be able to trace them by very indis-

mismanagement of the currency. Even Mr. Cardwell, in the debate on the reappointment of the Bank Committee, allowed himself to use language which would convey such an impression : “ You have gone through a great disaster, emanating from a country, let it never be forgotten, that has this convertible currency, every bank of which has suspended payment,” &c.—*Times*, Saturday, December 12th.

putable reasoning to causes we *know* to be real: at the present moment there is a mist over the whole topic of the American disasters; we indistinctly discern a vast series of investments in railways, hastily planned, and still more hastily made; we think we can see that an incautious course of banking has very extensively aided these over-rapid efforts. Thus, though we are suffering from the effects of the disease, we have not yet been able to set forth in facts and figures an accurate description of its causes. The point, however, which it behoves us especially to have in our minds, is that neither at Hamburg nor in America have any events happened so singular or out of the common course of mercantile things that we can be sure of their *not* happening again,—that we cannot reasonably anticipate any thing but an occasional repetition of them, either in the same places or in others,—that we must settle our mercantile usage, our banking practice, our currency laws, to suit the recurrence, not unfrequently, of events very similar and as dangerous.

If we look attentively at these subjects, as the very great importance of these remarks should incline us seriously to do, we shall perhaps be struck by two conspicuous facts,—the development in this country of an extensive—possibly a too extensive—system of credit, and the existence of a law which aggravates all disturbances and hesitations in that system of credit.

Nothing can strike the mind of an observer, who can sufficiently abstract his thoughts from the crowding detail of affairs to be alive to the just impression of great facts, more than the slight effect which the recent monetary panic, which we have seen pass like an epidemic across the two sides of the Atlantic, has produced on the trade of France. This time last year we heard many complaints that the imperial government, its stock-jobbing courtiers, the *Crédit Mobilier*, had produced a state of things in that country fraught with danger to European nations. At that period we took occasion to show, that though these accusations by no means appeared to be without a foundation, yet that the speculative temper so induced did not penetrate very deep into the country, and that its common and legitimate commerce was in all likelihood sound. The trial has come, and the truth has been found to be so. In fact, the trade of France is, as compared with the trade of more enterprising nations, so strictly a *ready-money* trade, that it is not possible to create any wild panic among those who are concerned in it. If you trust no one, you need not be in a fright as to those you trust: the deferred payment for extensive purchases is the primitive element of commercial credit; it is this which creates bills of ex-

change, promissory notes, drawings, indorsements: where that element does not exist, there is no occasion for credit and confidence; every thing is settled at the time. The same is the case with lending and borrowing. Where every body keeps his own money, no one need be alarmed, or need care as to the solvency of those around him. All banking, as well as all "the industry of credit," is based on trust. The revolutions which have been so frequent in France, by inevitably disturbing all contemplated transactions, have been so fatal to this essential confidence, that no ramified system of commercial credit has ever grown up there. Something too—such at least was the doctrine of Burke—of a timorous and peddling spirit may lurk in the recesses of the national character. At any rate, the result is certain; the trade of France is so little based upon borrowing or trust, that it is not exposed to a panic such as Lombard Street and Wall Street have experienced.

Our own system of commerce is precisely the reverse. A certain energy of enterprise is the life of England. Our buoyant temperament drives us into action; our firm judgment makes us steady in real danger; our stolid courage is inapprehensive of fanciful risk; an impassive want of enjoyment in that which we are prompts us to try to be better than we are. Accordingly our commercial men have for years been prone to great undertakings; possibly there may not be in the world at this moment a single large and adventurous speculation in which there is not some sum of *Anglo-Saxon* capital. The probity which, after every deduction, is really, as compared with most active nations, a conspicuous feature in the English character, has enabled us to aid our enterprises by a vast and elaborate system of credit, based on defined trust, and tested by verified anticipation. Both of the two elements of commercial credit, of which we have just spoken incidentally, exist among us to a greater extent than any where else in Europe. A deferred payment for large purchases is more general than elsewhere; wholesale dealers, as a rule, give and take very large credit. Our borrowing and banking systems draw from the pockets of the people every sixpence which is not wanted at once; and place it, through the intervention of bankers and brokers, at the command of the mercantile and active community. So deeply has this penetrated among the mercantile community, as to have become, perhaps even to a perilous extent, the habit of the money-lenders themselves. A correspondent of the *Economist*, who writes under the signature of "A Banker," has described this plainly: "The certain fact is, that, according to the existing practice, no private banker keeps more actual coin than he wants for daily necessary occasions. In London, the Bank of England is the bankers'

bank. Especially since the admission lately of the great joint-stock banks to the clearing-house, no London banker keeps in his till more coin, or even more bank-notes, than the minimum he can get on with. If there is any unusual demand on him for payments across the counter, he draws a cheque and gets it cashed at the Bank. The Bank of England is to him what he is to his customer—the source of supply in case of need. Country bankers probably for the most part keep more cash, because they are further from the focus. As they have further to send when they want fresh supplies, their supply of current cash must be larger. This does not, however, affect the principle. Country bankers, I apprehend, as well as London bankers, only keep the minimum in their tills which their ordinary business plainly requires; the rest of their reserve is kept at the bill-brokers', or with London bankers, who all keep accounts at the Bank of England, and who, as I have said, keep nothing any where else except the narrowest and most necessary minimum. The consequence is, that there is no other large pecuniary hoard in the country on which a drain of bullion can act except that which is in the vaults of the Bank." The inevitable consequence of this is, that when by any terrifying circumstance or perilous calamity the confidence between man and man is disturbed, our danger is considerable and our suffering extreme. We have made necessary to our vast transactions a system of delicate machinery; by some blow from without, or defect from within, that machinery will be occasionally impaired. Our hard capital is clothed in a soft web-work of confidence and opinion; on a sudden it may be stripped bare, and with pain to our prosperity.

We may perhaps doubt whether this system of enterprise and trust has not occasionally been carried too far. When we consider the vast extent of English trade, it is not satisfactory to think that a single establishment holds our entire bullion reserve. The fact is a consequence, not of the natural growth of commerce, but of legislative interference with that growth. By a series of enactments and a course of policy which, even if we had the space, it would be inopportune at present to describe, the English Government have given to the Bank a vast, and, until lately, a nearly absolute predominance in the London district. The consequence has been, that, not unnaturally, all inferior banks have clustered around it. As there was no doubt of the solvency of the Bank of England (seeing that, even in 1797, when the Bank had no money, the Legislature intervened and said it *need* have no money), all other bankers, instead of running the risk—and, as experience has shown, the considerable risk—of keeping their own metallic reserve, place that reserve at the Bank, and draw it out by cheque as they want it. Obvious

convenience has fixed the habit too deeply in our existing system to permit a hope of its removal ; but it has the inevitable, and perhaps dangerous, result of placing under the uncontrolled management of a single set of directors the sole hoard of actual cash—the only fund we have to draw on for international payments, for foreign wars, or domestic panics. Under a more natural system, a set of banks of nearly equal magnitude, and nearly equal *prestige*, would have grown up, as very recently the London joint-stock banks have in fact grown up ; and each of these, having no reason for particular friendship with any other, would have kept its own reserve. We are almost reviving the Aristotelic definition when we say that oligarchy is the government of wealth ; but in real and modern truth, the tendency of a mercantile community in each trade is towards the supremacy of a few large establishments enjoying the means of carrying on their respective trades at the greatest advantage, and, as the case may be, trusted by or giving credit to the smaller firms grouped and collected around them. The Bank of England is a *τύραννος*, who has overthrown this free constitution, and maintains by irresistible usage its unnatural supremacy. The effect has been seen lately ; what the act of Sir Robert Peel sets aside as the banking reserve has recently been reduced from several millions to 259,000*l.* ; and then, by a violation of the law, to less than nothing. Even if we disregard the technical provisions of that statute, the entire bullion reserve held, both for the banking credit and the paper currency of England, was on the 18th of November 6,684,000*l.* ; a very small amount, as will be almost universally admitted, when we consider the vast amount of the contingencies and liabilities against which it is held ; and that, in addition to these, it is liable to sudden calls to replenish in case of need the cash stores of Scotland and Ireland. We can hardly, with these circumstances before us, deny that we have pushed our system of credit rather too far,—have relied on too small a basis of actual capital, and incurred serious and need-less danger from any vicissitude of foreign speculation.

Another circumstance, which has been much more dwelt on, but to which we ascribe much less importance, is the system pursued by the joint-stock banks of the north of England of lending the whole, or more than the whole, of their capital and deposits on the spot, and obtaining the necessary funds by re-discounting the north-country bills in London. Like every other contrivance of money-lending, this may be carried to an extreme at which it becomes dangerous ; but within reasonable and proper limits, the system seems a proper and even an excellent one. The bills of Liverpool must be, in the main, good ; for with all this pressure,—a pressure, too, likely to tell with unusual effect at

the port which is the outlet and inlet of our American commerce,—very few Liverpool houses have suspended payment, when we consider the number of houses there are, and the complication as well as magnitude of their transactions. The Liverpool bills therefore are, in general, good securities for those who have money to lend. By the course of banking business, the bill-brokers and similar traders in London will have much to lend. The agricultural and nearly uncommercial counties of England, as any one may see by looking at the map, are many: none of these, especially during the recent prosperity of agriculture, any thing like employs its own money; the surplus funds of all these counties, by a natural gravitation, seek an outlet in the capital, which is the focus of national finance, and the market for securities best known and most accessible to the whole country. These funds are lent to bill-brokers and joint-stock banks, who carry on a similar business—who are, in truth, bill-brokers as well as bankers; and by these they are employed in re-discounting the bills forwarded to London by the northern banks. In its essence, the system is this: A man in the north is trustworthy, and wants money; a man in the south has money, but does not know who is trustworthy; a middleman in London knows who is trustworthy, and lends the money of the south to the man in the north. Of course, as re-discounting is a system of extensive borrowing, it is exposed to all the evils incidental to every system of extensive borrowing. The banks which require re-discounts should, as a rule, confine them within limits which they can be sure of obtaining in times of adversity as well as of prosperity—should have distinct arrangements with bill-brokers to re-discount within those limits—and should select good bill-brokers who are able to perform those engagements. These are, *mutatis mutandis*, the same conditions which every prudent merchant who requires discounts would make with his banker who gives such discounts; and if these conditions be duly complied with, both re-discounts and discounts are safe to the borrower, and distribute with singular advantage the capital of the nation.

It is much to be regretted that members of parliament should have spent, in attacking the really beneficial system of re-discounts, the moral influence which might be applied with so much effect to other parts of our banking system. The obvious convenience which we have explained will insure to that system a longevity far greater than that which can be expected by peer or representative. The use of parliamentary eloquence is not to bewail fixed habits, but to improve improvable habits. If the re-discounting system has been pushed too far, as is possible, the effect is owing to the condition of the bill-broking trade in London, the state of which is certainly not in accord-

ance with strict principle, and may not perhaps be practically safe.

In its theory, nothing can be sounder than this trade. Money is received commonly in considerable sums ; an interest is paid for them, smaller if they are to be repaid on demand, and greater if they are only to be repaid after the expiration of a notice : this money is employed in the discount of commercial bills,—the kind of security which runs off most regularly and most constantly, and which in times of scarcity and anxiety admits most easily of being curtailed. On the surface this would appear the safest kind of banking ; the way of employing the money is the best ; so much of the money is only repayable after a notice, that the reserve which need be retained is smaller than usual. This apparent safety, however, is at present vitiated by a single fact. The rate of interest now given is so high, that the business would become unprofitable if any reserve were kept at all. Of this fact, which is familiar to those who are in any degree acquainted with the practice of Lombard Street, there is a very distinct explanation in the recent parliamentary inquiry furnished by a very experienced witness. The most influential partner in the house of Overend, Gurney, and Co., the most important house in the bill-broking trade, is examined as follows :

“ 5206. You are aware, as you have referred to the habits of banking business, that it is the habit of the Bank of England, as well as, I believe, of other bankers, to keep a certain amount of their deposits in bank-notes in reserve ?—Certainly.

5207. Do the money-dealing houses in Lombard Street act on the same principle with regard to that money which is left in their hands at call ?—They could not afford to do it ; it is not the nature of their business, except under circumstances of danger as to the currency ; they could not afford to pay interest for money and not to use it ; it is the nature of their business to bring into action and useful employment the banking money of the country ; it is their business to use it.

5208. Do you, then, think that they may safely use all the money which they borrow, in lending it out at interest, provided it is on safe security ?—Assuming that they employ it on bills of exchange falling due *de die in diem*, then experience shows that they may do it safely, without any hazard.

5209. Without keeping any reserve beyond a banking balance ?—Certainly. How could I afford to pay five or six per cent for money if I did not use it ? It would be certainly the road to ruin.”

At first sight this seems contrary not only to abstract argument, but to evident prudence. How can other people's money be securely kept, a good deal of it on demand and the rest of

it at a short notice (seven days is the usual period), if all of it is invested, and if none is retained in the till to meet sudden demands? The doctrine that a reserve is necessary to borrowers so situated has been maintained *ad nauseam* by all theorists on banking. The same authority, however, has explained the expedient by which it is rendered, as he thinks, safe, and, as all will agree, less entirely insecure. The explanation is rather long, but is curiously illustrative of real life:

"5192. Then you think that the Bank of England could not stop discounting for the discount houses in Lombard Street, at particular times at least, without creating great injury to the commercial community?—I think it would create very great injury indeed. Of course the Bank Directors would use their own discretion; if they saw these houses discounting very long bills with them, and bills which were not suitable in any way, I take for granted they would not take them. Of course that would not affect the general question; but assuming that there is a drain upon the monetary system, and that the great money dealers are driven to convert their bills more quickly than they fall due, I think it would be a very great calamity for the Bank to hesitate for a single moment; I cannot conceive any greater.

5193. No matter what the reserve of the Bank of England was at the time?—Certainly.

5194. Then you think that that is one of the grounds, in addition to those four which you have stated, which ought properly to be included in an act of parliament as a ground for infringing the act?—I hardly understand that point.

5195. You gave four grounds as reasons for an alteration of the act at particular periods, but you did not enumerate that to which I have just alluded. Do you think that that is one which ought to be included in the provisions of the act of parliament?—I will mention a case, if you will allow me to refer to the house which I represent, because this is a fact which has taken place before. About twenty years ago, the Bank tried to adopt that course; I am obliged to speak personally, which I hope you will excuse. I happened to have been absent from London for three or four weeks; I came back to town, and found the whole of Lombard Street as if we had had a dark cloud hanging over it; our desk was piled with bills of the very finest commercial character; I said to my partner, 'Mr. Gurney, what in the world has happened? Why do you not discount these bills?' He said, 'Because the Bank have intimated that they are doubtful whether they will discount for us.' I said, 'It is impossible.' He said, 'It is perfectly true; and therefore we will not discount the bills.' I was quite shocked; I went over to the Bank, the Governor then was Sir John Rae Reid, and Sir Henry Pelly was the Deputy Governor; it was about 1839. I told them exactly what had taken place, and what the effect of their act had been. I said, 'We have taken care of ourselves; it is not that we want the money for ourselves, because we have our bills to rely on,

and unless there is a regular conspiracy, we shall not mind any body. But we have to supply the public. You have stopped the issue of notes to us; and if you, who have been in the habit of supplying us with money when we required it, will not do so now, we, on the other hand, will not supply the public.' I satisfied them that if they wished to curtail transactions, which was really their object, the way to do it was to make us act harmoniously with the Bank. Sir John Rae Reid said at once, 'I perfectly understand you;' and after a little consultation he said, 'If they are all proper bills, go and discount away; and if you want money, come to us.' I went home, and told them what had taken place. It not only affected us, but it affected the whole of Lombard Street; this dark cloud disappeared, and a perfect sunshine took place in an instant. We discounted every thing; and, as far as my memory serves me, I do not think we went to the Bank for a shilling; there was no interruption to the ebb and flow of the banking money. But when the Bank of England said, 'You shall not have it,' the effect was to lock up millions immediately; for a large portion of the banking money deposited with us is in great masses, because the parties know that they can have it in a moment. If, in our own arrangements between ourselves and the Bank, the Bank say, 'We will not do this,' all that is stopped in a moment; and those millions, which would otherwise be of benefit to the public, under existing circumstances become immediately locked up; because people say, 'We would rather have no interest at all, than have a doubt about our getting the money in case we require it.'"

Probably this is a satisfactory resource if the Bank of England is ready at all times, and willing at all times, to give the re-discount required. A man may advance every shilling of borrowed money on securities which he is sure that he can pledge in any quantity and at any time. But can these traders be sure that the Bank will be at all times so able and so willing?

Of the willingness of the Bank there need be no question. Its leading director has explained the system on which it acts. Mr. Norman is asked:

"3527. The advances of the Bank of England are made through what is called the Discount Office?—The greatest part of them.

3528. What is the nature of the Discount Office?—It is a very anomalous institution, because the Bank is supposed to hold out an offer to every body to lend money to any amount on bills of exchange at a rate of interest fixed by itself, and subject, first of all, to variations in the rate of interest, and then to certain other contingencies, such as a diminution in the *échéance*, and an occasional rejection of securities ordinarily admitted.

3529. Is it not principally by raising the rate of interest that you check the amount of discounts which may be so demanded of you?—Yes; we have found, contrary to what would have been anticipated, that the power we possess, and which we exercise, of raising the rate

of discount, keeps the demand upon us within manageable dimensions. There are other restrictions which are less important. The rate we charge for our discounts we find, in general, is a sufficient check."

The *power* of the Bank is far less evident. If Sir R. Peel's act is to be retained, and really acted on during a crisis of difficulty, that power would, if we may trust our experience, not exist. When there was less than a million in the reserve of notes, it was quite certain that the Bank could not make *unlimited* advances. Unquestionably, by keeping a much larger reserve in times of security, the Bank may retain the power of making these sudden and large advances in times of insecurity. And if the Bank directors in the forthcoming inquiry mean to support the act of 1844, they most certainly should assure the public that they will in future adopt that expedient. It is idle for them to undertake to make very great loans, and also to defend an act which limits their means, unless they can show us that by judicious management these means can be made practically adequate to such advances. They must either abandon the argumentative defence of the statute of restriction, or they must show us how the business which they profess to carry on can be managed within the provisions of that statute. And even irrespectively of the conditions of this act, a cautious banker hardly likes to be under an engagement to make advances however great, in times of difficulty however severe. It may be safe, but it does not *sound* safe. A much larger reserve of bullion than six or seven millions seems quite necessary to render the profession to afford such advances even plausible.

We are therefore of opinion, that though the state of other trades in England was as satisfactory during the present autumn as we can in general hope to have it, the condition of the money-lending trade was critical, and perhaps perilous. We think that the reserve held by the Bank for its banking liabilities was dangerously low; especially when we remember that this is the only actual *cash* reserve for all the banking liabilities of the country. We believe that the bill-brokers of Lombard Street incur serious risk in depending on the ability of the Bank to make unlimited advances at moments when money is remarkably scarce. On both these points we have the same fault to find with the money-lenders: that they have developed too highly the system of credit—in more graphic, though less elegant words, that they have "used up their money too *close*;" and do not keep enough of it unemployed to meet the contingency of an occasional pressure.

As we are using phraseology so similar, we would desire, however, to distinguish ourselves particularly from those per-

sons who impute the principal error in the over-development of the system of credit in London to the joint-stock banks, which are now so remarkable a feature in its pecuniary system. We have no desire to enter the lists for every thing which these banks have done; we should be inclined, on a proper occasion, to maintain that they have committed errors; and that, in consequence of the law which requires that every shareholder shall be liable for the debts of the bank to his last shilling and his last acre, there are defects in their management which it will be difficult to amend. Still, on the whole, the joint-stock banks of London have stood remarkably well; not only have none of them failed, but none of them have been in danger of failing. They have now gone quite safely through a general pressure, and some time since they passed through a special pressure consequent on the failure of the Royal British Bank; and in both cases the result has been beneficial. It is quite true that they have adopted the bill-broker's business; but they have divested it of the dangers of which we have spoken. Being possibly conscious that, as apparent, and perhaps in some degree real, competitors of the Bank of England, they might not find extreme favour with the authorities of the "Discount Office" the joint-stock banks do not rely on the support of that establishment in times of difficulty. Mr. Chapman the bill-broker, whom we have more than once cited, has given evidence on this point which we must believe to be conclusive, as it is in favour of those whom he admits to be his competitors. "Is it," he is asked, "within your experience that the London joint-stock banks, such as the London and Westminster and other banks, re-discount their bills?" "I never heard of such a thing." "Then in that respect the London joint-stock banks differ materially in their mode of carrying on business from that which is adopted by the discount houses in Lombard Street, do they not?" "Certainly they do; because it is our business to sell our bills again, and they do not sell their bills again that I know of." These banks are enabled to carry on this course of business without recourse to the expedient which those who first practised it have been compelled to rely upon, because their situation is in one most important respect far more advantageous. The bill-brokers pay an interest for all the money which they borrow; the banks which compete with them have a great deal of money on the balances of drawing accounts for which they pay no interest—they can afford to keep idle some of their cheap money in order to provide for the occasional withdrawal of the money for which they pay highly. Of course they do this at the expense of a diminution in the profits which they might derive from the other

parts of their banking business. If they did not keep their money idle for this peculiar purpose, they might employ it in the common way, and obtain a profit upon it. But this is a matter which may be safely left to the practised pecuniary judgment of the managers. If they carry on such a business, we may without rashness infer that it is a profitable one. Possibly they may, from an implied engagement to give for money one per cent less than the minimum rate of discount, have been recently induced to give higher rates for deposits than we shall be likely to see again; perhaps the time of notice in which they hold their interest-bearing deposits may be too short; but these are points of detail—on a general view of the subject they must be considered to have diminished one of the most serious risks of the bill-broking business, at the same time that they have continued to afford to the public all characteristic advantages.

We do not consider as important arguments in favour of the conclusion that the system of credit has been perhaps too largely developed in England, the reckless advances which appear to have been made by the three large banks which have failed in Scotland and the north. In a great country like this there will always be some unsound banks, as well as some insolvent merchants. Two of these banks nearly suspended payment, and perhaps should have suspended payment, in 1847; and the other has been well known in the banking world for a speculative and exceptional business. We would not ground our conclusion on any singular and casual facts. We wish to base it solely on the small amount of cash, especially of cash available for banking liabilities, held by the Bank of England; and on the exclusive reliance of Lombard Street, and indirectly of the rural bankers, on the Bank of England.

This extreme development of credit must of course be attended with peril during a crisis, in whatever manner that crisis may be occasioned. Every crisis must disturb confidence; and credit is the effect of trust and confidence. We cannot but believe, however, that during the last two months the peril of this inevitable disturbance of credit has been much enhanced by our peculiar legislation. The proof of this seems to us to lie on the surface of the subject. The cause of panic is the expectation of insolvency. People who have during many years given long and large credit, become apprehensive, and wish to be paid in cash immediately. The peril of this state of feeling is measured by the amount of cash which is available to meet the demands for such repayment. As we have explained, the sole reserve applicable to such repayments dur-

ing a pressure on Lombard Street is the banking reserve of the Bank of England. Previously to the Act of 1844, the Bank of England resembled the Bank of France, and held a single reserve of coin and bullion against *all* its liabilities, whether to note-holders or depositors. If this state of things had continued, the reserve of cash applicable to a domestic panic, and its proportion to the claims upon it, would have been shown by the following figures :

		Liabilities.		Bullion.	
		£		£	
" October	3	.	39,070,000	.	10,662,000
"	10	.	39,032,000	.	10,109,000
"	17	.	37,017,000	.	9,524,000
"	24	.	36,711,000	.	9,369,000
November	4	.	37,862,000	.	8,497,000
"	11	.	39,286,000	.	7,170,000
"	18	.	41,679,000	.	6,684,000

"The result of which is, that the Bank reserve, beginning at about one-fourth of its general liabilities, was reduced to between one-sixth and one-seventh of them in five weeks. In that space of time, while the liabilities have been increasing, *one-third* of the bullion reserve has been abstracted." This is evidently an account likely to create a serious feeling in the minds of attentive and cautious men. It would have convinced many of them, at least in our judgment, that our credit system rested on a basis dangerously small: but it is evidently an account requiring to be looked at with attention, and reasoned upon after consideration; it would not produce a frantic alarm in the minds of any of those who are incapable of steady reasoning, and are solely acted on by the tendencies of the moment, and the opinions of those around them. The extreme danger of a period of discredit consists in the frantic alarm which it occasions among such unreflective and indiscriminating persons. Sir Robert Peel's act enjoins a form of account which is felicitously apt to catch and rivet the minds of such persons. The amount applicable to the banking liabilities of the Bank of England, so long as the ordinary business of the Bank is going on, is the reserve in the banking department; this, it is true, consists of notes, but these are exchangeable on the other side of the Bank for bullion, and may therefore be regarded as tickets for so much bullion. The history of this reserve, and of the liabilities to which it is applicable, is as follows :

		Reserve.		Deposits.
		£		£
" September	19	6,108,000	.	17,047,000
"	26	6,014,000	.	17,654,000
October	3	4,606,000	.	18,245,000
"	10	4,024,000	.	18,169,000
"	17	3,217,000	.	15,965,000
"	24	3,485,000	.	16,124,000
"	31	2,258,275	.	16,649,000
November	4	2,155,000	.	16,781,000
"	11	957,000	.	17,249,000

"Starting on the 19th of September with a reserve of more than one-third of the deposits, the Bank reserve was reduced on the 11th of November to less than one-eighteenth; and even supposing the 2,000,000*l.* said to have been withdrawn for Scotland and Ireland not to have been so withdrawn, that reserve would have been under one-fifth." Now these are figures which can be read not only by a man who runs, but by a man running very fast. The most inconsiderate mind must be struck by an account which shows so frightful a decrease of available resources. Every one, in truth, was so struck at a much earlier period than the last of the above dates; and the result was the panic of 1857. We think all candid persons should allow, that whatever other advantages the act of 1844 may have, its effect just then was to aggravate seriousness into apprehension, and apprehension into terror.

This effect is the more perverse, because the first of the accounts, as legal authorities tell us, represents the real state of the Bank, and the other only embodies a theoretical form of account. This may seem unlikely to persons only slightly familiar with the subject; but it will not seem so to those who have studied the controversies in which the theory of the Act of 1844 originated. According to the accomplished persons who suggested that theory, it was desirable that the amount of the paper circulation (whether including the reserve of notes in the Bank of England, or excluding it, was by no means clear) should conform to the fluctuation of the bullion in the Bank; that for every new five pounds of bullion there should be a new five-pound note somewhere, and that for every new five-pound note there should be a new five pounds of bullion somewhere. The framers of the act looked at the matter with the eyes of the economists rather than with those of lawyers. They wished that the five-pound note and the five pounds of bullion should always co-exist; but they did not care to appropriate or earmark the bullion for the payment of the note. They wished, as Lord Overstone has expressed it, that the note should be "the

shadow" of the metal ; but they did not especially care to enforce a legal tie between them. In the same way, the same school of legislators and thinkers enacted expressly that gold should go down to Scotland as a basis for the note circulation (above a certain limit) ; and yet did not at all specifically appropriate it to that circulation. In a word, it was rather the representative character of the note that they were anxious to secure, and not its convertibility, in its obvious meaning that whoever has a five-pound note should be sure of having five pounds in gold for it. It struck these theorists as immaterial whether the note-holder had the five pounds, or some one else had it.

The consequence has been, that a fictitious form of account, which really gives no priority to the note-holder over the depositor, *appears* to give such priority, and that the depositor is frightened into panic by the idea of his postponement ; although it is not true.

The evils of a crisis so produced and so aggravated are of a complicated nature ; and it would require much more space than we have at our disposal to specify all of them. A knowledge of one of them, however, is particularly important to a correct understanding of very recent events. By one of the most elaborate contrivances of our commercial system, credit, in its various forms, is largely employed as a currency. The bank-note is one of the most obvious forms of this ; it is a mere promise to pay, but in its transference from hand to hand it closes bargains as effectually as gold itself. The bank-note, however, though the earliest and simplest, is not by any means in our refined commerce the most operative form of the credit currency. The large wholesale transactions, which really determine the general price of important articles, are rarely now settled in bank-notes. The real instrument of large operations is the cheque. It is within the familiar experience of every one, that all the ordinary purchases of private life are now so settled ; the large purchases of trade are so also. Some people have a notion that a cheque is not currency because it is immediately paid and cancelled ; but this is a mistake of fact. Very few cheques, in comparison with the whole number, are really paid over the counter in sovereigns. The person who receives a cheque probably keeps a banker, and pays the cheque in to his account with such banker : if the latter is the banker on whom the cheque is drawn, the cheque is "paid" by a simple transfer from the account of the drawer to that of the payee ; even if the banker of the drawer is a different person from the banker of the payee, the process is the same. The rural bankers, as a rule, settle their accounts in London. All London bankers settle their accounts at the "clearing-house ;" that is, they see

what cheques each holds payable by the others, set off an equal amount one against another, and pay the balance themselves by a cheque on the Bank of England. Every London banker has an account at the Bank of England, from which the cheque so drawn, by a slightly complex machinery of book-keeping which we need not explain, is transferred to the account of the banker who is to receive it. By this artificial arrangement, cheques drawn in Dorsetshire or Lancashire are really paid by transfers in the deposits of the Bank of England. No sovereigns or notes pass at all; the whole is a matter of book-keeping. It is evident that all this supposes a general feeling of confidence in the banking community. If every person who received a cheque took fright about the stability of the banker on whom it was drawn, or the adequacy of the provision made by such drawer in the hands of that banker for its payment, the system would be at an end. If every person who received a cheque rushed at once to the banker and obtained coin for it, there would be no room for this currency of set-offs, and the work of the clearing-house would cease altogether. In times of panic there is a good deal of this. If at such a period there is a run on the bill-brokers of Lombard Street (as there is understood to have been last November for two or three days after the stoppage of Messrs. Sandeman and Saunderson), a good deal of it is taken in bank-notes. Nervous persons do not like to trust to the operations of the clearing-house, which they will not know for some hours; especially if they hold securities, they will be very unwilling to rely on this distant process, or to part with them except on the payment of bank-notes. The expectation of this process produces even a worse effect than its reality. Every money-dealer, especially every country banker, who cannot from geographical difficulties at once replenish his stores, strengthens himself to meet the sudden demands of apprehensive persons. He has no confidence that other people will have confidence, and he provides accordingly. The consequence is, that a larger amount of coin and bank-notes is required in times when credit is large than in times when credit is small, because in our elaborate commercial civilisation we have coined credit itself into a currency.

These considerations afford the best reply to those theorists who seem to consider the letter from Lord Palmerston and Sir G. C. Lewis, permitting an additional issue of bank-notes upon securities, as a "debasement of the currency." The exact state of things was this:—The knowledge of a limit prescribed by former legislation has produced a feeling of apprehension which has destroyed the efficiency of a portion of your currency. The real bargaining medium of the country is as much diminished,

or rather is even more diminished, by the diffused nervousness which we have spoken of, than it would be by the failure of a country bank issuing notes. Yet it has been generally admitted that, in the case of such a failure, economical principle did not forbid, and obvious common sense warranted, an issue of other paper by solvent persons of credit to supply the vacuum which had been so created. We can acknowledge no distinction for *this* purpose between bank-notes and other forms of credit. The circulating medium of the country, in this relation, must be regarded as an entire whole; whatever by the course of usage settles our domestic transactions, is a part of it; and when any important part of it is destroyed or impaired, we can recognise no violation of principle in a development of that which is unimpaired. The place of that which is wanting may surely be supplied by the substitution of that which we have. In the instance before us, the case is even a stronger one. What caused the panic was the apprehension of the legislative limit; the mere removal of that limit was in itself equivalent to a great increase of currency, because it supported so much credit which by custom and habit was performing the functions of currency. Lord Overstone has observed of the circumstances of a former panic: "Look to the Government letter of 1847. What was the Government letter of 1847? Why, it was an indefinite increase of the Bank reserve. What was its effect? Not one note was put into what is called its active state. Not one single note passed out of the Bank in consequence of it; but the Bank reserve was instantaneously augmented. What was the result? *A miracle was instantaneously worked. The want of confidence was removed; every thing became smooth and easy. The whole machinery of the credit system of the country, which had been brought to a dead-lock, was immediately put in order, and every thing went on with perfect ease.*" Can there be a more satisfactory testimony to the effect of the limit upon the issue of bank-notes in impairing the efficiency of the "credit currency" of the country, or of the instantaneous rapidity with which that credit currency is repaired by its removal? On the present occasion it has been necessary not only to erase, but to overstep the limit. There is hardly any one, in the midst of the facts, but will find, however, that the amount of circulating credit impaired by apprehension is very much greater than the not very considerable sum which has been issued beyond the law.

This affords also the reply to the suggestion of Lord Grey, that an issue of Exchequer-bills or stock would be more appropriate than an issue of notes. Neither of these would, however, repair the deficiency. A portion of the transferable credit which effects the purposes of money in the community has

become inefficient; you can only substitute for it some other form of credit which will *be* efficient; and neither Exchequer-bills nor stock are, in our present practice, capable of being used as money.*

There is, indeed, no other credit so well adapted as that of the Bank of England for sustaining and replacing other credits. Its central position, its great capital, its peculiar *prestige*, fit it especially for so doing; and if it kept a sufficient bullion reserve, and were unhampered by the restrictive operation of the Act of 1844, it could do so safely and without difficulty. The knowledge that it was able to do so would very likely prevent a panic; and a judicious use of its power would mitigate and relieve a panic if it should occur. We are aware that this involves the necessity of intrusting our entire bullion reserve to the discretion of the Bank directors. But, as we have seen, all of our bullion reserve which is held for the banking liabilities of the country (or, if any one likes it better, all the reserve of notes in the banking department) is at present intrusted to their discretion. They can, by errors in judgment and miscalculations of events, with facility reduce this part of our reserve to the zero at which it lately stood. Is there any great additional risk in giving them an entire control over the whole?

It is, indeed, alleged, and in part truly alleged, that the operation of Sir R. Peel's Act is to compel the Bank to make provision for a drain of bullion at an earlier period than it would otherwise have done. No one can deny that the Act of 1844 has been a most instructive scientific experiment; and the evidence recently given by the Bank authorities, as compared with that given by them ten years ago, certainly proves that they have learnt a good deal that is very valuable. But now that the precedent of breaking the Act is thoroughly established, we may well question whether the conduct of the Bank under it will be different from what that conduct would be without it. The resource of breaking the law will always be in the background of the mind. In overt argument the Directors may allege that they are not relying on such a resource; but patent facts *will* have their influence. They know that they can have a letter of license if they choose; and they will *never* act as though they could not have it. Although, therefore, Sir R. Peel's Act, and the reasonings on its working, have taught

* To the issue of Exchequer-bills there would be the further objection that they were scarcely saleable; and if there had been a dream of any large new issue, they would have become unsaleable. The high price of stock, and the readiness with which loans could be obtained upon it, arises from the number of trustees and similar persons who are confined by settlements, &c. to that investment.

us much valuable caution, we cannot expect that the Act will enforce a degree of prudence on the Bank which it would not exercise otherwise,—certainly not that the degree of extra prudence which we shall so obtain is worth the feverish apprehension which the knowledge of the restriction is sure to produce.

Some theorists have indeed said, that there should be a warning now and once for all explicitly given that the Act shall be broken no more. We have seldom any faith in legislative “compacts” and promises fettering the inevitable discretion of future administrators. But in reality we have now something like a compact that the Act will be evaded when future circumstances are similar to those we have just passed through. Chancellors of the Exchequer are cautious men; the desire of cautious men is to be safe; the way to be safe is to follow a precedent. The boldest man in England would shrink from *not* following a precedent, when the inevitable and instantaneous result would be the failure of the Bank of England, and the consequent and irretrievable ruin of the banking and money-dealing community. No one who duly considers how formal is the habit, how extreme the prudence, and how tenacious the love of precedent in English statesmen, will have any idea that any of them will ever be so wedded by an abstract, an abstruse, and, in our judgment, an erroneous principle, as, in a pressing crisis, to accept such a responsibility.

Some statesmen have fancied they can elude the difficulty by carrying further the essential principle of the Act of 1844, vesting the business of issue in a Government department altogether and geographically separate from the Bank of England. We do not, however, perceive how, if that course had been adopted previously to the present crisis, it would have at all lightened our difficulties. The issue department of the Bank would have been at Somerset House; but the banking department would have been just in the same state that it was. The demand on it would have been the same, and its funds precisely the same. The destruction of the credit currency, such as we have described it, would have been exactly as important; the need of a remedy as urgent; the kind of remedy identical; public opinion would have pressed the Government to authorise an extra issue, just as now: indeed the pressure in all real likelihood would have been greater, because the interposition of an independent body like the Bank shields the Government from impatient clamour, and mitigates the apprehension of a factious political opposition. At any rate, men of the world will commonly believe that, notwithstanding the change of form, the Government would have done exactly what they

have now done. You may make a rigid rule easily enough ; but where will you find a rigid statesman to adhere to that rule ?

The separation of the issue department from the Bank is supported, as he himself tells us, by Mr. Gladstone, because he believes that it is a confusion of the business of issue with that of banking, which leads to the notion that it is the business of the Bank to aid trade without limitation in crises of difficulty. We have seen, however, that this notion rather arises from the habit of the Bank (as explained by Mr. Norman) to make advances at all times, to unlimited amounts, on such securities as come within their peculiar rules, or only to check those advances by the greater rate of interest charged to the borrowers in times of scarcity. So long as the Bank has any such principle as this, no separation of the issue department from the banking department will weaken the pressure upon it. If the Bank of England were to define the limit of its advances to its regular customers, and not consider itself bound to make advances to any but its regular customers, no separation of the business of issue would be needful. We are not recommending this course, —for it is not in the parenthesis of an article that the fundamental maxims of the most important corporation of the country can be discussed,—we only say, if an alteration is needed, if it is undesirable that the Bank should be expected to advance without stint on occasions of scarcity,—this alteration of their banking practice will be absolutely necessary, and will be enough to effect that which is required. A change in the geographical position of the power of issue would have upon it no effect whatever.

The next suggestion which is made by those who wish to retain the essential peculiarity of the Act of 1844, and at the same time to prevent the necessity of extra-legal and recurring suspensions of it, is the "elastic clause." The details of this proposal have never been very well worked out, and probably differ much in the minds of different theorists. The essential principle of it, under all variations, however, is, that at a certain point in a commercial crisis, either the Bank Directors or the Government, or both together, should have the legal right to authorise an additional issue of notes upon securities. Some persons would restrict the power to occasions at which the bullion was below a certain point ; others to times at which the rate of interest was as much as ten per cent or twelve per cent ; and others again to times at which the exchanges were not unfavourable to the country : but these persons are all agreed that at some point or other in the crisis some such step should be taken, and some power of taking such a step without infringing the law should be provided. If the Act of 1844 is to

be retained, we can scarcely question that such a power should be given; and yet there are many and great difficulties in settling the way in which it should be conferred, and the persons to whom it should be intrusted. We may dispose,—at least so it seems to us,—almost at once of the suggestion for an exact pre-appointment of the occasions on which this exceptional discretion is to be exercised. The circumstances of commercial crises differ so very much, that even for the few of which we know the details it would not be easy to fix a machinery which would be uniformly applicable; and it would be immeasurably more difficult to prescribe beforehand, and in an enactment, for all which the future may have in store for us. We may have a domestic panic when the bullion in the issue department is above any point which we can exactly specify,—when the rate of interest is eight per cent or ten per cent,—during a foreign drain of bullion, or after it. No practical statesman will, it is probable, frame an elaborate proposal of this kind; persons conversant with complicated affairs are habitually averse to minute predescription, and to any profession of foreseeing more than it is possible to foresee. The most plausible of these contrivances is that which would fix the minimum rate of interest to be charged during the time that the Bank may avail itself of such exceptional issues; but even this is liable to the two objections—that it may happen that the *minimum* is fixed too high; and that the necessity of changing it, in order to obtain the needful notes, may impose a needless burden on the public during a time of difficulty: and secondly, that it only in appearance limits the occasions on which the exceptional power may be exerted, since the fixing the rate of interest must necessarily be in the same hands as the exercise of that power, whether of the Chancellor of the Exchequer or of the Bank, or of both; and if those authorities at any time wish to avail themselves of the power, they can adjust the rate of interest accordingly. On the whole, therefore, if such a clause should be hereafter added to our legislation, it will probably be found necessary to leave the occasions on which it may be exercised, as well as the extent and manner of that exercise, to the unfettered discretion of some persons, and it will only be necessary to consider who those persons should be. At first sight, it seems absurd to place this expansive power in the sole discretion of the Bank directors. These are the persons, it should seem, whose discretion we cannot trust, and on whom we wish to impose a binding fetter; yet great difficulties arise when we attempt to vest any such power in any department of the executive government. As Mr. Gladstone has observed, nothing can be more foreign to our habits, and to the entire genius of our legislation and

society, than that ministers of the crown should have to decide which commercial house or firm is to stand and which to fail. Yet in actual practice the discretionary employment of such an expansive power as is proposed does of necessity involve their having to decide such points. The power is only to be exercised in times of extreme pressure or of panic. What is to be the test of the extremity of the pressure? The only test is the stoppage or critical position of great commercial houses. The panic apprehension which brings such eminent firms into a crisis of difficulty can only be tested by communication with such firms, and an examination of their difficulties. No more delicate or unpleasant power can be placed in the hands of any minister, especially of a minister under a parliamentary government, who may be politically and closely connected with some commercial city, and have to decide on the ruin or prosperity of his warmest and most important supporters. Vesting the expansive power in the Government has also some of the inconveniences, just now so familiar to us, of a double government. In 1847, the Bank directors maintained that the state of the Bank was a perfectly safe one, that they desired no help from the administration, and that the issue of Sir C. Wood's letter was only desirable—if desirable at all—for the general welfare of the commercial community. We do not know if there was any such "coquetting" on the late occasion; but in her Majesty's Speech, and in the debate, ministers appeared to take on themselves the full responsibility of the extra-legal act. In this there is certainly some anomaly. The Bank directors ought to regulate, and ought to be responsible for, all the acts of the Bank, whether legal or extra-legal—whether they were done in the common course of business, or under the authority of an "elastic clause." The legislative creation of such an expansive power, assumes that its existence is necessary and its employment at times desirable. The authorities of the Bank can hardly be permitted to abdicate all responsibility at these times—to manage in ordinary periods as they did in the year 1847, so as to aggravate the intensity of a great crisis; and then, in the moment of the most harassing difficulty, to devolve the entire care of the banking community upon the executive government. The warmest admirers of a duplicate administration will scarcely recommend that we should have one set of authorities to get us into trouble, and another set to get us out. We can hardly question, that if there is to be such an elastic element within the limits of the law, the Bank should have a *share* in the responsibility of withholding it or of setting it free. Possibly the best solution of these conflicting practical difficulties would be, to vest the responsible discretion of making or not making such exceptional issues in the Bank and the Govern-

ment *together*. We would recommend that there should be a distinct application from the Bank to the financial executive for the permission to make such unusual issues, and an official reply from the Government authorising such issues to be made. We should then clearly know who was responsible for what has been done: the Bank directors, having expressly asked for permission to overstep the ordinary limit, could not in any degree evade an important share in the responsibility so incurred; the Government, having acted at the request and under the *counsel* of the Bank directors, would be relieved from some part of the odium which attaches to the intervention of parliamentary statesmen amid the distressing personalities, and what must be to them the unaccustomed scene, of a commercial crisis. As we have formerly remarked, we believe that if such a discretion is to be given at all, it had better be an unrestricted discretion. Only a *doctrinaire* pedantry can, we think, presume to enumerate circumstances, or define the precise minute, at which it will be required.

The difficulty of framing such an "elastic clause" throws great doubt, in our judgment, on the advisability of framing it at all. This arbitrary limit, and authorised manner of overpassing it, have rather an appearance of artificiality and technical theory. All such schemes are likewise liable to the objection that the relief they provide us with, is, if the expression may be allowed, relief *with a jerk*. The panic is allowed to become imminent, and then is on a sudden calmed by an extraordinary and peculiar act. Under an unfettered system the relief might be given gradually, insensibly, and as a matter of course.

We are aware of the great feeling which exists in England against vesting an unfettered power of issuing notes payable on demand in any body whatever. We believe that this feeling, in so far as it is a just one, is founded on historical circumstances, especially on the insolvency of the old race of country bankers in times when banks were not allowed to be composed of more than six partners, and on remarkable misuses of its metropolitan monopoly during the same period by the Bank of England. Much might be said as to these historical circumstances in mitigation of these apprehensive feelings; but it is simpler to observe that the whole subject is a choice of difficulties. It may be an evil to have discretion; but the events of the last few months prove—and all that we have written is but an attempt to explain—the evils of a rigid rule which admits of no discretion.

Much of the apprehension which prevails in England as to "baseless paper" might perhaps be calmed if we adopted the plan of requiring from all issuers of it a specific security.

If all notes were known to be secured by a deposit of consols, with a margin of consols taken at a low value, the fear of our being flooded with paper issued by insolvents, and representing nothing, might be mitigated. This might be extended to the country districts, and to Scotland and Ireland; and the currency of the three kingdoms would then be uniform, would be protected from panic feeling, and would be reasonably and justly relied on by the public.

The whole of our banking system is to be explored, it is said, before the impending committee, with an acuter attention, if possible, than ever before; and though we cannot expect a great deal of new light, we may perhaps hope to have some. We should especially hope that we shall not have on any future occasion the class of theorists who have beset us lately, and who maintain that the Government relaxation of the Act of 1844 is a debasement of the currency, and yet do not dare distinctly to impugn its propriety; with such speculators there ought to be no argumentative quarter. A debasement of the currency is a measure which can *never* be right under any imaginable conjuncture of events; it is a violation of a fundamental maxim of morality. We can imagine many reasonings under many circumstances for a suspension of cash payments; unfortunate events may prevent our paying our debts for a time, and it may be necessary to postpone all creditors, to avoid an unequal preference of some few. But we can imagine no circumstances in which it would be right to compel people to accept little shillings instead of large shillings. No words can be too mean for the subterfuge of professing to pay our debts, when we are really giving less than we contracted to repay. Those whose theory logically compels them to take this view of the Government relaxation, ought to have opposed it with a far greater decision and explicitness. As a matter of fact, we apprehend, however, that the practical good sense of the most accomplished of such persons really makes them feel that if they had been in the position of responsibility, they would have acted as her Majesty's Government have done; and accordingly, whatever a rigid logic may advance, their essential judgment is in its favour.

Notwithstanding the arguments of some eminent orators, the whole subject is not yet exhausted. There is no exhausting subjects on which experience daily accumulates, and of which the details daily change. We have only been able to touch on a few points in comparison of the many which are important, and yet we must have wearied our readers. We can only hope that other writers will be both more exhaustive and more agreeable.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

The Epistles of St. John. A Series of Lectures on Christian Ethics.
By F. D. Maurice, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

[This is, we think, Mr. Maurice's most effective and instructive work. He is peculiarly fitted by the constitution of his mind to throw light upon St. John's writings.]

The Indian Crisis. Five Sermons by F. D. Maurice, M.A. Macmillan.

[A fine series of sermons, on the spirit in which all Englishmen should interpret the Indian calamity.]

The Philosophy of Evangelicism. Bell and Daldy.

[A very able and thoughtful essay on something far wider than what is technically called Evangelicism. The style is, perhaps, a little too studied for the subject. To the writer's criticism on our last Number we may perhaps take some other opportunity to reply.]

The Philosophy of Theism. Ward and Co.

[This is a really able but hard essay, which shows much affinity with the Calvinistic metaphysics of the understanding.]

Sermons preached on various Occasions. By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. Burns and Lambert.

[A volume of sermons, preached chiefly to the students of the Roman Catholic University of Dublin. It has Dr. Newman's general characteristics,—wide intellectual grasp, and every grace that style can give to very unsatisfactory moral premises; but there is less substance in the volume than in most others of the same author.]

The Orthodox Doctrine of the Apostolic Eastern Church; or, a Compendium of Christian Theology. Whittaker and Co.

The World of Mind by Isaac Taylor. Jackson and Walford.

[Reviewed in Article VII.]

Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By Herbert Spencer. Longman, Brown, and Co.

[This is a republication of Mr. Spencer's thoughtful and able essays in the various quarterlies.]

Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinions. By William Smith. 1 vol. W. M. Blackwood and Sons.

Economy of the Labouring Classes. By William Lucas Sargant. 1 vol. Simpkin and Marshall.

[A valuable book, reproducing a great part of M. Le Play's great French work on the same subject, but with very considerable additions and good comments.]

The History of the Factory Movement by Alfred. 2 vols. Simpkin and Marshall.

A Layman's Contribution to the Knowledge and Practice of Religion in Common Life. By William Ellis. 1 vol. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A very useful book on elementary political economy. The title gives a false conception of the scope of the work. "Religion in Common Life" ought *primarily* to touch motives rather than external actions.]

The Sepoy Revolt; its Causes and its Consequences. By Henry Mead. John Murray.

Curiosities of Natural History. By Francis F. Buckland, M.A. 1 vol. Richard Bentley.

Omphalos: an Attempt to untie the Geological Knot. By P. H. Gosse, F.R.S. John Van Voorst.

The Rambles of a Naturalist on the Coasts of France, Spain, and Sicily. By A. D. Quatrefages. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, and Co.

The Political Economy of Art. By John Ruskin, M.A. 1 vol. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Remarks on Secular and Domestic Architecture, Present and Future. By G. Gilbert Scott, A.R.A. Murray.

[A good book, combining theory with practical suggestions in a somewhat desultory manner.]

The State Policy of Modern Europe, from the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century to the Present Time. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, and Co.

[A useful and instructive work.]

Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution. Contributed to the *Quarterly Review* by the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. John Murray.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. J. White. 1 vol. Blackwood.

[A slight compendium of the history of eighteen centuries,—well written, but making little pretension to going below the surface.]

256 *Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies.*

A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept in Paris in the year 1848. By the Marquis of Normanby, K.G. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, and Co.

[Pleasant and often new information as to Lamartine's relation to the Revolution, and other connected subjects, is contained in this book. It is full of agreeable anecdote and gossip, but the style is awkward and sometimes confused.]

British Rule in India. By Harriet Martineau. 1 vol. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A good compendium of a great subject.]

A Hundred Years Ago: an Historical Sketch: 1755 to 1756. By James Hutton. Longman and Co.

The Boscobel Tracts; relating to the Escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, and his subsequent Adventures. Edited by J. Hughes, Esq. A.M. W. Blackwood and Sons.

[A useful republication.]

History of Modern Rome, from the taking of Constantinople (1453) to the restoration (1850) of Pope Pius IX. Longman, Brown, and Co.

The Israel of the Alps: a complete History of the Vaudois of Piedmont and their Colonies. By Alexis Muston. 2 vols. Blackie.

Montaigne the Essayist: a Biography. By Bayle St. John. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

[Mr. Bayle St. John has devoted much time and care to this book. It is written with genuine interest, and contains passages of much power and finish. It will be widely read.]

Memoirs of the Duke of St. Simon; or, the Court of France during the last part of the Reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans. Abridged from the French. By Bayle St. John. Vols. 3 and 4. Chapman and Hall.

[This book, as is well known, is full of graphic material. The translator has not always adapted himself to English taste in selecting for his abridgment.]

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, during Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa. By David Livingstone, LL.D. J. Murray.

[The unworked materials of a most valuable book. We cannot expect the most dauntless of modern travellers to be also the most skilful of literary writers.]

Captivity of Russian Princesses in the Caucasus. Translated from the Russian. By H. S. Edwards. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A very interesting, minute, and finished picture of a long residence in Shamyl's house.]

Tiger Shooting in India. By Lieut. William Rice, 25th Bombay N.I. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[These hunting adventures of an Indian officer form one of the most entertaining books of light reading that have appeared this quarter. A genuine love of sport, a thorough knowledge of the character and habits of the tiger, and a remarkably good style, raise the work above most of its class. It is beautifully illustrated with chromolithographic plates from sketches by the author.]

Letters from Cannes and Nice. By Margaret Maria Brewster. Thomas Constable.

Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia. By Thomas Witlam Atkinson. 1 vol. Hurst and Blackett.

Northern Travels, Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden and Norway. By Bayard Taylor. 1 vol. Sampson Low.

Reminiscences of Pilgrimage to the Holy Places of Palestine. By Henry G. J. Clements, M.A. J. H. Parker and Son.

Recreations of Christopher North. Vol. 2. W. Blackwood and Sons.

Modern English Literature, its Blemishes and Defects. By Henry H. Breen, Esq., F.S.A. Longman, Brown, and Co.

[There is some ability and some hypercriticism in this book.]

The Fairy Family: a Series of Ballads and Metrical Tales. Longmans. [Elegantly written, and accompanied by a beautiful frontispiece.]

The Thousand and One Days. Edited by Miss Pardoe. William Lay. [A delightful book for children, with really *new* Arabian tales of the *old* sort.]

Riverston. By G. M. Craik. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[An unquestionably clever novel, but imitative of Miss Brontë.]

Debit and Credit. From the German of Freytag. By Mrs. Malcolm. Richard Bentley.

[An excellent translation of a very clever German novel.]

The Year Nine: a Tale of the Tyrol. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Hall, Virtue, and Co.

The Exiles of Italy: a Tale. By C. G. H. 1 vol. Hamilton and Adams.

Hassan; or, the Child of the Pyramid: an Egyptian Tale. By the Hon. C. A. Murray, C.B. 2 vols. J. W. Parker.

[Clever of its kind.]

258 *Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies.*

The Three Clerks: a Novel. By A. Trollope. 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

[Very clever; but containing not a little patchwork. The characters are sometimes not consistent with themselves; and adventitious "copy" is used as padding to fill up the volumes.]

Orphans. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol. Hurst and Blackett.

The White House by the Sea: a Love Story. By M. Betham Edwards. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A freshly written tale, with no false sentiment, and much power of the feminine kind.]

White Lies. By Charles Reade. 3 vols. Trübner.

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DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN



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It is genuine and pure Cod Liver Oil, containing all the active and essential medicinal properties that therapeutical experience has found to be most effective in the operation of the remedy, being prepared with the greatest care solely from that species of cod-fish which yields these in the largest quantity, and by a process which secures their presence in the proper and fullest proportion.


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In taste and odour it is not disagreeable or repulsive; it is easily taken; creates no nausea or after-taste; is borne with facility, and not rejected by the stomach; does not irritate or disturb the organs, but improves the functions of digestion and assimilation; neither does it produce any constitutional derangement. Its use may therefore be continued for a long period, and without interruption, in those critical, obstinate, and serious cases where continuous perseverance is absolutely essential, and until the desired object is accomplished.

Its medicinal properties are found, in practice, to be infinitely greater than those of the ordinary Cod Liver Oil, the same quantity going three times as far, and effecting a cure or beneficial results in a much shorter period; in many instances affording immediate mitigation of symptoms, and arresting disease, or restoring health, where other Oil had been long and copiously administered without any benefit.

In actual price it is not higher, nor in use so expensive as any Oil sold as genuine by respectable chemists; whilst its active properties, more rapid effects, the smaller doses required, and its uniform purity and certainty of operation, render it far preferable and more really economical than that which is offered at the lowest price. This latter consideration is particularly worthy the attention of all who, from motives of apparent cheapness, may be induced inadvertently to recommend or purchase an inferior or spurious preparation.

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WITHOUT THESE NONE ARE GENUINE.

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Dr. de Jongh's Agents extremely regret that information they have received compels them solicitously to caution all purchasers against unprincipled attempts frequently made, when this Oil is applied for, in various unfair ways to disparage its value, and to recommend or substitute an inferior Brown or Light Brown Oil, described as Norwegian, as "Imported fresh from Norway" or as of the same kind and of equal purity and fine quality as Dr. de Jongh's. Extensive use and general preference for many years on the Continent, and equally favourable results since the introduction of this Oil into this country, having materially diminished the demand for the Pale or Yellow variety, ordinary

Brown Fish Oils, prepared solely for manufacturing or household purposes, can be and are very profitably offered and supplied at a low rate of charge, although their total unsuitability for medical use not only leads to serious disappointment or injury, but tends to detract from the high and general reputation of a remedy, when genuine, of acknowledged and inestimable value. Where this discreditable course is pursued, purchasers are earnestly requested to resort to another establishment, or to apply directly to Dr. de Jongh's Agents in London.

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THE following are selected from some of the leading Testimonials in commendation of DR. DE JONGH'S Light Brown Cod Liver Oil:—

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"I have the honour of bringing to your knowledge that it has pleased the King to grant you, by his decree of the 20th January, 1848, No. 101, a silver medal with an appropriate honorary inscription, as a testimony of His Majesty's high approbation of your efforts in securing to this country a supply of the most efficacious Cod Liver Oil from Norway. I have given the necessary orders for the execution of this medal."

"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague."

(Signed)

"The Hague, Feb. 1, 1848.

"VAN DER HEIM.

THE INTENDANT OF THE CIVIL LIST OF BELGIUM.

"Sir,—The King has charged me to return you his very particular thanks for the homage done to him, by the presentation of your most valuable researches concerning the Cod Liver Oil. As an expression of his utmost satisfaction, His Majesty has given me the order of presenting you with the accompanying large gold medal."

"Brussels, Oct. 6, 1847.

"I remain, with the highest regard, &c.

"The Intendant of the Civil List,

"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague."

(Signed)

"CONWE.

THE ROYAL SANITARY POLICE OF PRUSSIA.

"In answer to your letter of the 2nd ult., requesting permission to sell DR. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil in bottles, accompanied by his stamp and signature, the Royal Police of Prussia (Königliches-polizei-Præsidium) has the honour of informing you that it has caused the Oil to be submitted to an official investigation, and that the result of such investigation has proved it to be not only the genuine Cod Liver Oil, but, still further, that it is of a kind which distinguishes itself from the Cod Liver Oil in ordinary use, alike by its taste and chemical composition. Considering, moreover, that it has come to their knowledge that physicians generally recommend the use of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil in preference to the Cod Liver Oil in ordinary use, the Royal Police accedes to your request."

"Berlin, Jan. 28, 1851.

"To A. M. Blume, Chemist, Berlin."

"KÖNIGLICHES POLIZEI-PRÆSIDIUM.

"1^o Abtheilung.

The late JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.,

Professor at the University of London, Author of "THE ELEMENTS OF MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS," &c., &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine."

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request, by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject."

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer Oil can be procured."

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed)

"JONATHAN PEREIRA.

"To Dr. de Jongh."

"Finsbury Square, London April 16, 1851.

ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, ESQ., M.D., F.L.S.

Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to the Royal Free Hospital, Chief Analyst of the Sanitary Commission of the "Lancet," Author of "FOOD, AND ITS ADULTERATIONS," &c., &c.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to return my acknowledgments for the copy of your Work on Cod Liver Oil, with which you have favoured me. I was already acquainted with it, and had perused it sometime previously with considerable gratification, especially the chapter devoted to the consideration of the adulteration of Cod Liver Oil."

"I have paid, as you are aware, much attention to the subject of the adulteration of drugs. Amongst the articles examined, I have not overlooked one so important as Cod Liver Oil; and this more particularly, since it is a very favourite remedy with me, and is, moreover, so liable to deterioration by admixture with other, especially inferior, Fish Oils. I may state that I have more than once, at different times, subjected your Light Brown Oil to chemical analysis—and this unknown to yourself—and I have always found it to be free from all impurity, and rich in the constituents of bile."

"So great is my confidence in the article, that I usually prescribe it in preference to any other, in order to make sure of obtaining the remedy in its pure and best condition.—I remain, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

"ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D.

"To Dr. de Jongh, the Hague."

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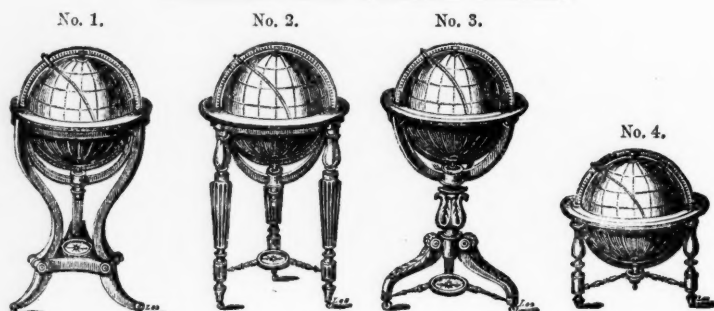
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